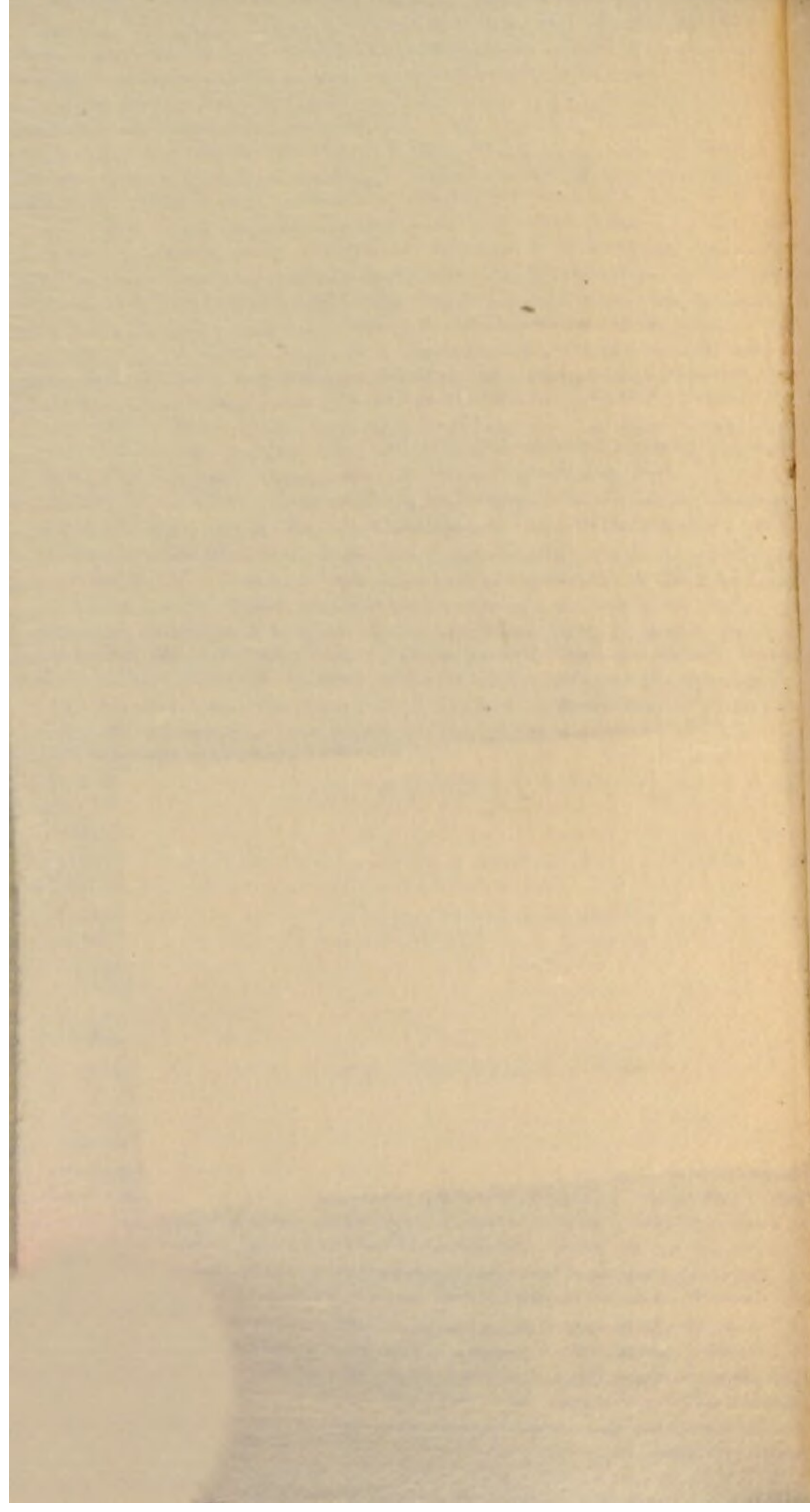


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THE
WORKS
OF
PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

VOL. IV.

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
1794.

THE
WORKS
OF
PETER PINDAR, ESQ.
VOL. IV.

BARNARD AND FARLEY,
Skinner-street, London.



In secret her soul would complain

Page 78

T. Dwins del.

C. Warren sculp.

Pub. by J. Walker Paternoster Row. and the other Proprietors.

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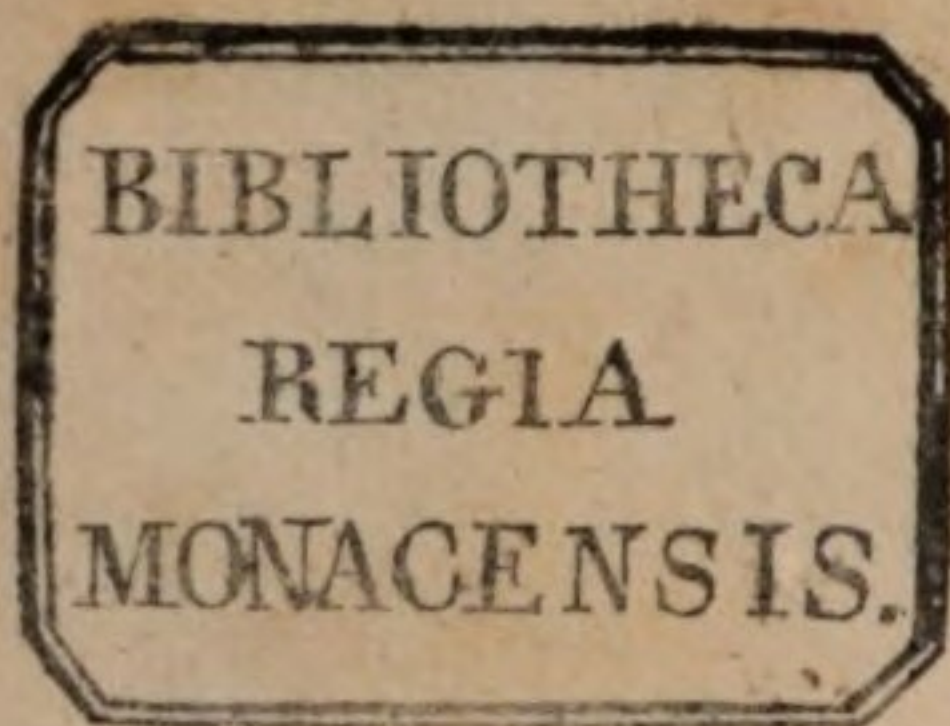


E. Davis del.

Love hears my groan, and mocks my soul's despair
Page 89.

C. Warren sculp.

LONDON;
Published by J. Walker, Paternoster Row, and
the other proprietors.



BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS.

THE
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OF
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WITH
A COPIOUS INDEX.

To which is prefixed
SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.

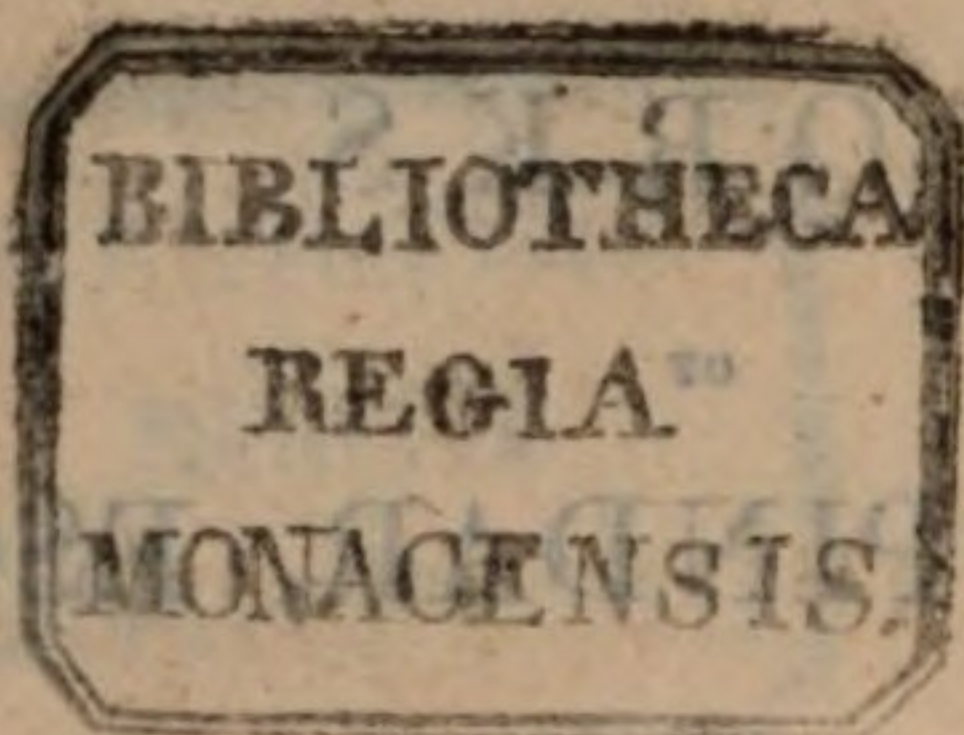
—
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOL. IV.

—
LONDON:

Printed for Walker and Edwards;

F. C. and J. Rivington; J. Nunn; Cadell and Davies; Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; J. Richardson; Law and Whittaker; Newman and Co.; Lackington and Co.; Black and Co.; J. Black.; Sherwood, Neely, and Jones; R. Scholey; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; Gale and Fenner; J. Robinson; and B. Reynolds.

—
1816.



A COMPANION INDEX

To which is prefixed

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J. Black; Butterworth, Neely, and Jones; B. Holo-
ley; Edmonds, Cradock, and Joy; Gale and Son-
net; J. Robinson; and H. Reynolds.

1818.

TALES OF THE HOY;

INTERSPERSED WITH

SONG, ODE, AND DIALOGUE.



Φιλέσσι μὲν σε Μῦσαι,
Φιλείει δὲ Φοῖβος αὐτὸς,
Λιγυρην δ' ἔδωκεν οἴμην.

ANACREON.

The Muses love thee dearly, Peter,
And eke the merry God of Metre,
Who gracious gave thee such a charming tongue:
We thought that age had quench'd thy fire,
Or law's rude hammer crush'd thy lyre,
Or royal whisper sooth'd the rage of Song;
Or pension chang'd thy harp's *uncourtly* strings,
And with her *golden scissars* clipp'd thy wings.

TABLES OF THE HOY;

INTERLUDED WITH

SONG, ODE, AND DIALOGUE.

Alfred, King of Britain,
Alfred the Great,
Alfred the Wise.

ANACREON.

The Muses have their seats, but
And the more that of them
We know, the more we love them;
We thought that you had found them;
The law's true harmony, which
Of royal wisdom is the sign;
Of wisdom, which is the sign
Of wisdom, which is the sign
Of wisdom, which is the sign.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

IT were needless, O illuminated reader, to inform thee, that the hint of the Tales of the Hoy is borrowed from Chaucer, who borrowed *his* hint from the Decameron of Boccace, who borrowed *his* hint from the *Cento Novelle Antiche*. Thou wilt perceive that I have deviated from my merry predecessor, by omitting a prize-supper for the best story-teller. I have also deviated, by introducing Ballad, Dialogue, &c. by way of taking off a fatiguing monotony; thus enlivening the scene by *diversity*, which possesses a charm for the world in general.

Mine host of the Hoy also differs from the host of the Tabard, by delivering his opinions in *prose*, a more *natural mode* of communication, though not so difficult, and consequently not so ingenious; difficulty and ingenuity being, in the present age, considered as *synonymous*, by a number of *profound thinkers*! It would be thought presumptuous, perhaps, to draw a parallel between Harry Baily, the host of the Tabard, and Captain Noah, our host of the Hoy; but I must confess that I would rather be

Captain Noah than Harry Baily ; not that Harry Baily was not a *clever fellow*—indeed he had humour, added to a shrewdness of observation ; but Harry Baily had scarcely ever been out of the smoke of his own chimney : whereas Captain Noah has been, like Ulysses, a *great traveller* ; has sailed to various parts of the globe ; was on board the very ship of war with Mr. George Rose, our present great and *excellent* Secretary of the Treasury, when he was only a poor purser's mate, and was with him too when he was elevated, by parliamentary interest, to the rank of purser ; and well remembers that he has often d-mned Mr. Rose's rotten peas, ropy small beer, hopping biscuit, and horse beef. Captain Noah was likewise with Sir Joseph Banks at Otaheitee, when that great man, for the *honour* of his *country*, was tattooed, and lost his breeches, in the boat with Queen Obereah. Captain Noah also can play a country-dance on the fiddle, and dance the hays at the same time—nay, so far from being *illiterate*, he has published an *acrostic* in Mr. John Nichols's Magazine ; nay, Captain Noah has actually given *literary hints* to Messrs. Rivingtons and their wives, of St. Paul's Church-yard, who preside over the poetical part of a review called the British Critic, and before whose awful tribunal this very work of mine, *The Tales of the Hoy*, must one day *appear*, and, like themselves, at the day of judgment, be *saved* or *damned*.

Captain Noah possesses a more original cast of character, a richer vein of humour, and a more uni-

versal knowledge; resembling too very strongly my late ingenious friend Gainsborough, of painting excellence; that is to say, is *desultory* in his conversation, despising the cold phlegmatic form of *connexion*, and taking a *hop, step, and a jump* over things—to borrow an image from the captain's favourite and congenial element, making *ducks-and-drakes* with *discourse*. By the introduction of Dialogue, my work assumes a pretty dramatic form; and which, with the leave of our present Petronius Arbiter of plays, the *accomplished* Lord Salisbury, may one day make its appearance on our theatres; be honoured with the royal presence, and *smile, perhaps*; and prove that a piece may obtain success without the most distant obligations to flames and spectres.

TALES OF THE HOY.

'TWAS in that month when Nature drear,
With sorrow whimpering, drops a tear,
To find that Winter, with a savage sway,
Prepares to leave his hall of storms,
And crush her flow'rs' delightful forms,
And banish Summer's poor last lingering ray;

'Twas in that season when the men of slop,
The Jew and Gentile turn towards their shop,
In alleys dark of London's ample round;
From Margate's handsome spot, and Hooper's-Hill,
And Dandelion, where, with much good-will,
Of butter'd rolls they swallow'd many a pound;

I too, the bard, from Thanet's pleasant isle,
Where, at a lodging-house, I liv'd in style,
Prepar'd with Gentile and with Jew to wander;
So pack'd up all my little odds and ends;
Took silent leave of all my Margate friends,
And sought a gallant vessel's great commander;
Who, proud of empire, rul'd with conscious joy
His wooden kingdom, call'd a Margate Hoy!

Lord! how my gaping readers long to know,
Which gallant vessel's valiant lord

(A natural curiosity, I trow!)

Hail'd the great poet and his trunk on board!
If Kydd, who nicks the passage to an inch,
Or he, his high and mighty rival, Finch,

No matter! Be it known to my readers, that, on the day of my departure, on the green lap of mother earth, on Hooper's-Hill, looking towards dear Dandelion of dancing memory, I thus broke forth into the praise of Margate:

THE PRAISE OF MARGATE.

DEAR Margate, with a tear I quit this isle,
Where all seem happy—sweethearts, husbands,
spouses:

On ev'ry cheek, where pleasure plants a smile,
And plenty furnishes the people's houses.

What's Brighton, when to thee compar'd!—poor
thing;

Whose barren hills in mist for ever weep;
Or what is Weymouth, though a queen and king
Wash, walk, and prattle there, and wake and sleep?

Go bid the whiting's, the boil'd whiting's eye,
In brightness with the gem of Ind compare;
Or bid the skipping jack-o'-lantern vie

With heav'n's keen flash that lights the realms of
air:

Go bid the humble thorn, the cedars ape,
That to the stars their tops sublimely spread;
Go bid a curate in his tatter'd crape,
Like Doctor Porteus lift the lofty head.

Bid Rose's* *Sun* like Sol with lustre shine;
 Or bid *that thing*, misnomer'd the True Briton,
 Like brother papers, yield a decent line—
 Poor dying imps, whom Truth and Genius spit on.

* A great man, who deemed it politically necessary to create a couple of newspapers to vouch for his *good* deeds, and varnish *others*. The consumptive state of his two miserable bantlings, which George weakly imagined would prove to be a pair of Atlases to support his *world* of character, gave birth to the following Ode of Condolence.

AN
 ODE OF CONDOLENCE

TO
 GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

On his two Newspapers, most unfortunately baptized 'The Sun,' and 'The True Briton.'

FORBEAR thee, George, such whining, puling,
 sighing,
 Because thy poor consumptive brats are dying—
 By *thee* begotten,—how could they be strong?
 So very like *thyselves* in all their features!
 Unhappy, miserable, dismal creatures,
 The world now wonders they have liv'd so long.
 What but insanity could well expect
 Perfection from such radical defect?

What too thy reputation's wing will raise,
 And with a bush of laurel deck thy name;
 Lo! I, the sweetest bard of modern days,
 Admiring, turn the Stentor of thy fame.

No sooner had I finished this pretty, plaintive,
 poetical encomium, but, in a tender dove-like strain
 of delicate sensibility, very much like the Hebrew
 Bard weeping over his favourite Jerusalem, I thus
 again broke out:

Whate'er from dirty Thames to Margate goes;
 However *foul*, immediately turns *fair*!
 Whatever *filth* offends the London nose,
 Acquires a fragrance soon from *Margate air*.

Ev'n Rose's news-hunters, his *scandal-crimps*,
 Are chang'd to *wits*, so great are *Margate-pow'rs*;
 Yes! his poor *trumpeters*, the noisy imps,
 Become sweet *Philomels*, in *Margate bow'rs*!

The tailor here, the port of Mars assumes:
 Who cross-legg'd sat in silence on his board—
 Forgets his goose, and rag-besprinkled rooms,
 And thread and thimble, and now struts a lord!

A *sow's* ear cannot make a purse of *silk*;
 We cannot to a *whale* convert the *shrimp*.
 What folly too to put out each poor imp
 To nurses yielding *not one drop of milk*.

Then prithee for thy papers sigh no more—
 So *worthless*, for oblivion they are ripe;
 Peace to their slumber, as their date is o'er—
 Peace to their *ashes*, as they light my pipe.

Here Crispin too forgets his end, and awl—
 Here Mistress Cleaver with importance looks;
 Forgets the beef and mutton on her stall,
 And lights and livers dangling from the hooks.

Here Mistress Tap, from pewter pots withdrawn,
 Walks forth in all the pride of paunch and geer;
 Mounts her swoln heels on Dandelion's lawn,
 And at the ball-room heaves her heavy rear.

Chang'd by their travels—mounted high in soul,
 Here Suds forgets whate'er remembrance shocks;
 And Mistress Suds forgetteth too the pole,
 Wigs, bob and pigtail, basons, razors, blocks!

Here too the most important Dicky Dab
 With puppy-pertness, pretty, pleasant *prig*
 Forgets the narrow, fishy house of crab,
 And drives in Jehu-style his whirling gig!

And here 'midst all such consequence am I
 The poet! *semper idem*—just the same—
 Bidding old Satire's hawk at follies fly,
 To fill the shops of booksellers with *game*.

Now in sorrow did I descend to the pier, along-
 side of which pier was the vessel ordained to *trans-*
port me from Margate.

In sorrow let me say, I descended, to go on board
 the vessel,

Which like gilt gingerbread did ride,
 (How garish on the silver tide!)

To whose smart ribs was golden varnish giv'n!
 Her blushing ensign proudly waving—
 Her pendant now in ocean laving,
 Now sportive floating on the breeze to heav'n;
 Like gaudy mortals, steady now, now tripping;
 Now in the *zenith*—now to *nadir* dipping!

At length I got me on board the ark, where Master Noah, *alias* the captain, was, busy, amidst scores of passengers, of different faces, quality, and dispositions, in getting ready for the voyage.—The anchor was soon apeak, the sails filled, and we were under way.

Now, as our immortal Milton sublimely would have sung:

With dewy gems adorning herb and flow'r,
Mov'd meek-eyed Evening on the western hills
With modest mien, and on the calm expanse
Of ocean's mirror look'd, and looking ting'd
Its heaving bosom with a roseate blush;
A blush empyreal!—

Or, as the no less immortal author of Hudibras would have quaintly said;

'Now Madam Eve, with gown of pink,
Stepp'd down to Neptune's tap to drink,
Where Phœbus just before had been
At his old fam'd salt-water inn
(To end the labours of the day),
And give his horses, oats, and hay,
And bed, and clear their hoofs from gravel,
To fit them for next morning's travel.'

Again, as the illustrious Butler would have said, or sung:

Night, in her weeds, with hats and owls
(Her usual equipage of fowls)
Came forth! and changing colour, day,
(According to her vulgar way)

Like healthy felon's hang'd, alack!
Turn'd from deep red to dismal black.

And now Captain Noah, with a voice more like that of the raven than the nightingale, most audibly yet civilly vociferated, 'Ladies and gemmen of the best cabin! please to walk below!' At such summons we descended, where our Palinurus thus began:

'Ladies and gemmen, you are all welcome on board; and as we shall not reach London till to-morrow, in God's name let us drown old care in the bowl.—Here's a pretty little pond of punch; and when we suck that dry, we'll fill another and another; so God prosper the vessel, and send us a pleasant passage! Long may we live, and merry be our hearts! Down with the French! and damn Buona-parté! Cheer up, lads and lasses! While we live, let us *live*! We must all go at last to Davy Jones's locker—no help for it, all must go down—*fortune de la guerre*! We shall never be a day younger! May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss! Love and opportunity! Liberty and property! Come, ladies and gemmen, take your places around the old table—dip your whiskers in the nectar! Drown old care, as I said before! A light heart and a thin pair of breeches! There's a good God over our head! Old England for ever! Come, ladies and gemmen, I'll be toast-master. Here's my chair of state, and here's my hammer. I'll be

the mister Jupiter tonans of the night, as some Latin men have christened me, with your leave—so ladies and gemmen, please to obey my orders. A toast-master, ladies and gemmen, is the greatest man in the world—no appeal from a toast-master. He is despotic—like our prime minister, scorns to give a *reason* for what he does. Ladies and gemmen, a toast-master is *all-wise*; let me *wickedly* say, *omnipotent*, for the chair *must be supported*; and therefore he can command *every thing*. A toast-master may say, ‘Moab shall be my washpot, and over Edom will I cast out my old shoe.’ A toast-master is the first man in the world—Were his majesty of England here *now*, in this very cabin *here* (God bless him), and refused his glass, or contradicted me, or asked a *reason*, I would order him a half dozen bumpers; if not contented with *that*, a pint of salt water; and were *his* majesty to demand of *my* majesty, a *reason* for such proceedings, then should *my* majesty order *his* majesty a *pottle*; which if he refused, he should be sent to *Coventry* before he could say “*Peas.*”’ The captain ended; when the dark solemnity which saddens the faces of Englishmen who happen to be strangers to one another, was converted into a smile that instantaneously ran over every countenance, by a sort of happy contagion.

Thus oft it happens that the sky
Throws horrid glooms upon the eye;
Breeds clouds like malkins—old, black rags indeed!

The lands below look dismal, drear!
 When suddenly, see Sol appear!
 He pushes boldly through the dark, his head!
 At once the shadows to his glories yield,
 And cheerful radiance flies from field to field.

Captain Noah now mounted his large elbow chair,
 assumed his sceptre, *alias* hammer, and, command-
 ing silence, entered upon his song.

SONG.

AGAIN we begin to be Britons, my boys:
 While united, success we command:—
 Lo! each tar on the ocean a triumph enjoys,
 And laurels shall cover the land.

Though surrounded by foes that in legions arise,
 And cry for our ruin aloud,
 The Genius of England their fury defies,
 And bursts like the sun from a cloud!

May the king live for ever, the friend of our isle,
 That revolts at the name of a slave;
 Whose eye for fair Merit possesses a smile,
 And a tear for the tomb of the brave!

No man to his mistress or wife will return,
 And say:—‘I have fled from the foe;
 My honour is gone, in the grave let me mourn
 A disgrace that no Briton should know.’

France, the beggar shall be of the year fifty-eight,
 When for mercy she put up her pray’r;
 With nought but her perfidy left, and her spite,
 And her pride, to console her despair.

The Spaniard too late shall his folly confess,
 When his Indies no longer remain;
 And the Dutchman, a frog in the days of Queen Bess,
 Shall croak in his ditches again.

But how needless to talk of our prowess in war,
 And proclaim what a universe knows!
 Let Langara, De Grasse, and De Winter, declare
 What it is to have Britons for foes!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Mrs. Bliss, my good old acquaintance, here's success to *you* and your pretty little white-legged chicken! A song if you please! Love, almighty Love, I suppose, will be the subject. All alive! nymphs and shepherds—God's lambs *will play!*

MISTRESS BLISS.

Indeed, captain, my song will be a *serious* one—nothing more nor less than an Epitaph on my poor dear girl, Corinna; the best creature in the world, as well as the most beautiful—she was cruelly used! she died a martyr to the tender passion.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

O! I recollect her. Poor Corinna!—I could *cry* for her, Mistress Bliss—a sweet creature! So kind! so lovely! and so good-natured!—she would not hurt a fly! Lord, Lord! tried to make every body happy. Gone! ha! Mistress Bliss? Gone!—poor soul! Oh! she is in heaven, depend upon it—nothing can hinder it—O Lord, no!—nothing—an an-

gel! an angel by this time—for it must give God very little trouble to make *her* an angel, even if it were a *first-rate*—she was so charming.—Such terrible figures as my Lord C—d—, or my Lady Mary, to be sure, it would take at least a *month* to make *such ones* any thing *like* angels—but poor little Corinna wanted very few repairs—Perhaps the sweet little soul is now seeing what is going on in our cabin—who knows? Charming little Corinna! Lord, how funny it was! for all the world like a rabbit, or a squirrel, or a kitten, playing with its tail: Gone! as you say, *gone*! Well, now for her Epitaph.

CORINNA'S EPITAPH.

HERE sleeps what was *innocence* once, but its
Were sullied and trod with disdain; [snows
Here lies what was *beauty*, but pluck'd was its rose,
And flung like a weed to the plain.

O pilgrim, look down on her grave with a sigh,
Who fell the sad victim of *art*;
Ev'n Cruelty's self must bid her hard eye
A pearl of compassion impart.

Ah! think not, ye prudes, that a sigh, or a tear,
Can offend of all Nature the God;
Lo! Virtue already has mourn'd at her bier,
And the lily will bloom on her sod.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very pretty! very clever! thank ye, Mistress
Bliss—rather doleful—very pretty though—touch-

ing and tender—it would do for my wife Mrs. Noah, very well. I wish Mrs. Noah could have it. Have ye nothing a little more lively, Mrs. Bliss? Come, come, something giggish—something merry—Poor, sweet Corinna! Yes, something alive. Have not you a *what-dy'e-call-it* about ye? a bit of gaiety or so? We must not be always at a *funeral*—must have a *courtship* and a *wedding* sometimes—it would be a dismal world else. Come, Mrs. Bliss, let us have something in the *tol-de-roll-loll-way*—funny—hang dismality—leave that to parsons. I don't admire parsons—a parson in quest of preferment too is one of the saddest dogs in the world—you never have his opinion! so sanctified too! demure as an *old bawd* at a christening! O, d-mn it! and then a parson on board ship is the devil!—I never sailed with one but we had a *storm*. Well, Mrs. Bliss! one more, and then I shall call on my little sprig of Parnassus, Master Tagg.—Silence, ladies and gemmen!

SONG.

WHEN William first woo'd, I said *yes* to the swain,
 And made him as blest as a lord—
 For ye virgins around, in my speech to be plain,
 That *no* is a dangerous word!
 The girl that will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
 Is doom'd by her planet to die an old maid.

The gentlemen seem one and all to agree,
 That we're made of materials for kissing—
 And if so, for I really believe it, good me!

What joys through one *no* might be missing!
Since the girl who will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her planet to die an old maid.

Say *yes*, and of courtship ye finish the toil—
Whole mountains at once ye remove—
You brighten the eyes of the swain by a *smile*,
For smiles are the sunshine of love?
Say *yes*, and the world will acquit you of *art*,
Since the *tongue* will not *then* give the lie to the
heart.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very true, Mr. Bliss—very true song—very good
—*no* is a dangerous word—and yet a *bishop* always
says *no*, and is never *disappointed*. Mr. Buck, you
are called on—Silence!

BUCK.

Mine is 'The Widow of Ephesus,' captain—an
old tale.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A good subject to work on—a widow—a nice bit
of stuff—'Widow of Ephesus,' ha? Aye, aye,—a
Greek gentlewoman!—I have been in her country
when we sailed up the *Arches*—pretty girls—Greek
girls! I used to get their sweet little velvet skins
cheap. Whip up their veils! Board their juicy lips!
and give them a good British *smack*, that you might
hear a mile! Oh, the *Arches* beat the London mar-
ket all to pieces! Ladies aad gemmen, 'The Widow
of Ephesus'—Silence!

THE WIDOW OF EPHEBUS;

A TALE.

BALM are the sighs for breathless husbands shed!
And *pearl* the eye-drops that adorn the dead!

At Ephesus (a handsome town of Greece)
There liv'd a lady—a most lovely piece!

In short, the charming *toast* of all the town:
In wedlock's *velvet* bonds had liv'd the dame—
Yes! brightly did the torch of Hymen flame,
When Death, too cruel, knock'd her husband down.

This was indeed a lamentable stroke!
Prudentia's gentle heart was nearly broke!
Tears, pea-like trickle, shrieks her face deform—
Sighs, sighs succeeding, leave her snowy breast—
Winds, call'd hysterical, expand her chest,
As though she really had devour'd a *storm*.

Now, fainting, calls she on her poor dead love,
How like the wailings of the widow'd dove!

All Ephesus upon the wonder gaz'd!
Men, women, children, really were amaz'd.
'Tis true, a few old *maids* abus'd the pother—
'Heav'ns! if one husband dies, why take another?'
Said they—contemptuous cocking up their nose:
'Ridiculous enough! and what about?
To make for a *dead husband* such a rout!
There are as fine as *he*, one might suppose.

'A body would presume, by grief so mad,
Another husband was not to be *had*;
But men are not so very scarce indeed—
More than are *good*, there are, God mend the breed!"

Such was the conversation of old maids,
Upon this husband's visit to the shades.

At length her spouse was carried to the *tomb*,
Where poor Prudentia mop'd amid the gloom.

One little lamp, with solitary beam,
Show'd the dark coffin that contain'd her dear,
And gave a beauteous sparkle to each tear,
That rill-like dropp'd—or rather like a *stream*.

Resolv'd was she amid this tomb to sigh :
To weep, and wail, and groan, and starve, and die—
No comfort! no! no comfort would she take:
Her friends beheld her anguish with great pain,
Begg'd her to try amusement, but in vain—
'No! she would perish, perish for his sake!'

Her flaxen tresses all dishevell'd flow'd—
Her vestments loose—her tucker all abroad,
Revealing *such* fair swelling orbs of woe!
Her lids in swimming grief, now look'd on high,
Now downward droop'd, and now she pour'd a sigh
How *tuneful*, on her dear pale spouse below.

Who would not covet death for such sweet sighs,
And be bewail'd by *such* a pair of eyes?

It happen'd that a rogue condemn'd to death,
Resign'd (to please the law) his roguish breath ;
And near the vault did this same felon swing :
For fear the rogue's relations, or a friend,
Might steal him from the rope's disgraceful end,
A smart young soldier watch'd the thief and string.

This son of Mars, upon his silent station,
Hearing, at night, a dismal lamentation,
Stole to the place of woe—that is, the tomb—
And, peeping in, beheld a beauteous face
That look'd with such a charming tragic grace,
Displaying sorrow for a husband's doom.

The youth most nat'rally express'd surprise,
And scarcely could he credit his two eyes :

‘ Good God, ma’am!—pray, ma’am, what’s the matter here? ’

Sweet ma’am be comforted—you *must*, you *shall*!

At times misfortunes, ev’n the *best*, befall—

Pray stop your grief, ma’am, *save* that precious tear.’

‘ Go, soldier, leave me!’ sigh’d the fair again,
In *such* a melting melancholy strain,

Casting her eyes of woe upon the youth—

‘ I *cannot*, *will* not live without my love!’

And then she threw her glist’ning eyes above,

That swam in tears of constancy and truth.

‘ Madam!’ rejoin’d the youth, and press’d her hand,

‘ Indeed you shall not my advice withstand;

For Heav’n’s sake don’t stay here to weep and howl!

Pray take refreshment!’ Off at once he set,

And quickly brought the mourner drink and meat;

A bottle of Madeira, and a fowl;

And bread and beer,

Her heart to cheer.

‘ Ah! gentle youth, you bid me eat in vain!

Leave me! oh, leave me, soldier, to complain!

Yes, sympathizing youth, withdraw your wine!

My *sighs* and *tears* shall be *my* only food—

Thou knewest not my husband kind and good,

For whom this heart shall ever, ever pine!’

And then she cast upon the youth an eye

All tender! saying, ‘ Soldier, let me *die*!’

And then she press’d his hand with friendship warm.

‘ You shall not die, by Heav’n!’ the soldier swore;

‘ No! to the world such beauty I’ll restore,

And give it back again its only charm!’

Such was th’ effect of her delicious hand,

That *charm’d* his senses like a wizard’s wand;

‘ What! howl for ever for a breathless *clod*!

Ma’am, you *shall* eat a leg of fowl, by G—!’

With that he clapp'd wine, fowl, bread, beer and all,
Without more ceremony, on the pall.

'Well, soldier, if you *do insist*,' quoth she,
All in a saint-like, sweet, complying tone,
'I'll *try* if Grief will let me pick a *bone* !

Your health, sir.'—'Thank you kindly, ma'am,'
quoth he.

As grief absorbs the senses, the fair dame
Scarce knew that she was eating, or yet drinking;
So hard is it a roaring grief to tame,
And keep the sighing, pensive soul from thinking.

So that the fowl and wine *soon pass'd* indeed—
Quickly away too stole the beer and bread
All down her pretty little swelling throat:
And now, whate'er philosophers may think,
Sorrow is much oblig'd to *meat* and *drink*,
Whose soothing virtues stop the plaintive *note*;

And, says the anatomic art,
'The stomach's *very near* the heart.'

Prudentia found it so: a *gentler* sigh
Stole from her lovely breast—a *smaller* tear,
Containing *less* of anguish, did appear
Within the pretty corner of her eye;
Her eye's dark cloud dispersing too apace
(Just like a cloud that oft conceals the moon),
Let out a brighter lustre o'er her face,
Seeming to indicate *dry weather* soon.

Her tongue too somewhat lost its mournful style;
Her rosebud-lips expanded with a *smile*;
Which pleas'd the gallant soldier, to be sure—
Happy to think he sav'd the dame from death—
Yes, from his hug *preserv'd* the sweetest *breath*,
And to a wounded heart prescrib'd a cure.

Now Mars's son a minute left the dame,
To see if all went well with rogue and rope;
But ere he to the fatal gibbet came,
The knave had deem'd it proper to *elope*.

In short, attendance on the lady's grief
Had lost him his companion, the hang'd thief,

Whose friends had kindly filch'd him from the
Quick to the lady did the soldier run: [string.
' Madam, I shall be hang'd, as sure's a gun!

O Lord! the thief's gone off, and *I* shall swing!

' Madam, it was the royal declaration,

That if the rogue was carried off,

Whether by *soft* means or by *rough*—

No matter—*I* should take his situation.

' O Lord, O Lord! my fate's decreed!

O ma'am, I shall be hang'd, indeed!

' O Lord! O Lord! this comes of *creeping*

To graves and tombs—this comes of *peeping*—

This is th' effect of running from my duty!

O curse my folly! What an ape

Was I, to let the thief escape!

This comes of fowl, and wine, and beer, and beauty!

' Yet, ma'am, I beg your pardon too,

Since *if* I'm hang'd, 'twill be for *you*!"

' Cheer up my gallant friend,' reply'd the dame,

Squeezing his hand and smoothing down his face—

' No, no, you sha'nt be hang'd, nor come to shame,

My husband here shall take the fellow's place—

Nought but a lump of clay can he be counted!

Then let *him* mount'—and, lo! the corpse was

Made a good thief—nay, so complete, [mounted;

The people never smelt the cheat.

Now from the gibbet to the tomb again,

Haste, arm-in-arm, the soldier and the fair;

T' exchange for kisses, and the turtle's strain,

Sad hymns of *death* and ditties of *despair*.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

There was a d-mned *jade* for ye! What a snivel-
ing hussey! It was a *devil* of a trick, to be sure;

but, 'A *living dog* is better than a *dead lion*,' as the saying is. The young soldier, to be sure, was not *much* to blame; for who would not rather be pressing a little warm, beautiful flesh and blood, and ogling lilies and roses, than gaping in the cold all night, at a dead thief? Ladies and gemmen, silence! Now, Master Tagg, make me an *extempore* on this little drunken dog of a fly, that I have just helped out of the punch—there he is, rubbing his nose with his two long arms, and rolling about like a ship in a storm! Come, fire away! and I will afterwards tip you a specimen of my Lord Salisbury's poetry, on a fly that pitched on the cheek of a pretty woman at Hampton-Court. My lord's butler, who was my passenger the last trip, showed it to me as a great curiosity—The king and queen have seen it, and *admired* it. All the servants agree that he is a pestilent man for a rhyme—O Lord! there's a deal of genius among the quality now—much improved of late—could not read or write formerly, I've been told—now they write verse and prose like mad—and then there's my Lord Carlisle can tip ye a hundred rhimes in half an hour—but my lady does not like his verses; for he scrawls the chairs and tables over, and walls, whenever the poetry-fit is upon him—and then he makes up *such* wry mouths, and grins when he is going to be delivered of verses, as though he was bewitched. My lady watches his face like a cat, and stalks behind him, with a bit of wet sponge, to rub all out again, that the furniture mayn't be disfigured and spoiled. The servants are ordered too, by my

lady, to take notice of his rhiming *tantarums*, and be ready to *rub*. But, Master Tagg, the *extempore*, the *extempore* on the fly, or you shan't have your passage for *nothing*!

THE DRUNKEN FLY.

POOR little reeling, thoughtless soul,
To tumble drunk into the bowl!

Death to thy thread had clapp'd his knife;
Go, wipe thy nose, and wings, and thighs,
And brighten up thy maudling eyes,
And thank the captain for thy life!

In future, get not *quite* so drunk!

Thy girl, perhaps, a lass of *spunk*,

May wish thy amorous pow'rs to prove;
And shouldst thou, drunk, the wanton chase,
Ebriety may bring *disgrace*;

And *who* would look a *fool* in love?

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very well, very arch, Master Tagg—a *sly* hint—modest hint to certain young valorous, braggadocio, and tippling fornicators. Now for my Lord Salisbury's fly.

VERSES ON A FLY

*That pitched on the Cheek of a most beautiful
young Lady.*

BY LORD SALISBURY.

HAPPY, happy, happy fly!

Were I *you*, and *you* were I!

But *you* will always be a fly,

And I remain Lord Salisbury!

Ladies and gemmen, a very pretty thought! tender and sentimental, and touching. You see that my lord is a dab at a distich. Master Barnacle, a tale or a song!

MR. BARNACLE.

Both in one, Captain Noah, and set to music by a charming fellow, Will. Shield, whom every body knows, and on whom some queer genius wrote verses, just after poor Shield's brains were almost knocked out by the fall of the statue of an Apollo on his head, from the summit of the organ, as he was playing.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Repeat them! repeat them!

Verses on the Fall of the Statue of Apollo from the Summit of the Organ, on the Head of Shield, as he was playing.

ON a day, on Shield's crown,
Apollo leap'd down,
And, lo! like a bullock he fell'd him!
Now was not this odd?
Not at all—for the god
Was mad that a mortal excell'd him!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Funny, funny, funny! Fine man, Shield! Great at the gamut—an angel in his airs—deep—deep musician! He carried me to the opera once, and told me about all the singers—*Signor this*, and *Signor*

that, who squalled away at a most cat-like rate! I was not much pleased with *that*; but a thought struck me that pleased me wonderfully—it was to think that the descendants of those *rogues*, the Romans, who beat us poor Britons about like so much stockfish a thousand or two years ago, should be forced—hæ! ladies and gemmen—come, I must be decent—to lose, to lose—I mean, to be made eunuchs! and come a thousand miles to squall to us. Great change! wonderful change in the world! What *ups* and *downs*! Poor fellows! I *pity* them too—never have any children, I’m told—all dead men—blanks! blanks! cut off from the ladies—great misfortune that! all done when young too—infants—babies! Were I served the trick, I’d go to the world’s end to cut their throats, *whoever* did it—father or mother—uncle or aunt—god-father or god-mother—I’d *eunuch* them, with the devil to ’em!—horrid, horrid, horrid! Mr. Pope, the great poet, hath wrote upon that *Lousyweesy*, or what is the young lady’s name, and *Ablard*—very fine—but I don’t understand the whole, it is so wrapped up; but I guess, guess—a very peppery poem—and yet all young ladies know it by heart—yes, yes, leave *them* alone to find out *what’s what*!

Joan of Naples used to have a bath under her window for the young men, where she sat and picked out those for her pleasure that she liked best—bad, bad—she should have been put into the pillory! Ladies and gemmen, to order! A song from Mr. Barnacle!

POOR TOM.

NOW the rage of battle ended,
And the French for mercy call;
Death no more in smoke and thunder,
Rode upon the vengeful ball.

Yet, what brave and loyal heroes
Saw the sun of morning bright—
Ah! condemn'd by cruel Fortune
Ne'er to see the star of night.

From the main-deck to the quarter
Strew'd with limbs and wet with blood,
Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded,
Crawl'd where his brave captain stood.

'O, my noble captain! tell me,
Ere I'm borne a corpse away,
Have I done a seaman's duty
On this great and glorious day?

'Tell a dying sailor truly,
For my life is fleeting fast;
Have I done a seaman's duty?
Can there aught my mem'ry blast?'

'Ah! brave Tom!' the captain answer'd,
'Thou a sailor's part hast done,
I revere thy wounds with sorrow—
Wounds by which our glory's won.'

'Thanks, my captain! life is ebbing
Fast from this deep-wounded heart;
But, O grant one little favour,
Ere I from the world depart:

'Bid some kind and trusty sailor,
When I'm number'd with the dead,
For my dear and constant Catherine,
Cut a lock from this poor head!

‘ Bid him to my Catherine give it,
 Saying, hers alone I die!
 Kate will keep the mournful present,
 And embalm it with a sigh.

‘ Bid him too this letter bear her,
 Which I’ve penn’d with panting breath:
 Kate may ponder on the writing,
 When the hand is cold in death.’

‘ That I will,’ replied the captain,
 ‘ And be ever Catherine’s friend.’
 ‘ Ah! my good and kind commander,
 Now my pains and sorrows end!’

Mute towards his captain weeping,
 Tom uprais’d a thankful eye—
 Grateful then, his foot embracing,
 Sunk, with Kate on his last sigh!

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,
 Could without a tear depart?
 He must own a savage nature—
 Pity never warm’d his heart!

Now in his white hammock shrouded,
 By the kind and pensive crew,
 As he dropp’d into the ocean,
 All burst out—‘ Poor Tom, adieu!’

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Charming, charming! a thousand pities such a fine fellow should be meat for the sharks! Brook-Watson-legs are good enough for *them*! Pity! pity! but it can’t be helped—a man is no more than a sparrow with God! A strange world this! very bad world, indeed, in some parts—*hogged* the moment it was launched—a number of rotten timbers! I

think it must have been built by *contract*—yes! in some private dock or other, sure as fate; But we can't help it—if the ship be leaky, we must keep the pumps a-going! All's one a hundred years hence! What business have we to die? Fine fellow Xerxes, when he cried to think that in a few years not a man of all his armies would be alive. Fine thought—pretty thought—natural too! I should like to have shaken a paw with Xerxes, poor fellow—but then I should not have been *here*, ladies and gemmen, to enjoy your good company! To order! to order!—Master Squib, tumble up! examine your wallet, and give us something good!

SQUIBB.

My dear friend, my hearty honest host of the hoy, principal proprietor of the prince of packets, upon my soul I have nothing to offer—not a bit of a bal-lad—not a slice of a song—nor a tittle of a tale, to enliven the evening, and conjure up conviviality.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

What! not *you*, Squibb? the prince of paragraphmakers! the nabob of news! the imp of invention! the lion of learning! and the very paper-kite of politics? What *you* aground?

SQUIBB.

Let me perish, my dear friend, if I possess a particle of power; I really, my dear friend am as stupid as that stupid stock, my hum-drum chum, Bar-

naby Bufflehead, who never so much as *blundered* on a *bon-mot* !

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Come, come, no palavering *me* over, with my dear friend, and dear friend ; I hate the word ; there's so much hypocrisy in the world. Friendship is a *silent* gentlewoman—makes no parade. The *true* heart dances no hornpipes on the tongue—a p-x on palaver, say I—so give us *something*, Mister Modesty, if you please.

SQUIBB.

Upon my honour, Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A bumper of salt water for Master Squibb !

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah ! Captain Noah !

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Two bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb !

SQUIBB.

Upon my soul, Captain Noah, this is a very serious affair, d-mme !

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Three bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb—then hey for Coventry !

SQUIBB.

Well, I'll sing ! I'll sing !

SONG.

Dearest creature,
Of all nature
Oh! I die, I faint, &c

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Stop, for God's sake, Squibb! I excuse the rest. No pig hung in a gate ever made a more dismal noise—no dog ever bayed the moon so frightfully! Why, zounds! my cur Dumplin should howl more musically; and then the words, they put me in mind of that most mawkish of all mawkish stuff, the Sorrows of the Heart, baptized a novel. O the cursed trash! Poor Squibb! Why, what a difference between thee and a brother *Quid-nunc* that sailed with me last trip—I mean Brass Wildfire, a piece of an editor—a fine news-hunter—would spin ten paragraphs out of one. Oh! a dare-devil—he told me all the secrets of his Pandemonium. He showed me his pocket-book—rich lessons of roguery!

SQUIBB.

Then he was a rascal.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He was, he was, Squibb; but this must be said in his favour, he had candour enough to *confess it*. No hypocrite, no—no hypocrite. He never wanted a bit of scandal—nor a breakfast—nor a dinner—nor tea—nor supper, He was a pensioner upon almost

every profession; he kept his feet dry by puffing a shoemaker; his legs warm by puffing a hosier; his rump and back by puffing a tailor and mercer; his head by puffing a hatter; and, being able to swill porter with the gullet of a whale, he had always a pot ready for his maw, by immortalizing an ale-house. Lord, Lord! he frightened all the actors and actresses out of their senses, and got half their salaries for puffs! and then for the singers, he made their notes tremble again, poor little nightingales.

SQUIBB.

A scoundrel!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—He used to get away all their trinkets from them—watch-seals, rings, etwees, and sometimes a whole watch—orders for the play and opera, which he either made presents of for future dinners, or sold for ready-money.

SQUIBB.

A villain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—He never wanted news at a pinch; would spring from Dan to Beersheba in a twink. To enliven the paper he would fly to Constantinople, rouse the Janissaries, hang up a bashaw of three tails, poison the grand mufti, set fire to the seraglio, make the ladies scamper forth in their smocks, and the grand signor, run like a lamplighter, in his shirt.

SQUIBB.

Fie! Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True as the Gospel, Squibb—At another time he would jump to Algiers, put out the eyes of a young Dey, step a hundred miles into the country that refused tribute, and bring home a hundred hogsheads of ears—step away into Egypt and overturn a pyramid with an earthquake—then hey for Smyrna, and kill a million or two with a plague.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—If he wanted a piece of Indian news—presto, be gone! He murdered a whole ship's crew in the Straits of Malacca—put a ship for a fortnight on her beam ends in the Straits of Sundry—then faced about to Bengal and Madras; hopped to Seringapatam, shook down the palace about Tippoo's ears, tumbled Tippoo over the Gauts, and put out his eyes amongst the Marattas.

SQUIBB.

Shameful, Captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

All his own confessions, Squibb—Then he would set off for Bombay, sink the island of Elephanta in a volcano, dart through the Straits of Babelman-

del, cut through the Red Sea, murder a few hordes of Arabs on the banks, demolish Suez, dash through the Desert, plunge into the Mediterranean, and set all the islands of the Archipelago in open rebellion.

SQUIBB.

O! captain.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—If he wanted to *fill* up, and wished for a bit of news from Jamaica, he would conjure up his old friend, the yellow fever, and lay you dead thirty thousand pounds-worth of officers in one room—set the council, assembly and governor, by the ears, and transfer the seat of government from Spanish-Town to Kingston—hop up amongst the Blue Mountains, infect young King Cudjoe with rebellion, and give the island to the Negroes.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah, fie!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—A rare fellow! He put a fine parcel of money into the pockets of the proprietors—quite a Filch! Oh, a blessed babe of grace! Did a family refuse to take in the paper to which he was a hack, he would make the father a bankrupt, the mother a bawd, the sons swindlers, and the daughters bastards, big with child by the footmen or stable-boys.

SQUIBB.

Such a fellow ought to be hanged, my dear fellow.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He *did*, Squibb—If an author did not advertise in his paper, he was sure to be loaded with abuse—was a dull hound—a thief: then, as for scandal, he would invent a vile tale—put it into his paper—get the abused parties about him—It could not be helped, he had a handsome sum for inserting it. He must *live*—family of children—hard times—open to all parties—nothing could be fairer; but if an answer were wished, it should be put in. Well, an answer is inserted—he answers the answer with blacker inventions; goes to the house of the scandalized party, sympathizes, promises, dines, sups, tries to debauch the wife or daughter, empties their pockets, moves off, and laughs at *them* as fools for not suspecting *him* to be a villain!

SQUIBB.

Is it *possible*?

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Yes, very possible, Squibb—It is surprising that Justice Colquhoun, who has written so much upon *abuse*, should omit this *giant* of nuisances, this d-mned plague to society; but he was afraid, afraid, I suppose, of being stung to death by a hornet or two.

SQUIBB.

But we are not *all* alike, captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

No, no, God forbid! God forbid! some pigeons,

and many crows, I presume—My little lovely Lucy Languish, a song from thy sweet lips! Ladies and gemmen, Miss Languish's song—Silence!

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

LO! the pipe of poor Colin, mute, mute, how it lies!
No more to be swelled by his hopes, or his sighs!
'Go, leave me!' said he, 'since unpriz'd by the fair.'
Then he wistfully flung it away in despair.

Who, like Colin, could give it of rapture the sound,
Which the echoes with rapture repeated around?
Or give it, like Colin, a soul to complain?
And who like the shepherd e'er gave it in vain?

'Twas here, at the peep of the morn, that he stray'd
To sooth with its music the ear of the maid!
'Twas here that he wak'd its sweet voice, to delight
(Not Philomel's sweeter!) her slumber at night.

But vain were his vows, and the voice of his reed;
The heart of poor Colin was fated to bleed!
See his grave! near yon tree his pale relics are laid,
'Mid the bow'r that he planted, of silence and shade.

Ah! blame not the nymph who was deaf to his tale,
Since her heart was betroth'd to a youth of the vale.
Come, virgins, we'll gather the flow'rs of the grove,
And strew on the victim of Sorrow and Love.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Poor fellow! poor fellow! terrible disorder, love!
I think I see him now, just like Patience on a mo-
nument, *smelling* at grief, as the Scotchman said—
yes, drooping, sleeping, nodding, like the swallows
in winter on the bushes of the Thames, preparing to

take a journey under water. Strange ! strange ! that men and women *only* should die for *love* ! Dogs and cats, and other animals, never feel the passions so sensibly. Ladies and gemmen, suppose we *ad-journ* the *court* for a handful of minutes, take a peep at Mistress Moon, and put a few questions to the weather.

To this proposal we all agreed, Captain Noah leading the way up to the deck.

Thus, as the flocks amid the valley feed,
Behold ! the bellwether, the rover,
Like mortals, fickle, takes it in his head
To taste a neighbouring field of clover !
He *dares* th' opposing hedge, he beats it *hollow*—
Mounts, leaps, and all the tribes of fleeces follow !

TEARS AND SMILES;
A
MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION
OF
POEMS.



Omnis Aristippum decuit color.—HOR.

TEARS AND SMILES;

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION

OF

POEMS.

By the Author of "The Poet's Poet."

JULIA;
OR,
THE VICTIM OF LOVE:
A PASTORAL BALLAD.

*Illa mihi sancta est; illius dona sepulchro,
Et mædefacta meis sertæ feram lacrymis.*

TIBULLUS.

From mem'ry nought shall force her form away,
For ever sacred and for ever dear:
I'll seek her tomb at morn and closing day,
And wet each flow'r I offer with a tear.

JULIA;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF LOVE:

A PASTORAL BALLAD.



THE VICTIM OF LOVE;
A PASTORAL BALLAD;
TIBULUS.

From man's night shall I force her form away,
For ever saved and for ever dear;
I'll seek her tomb at noon and closing day,
And wet each flower I offer with a tear.

JULIA;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF LOVE:

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

SHE is dead, who gave life to the groves,
 And covers our valley with gloom!
 She who led all the Pleasures and Loves,
 Now joins the pale band of the tomb.

She whose beauty commanded the heart,
 So prais'd, so ador'd, so desir'd;
 Sunk, the innocent victim of art,
 And the passion her beauty inspir'd,
 Yet silent was she on the swain
 Whose cruelty doom'd her to mourn;
 In secret her soul would complain,
 In secret her anguish would burn.

Though faint was the blush on her cheek,
 And deep in her bosom the thorn;
 A smile 'midst her sorrows would break,
 Like a ray through the clouds of the morn.

She would sit near yon willow and sigh,
And pant in the shade of the trees :
' Sweet Zephyr, bring health,' she would cry ;
But Health never came with the breeze.

And oft she would drink of the brook,
But Health never came with the rill ;
Then around on the heights she would look,
But Health never came to the hill.

On her dog she look'd down with a tear,
And sigh'd, as she patted his head,
' Poor Fidelle ! thou wilt suffer, I fear,
When thy mistress, who loves thee is dead.

' *Thou* hast ever been constant and kind ;
My fondness ne'er met with a *slight* :
In *thee* a firm friendship I find ;
How unhappy when out of my sight !

' When with speed I could travel the plain,
With thy mistress to sport was thy pride ;
And now I am weak and in pain,
Thou art heartless and dull by my side.

' When I'm gone, thou, poor fellow, wilt pine,
And seek me, uneasy, around ;
Beseeching the swains, with a whine,
To tell where thy friend may be found.

' Shouldst thou find my cold dwelling at last,
Near my sod thou wilt mope the long day :
Nor the night, nor the rain, nor the blast,
Nay, nor hunger will force thee away.'

Thus she spoke to her fav'rite, whose eye
Was fix'd upon those of the maid :
Then he lick'd her fond hand at her sigh,
As if conscious of all she had said !

Sweet nymph ! what a sudden decay !
Now her limbs she could scarcely sustain ;

Now her head would sink feebly away,
Like the lily press'd down by the rain.

At length on her pillow she fell ;
In silence we watch'd her last breath :
When she bade us for ever farewell,
How divine, though the whisper of Death !

No struggle in dying she knew,
Life pass'd with such sweetness away !
So calm from the world she withdrew,
Her last sigh seem'd the zephyr of May.

Beneath a *plain* stone she is laid,
For needless of *praise* is the tale ;
Since the virtues that shone in the maid,
May be seen in the tears of the vale.

TO THE READER.

THE unfortunate subject of this elegiac ballad was a young lady, possessed of uncommon beauty, united with a highly cultivated intellect, and the most fascinating manners. A *tender* attachment, terminating in disappointment, so affected her spirits as to occasion a fatal decline. Her lover, from whose professions of regard she expected every happiness, deserted her almost in the hour of leading her to the Hymenæal altar: deluded by the idea of immense riches, he gave his hand to another; thus sacrificing peace, honour, and humanity, at the tinsel shrine of Fortune. His marriage, as might be expected, commencing with infamy, terminated in sorrow, and shortened a life that seemed to possess a claim to longevity. His last hours were those of repentance and horror: before his death he frequently visited the grave of his beloved but deserted Julia, and strewed flowers, mingled with sighs, on her sod; and if a long and unfeigned contrition might be al-

lowed to *atone* for the insanity of a moment, his tears must have obliterated his offences. Naturally of a poetical turn, he wrote a number of what he modestly called his *love trifles*, and sent occasionally to his mistress during the paroxysm of his passion, some of which we have subjoined, that seem to breathe a spirit of sincerity, whose foundation one would imagine could never have been shaken by the feeble arm of a puerile ambition.



ELEGY I.

He despairs of obtaining the Smiles of his Mistress.

WHAT are the thunders of the ruthless wind?
 And what the billows that tumultuous roll?
Calms to the raging tempest of my mind,—
Rills to the restless surges of my soul.

Intent to please, I vainly urge my toil;
 No hopes, alas! the virgin's looks impart:
 O tell me, Julia, what can win thy smile?
 O speak, and heave the *mountain* from my heart

What can I do to win a cruel maid?
 The front of Danger willing would I brave:
 No coward terror can this heart invade,
 Whose chiefest glory is to be thy *slave*.

Fate holds no horror while I please my fair ;
Then, Julia, bid me my fond passion *prove* :
All, all thy rigour can command I dare,
But lose thine image, and forget to love.

ELEGY II.

*Instead of composing for Fame, he resolves to
write the praises of Julia.*

NO more I'll idly pour the line for praise :
Far loftier hopes my glowing fancy move ;
I ask the muses for their sweetest lays,
To tell a beauteous maid how much I *love*.

Vain are our vows to Fame! alas, how vain !
She waits to see us on the mournful bier ;
Before she yields of eulogy the strain,
What cruel mockery to the lifeless ear !

To Julia's hand I own my wish aspires :
Mean are *my* merits—*her's* how far above !
Yet can I boast what only *she* requires,
A heart to guard her, and a soul to love.

Though courts admir'd, the modest Julia chose
The silent shade, remote from public view :
How like the berry that in secret glows,
And hides beneath a leaf its blushful hue !

Few are the wishes of the constant pair :
What though no gold their humble cot display ;
Content, their guest, thus cries with careless air,
' Go, leave us, Wealth, and palaces emblaze.'

In *rural* bowers Content delights to dwell;
 To cull the sweets of Nature's simple vale;
 To join the *hermit* in the mossy cell,
 And join the *nymphs* and *shepherds* of the dale.
 To Fortune's tinsel shrine let *others* bow,
 And to their wishes rear the golden pile;
 To one fair virgin while I breathe *my* vow,
 And let *my* only treasure be *her* smile.

ELEGY III.

He complains of Julia's not keeping her Appointment to meet him.

WHAT demons keep my soul's delight away,
 And cruel thus my fondest wish invade?

Alas! I tremble at the setting ray!

Pale evening waves around an envious shade!

How expectation loads th' important hour!

Impatience wilder with each moment grows!

Thou loit'ring fair-one, bless th' appointed bow'r,

And snatch thy lover from a thousand woes.

From vale to vale my eager gaze I strain;

From glade to glade with wild emotion move;

Now turn and sigh, now move and turn again,

Devour each sound, and chide my ling'ring love.

Desponding, now upon the ground I lie,

And, anxious, murmur to the desert air;

Now call on slumber to my closing eye;

But slumber lights not on the lids of care.

Dark as the bosom of the stormy deep,
Wild as its waves my thoughts succeeding roll;
Cool reason vainly soothes the wretch to sleep—
Oh! what is reason to the love-sick soul?

Ye sweet companions of my lonely bow'r,
Whose simple melodies my shades inspire:
Oh, that my bosom felt your happy hour!
Oh, that my voice could join your cheerful choir!

Light as your wing that skims the midway sky,
From joy to joy my heart so lately flew:
With me my moments never left a sigh,
Nor bath'd my lids in sorrow's baleful dew.

Hate to the nymph I vow, and cold disdain:
Yet at each idle sound alarm'd, I start;
To meet her, panting, every nerve I strain,
And show too plain her triumph o'er my heart.

Where is my love? alas! my transports die:
My cheek, that reddened with despair, turns pale;
With disappointment drops my clouded eye,
Each pining feature tells a mournful tale.

See, see, the sun descends beneath the deep;
Behold the melancholy bird of night!—
In vain along the winding gloom I weep,
And wish in vain to stay the parting light.

ELEGY IV.

*Disappointed at not meeting Julia, he accuses her
of Inconstancy.*

FAIN'T as the lustre of a lonely star,
That sheds through night's abyss his distant fire,
Hope feebly glimmer'd on my heart's despair:
Behold, behold, at length her lamp expire

Know, lovely virgin, thy deluding art
Hath lodg'd a thousand scorpions in my breast.
Oh, say what happier rival wins thy heart?
Say, am I there no more a welcome guest?

To a *false* fair-one have I told my tale?
For a *false* fair-one fondly sigh'd so long?
Why, dear deceiver, did thy charms prevail?
Thy charms the subject of my ev'ry song.

Ye swains who heard so oft my raptur'd lays,
False is the damsel that your wonder drew;
Ye nymphs who listen'd to the lavish'd praise,
My soul's soft idol proves at length untrue.

Nymphs of the vale, for *me* your pity spare;
Let not my fate, ye swains, your pity draw:
Alas! for faithless beauty drop the tear,
And grieve so fair a diamond holds a flaw.

Can Falsehood's stain that dove-like heart defile?
Ah, see the tear by blushing Honour shed!
Lurks perfidy beneath that heavenly smile?
See Love with horror mark the guilty maid.

Yet, yet the tyrant of my breast she reigns:
Restless for *her* it heaves with constant sighs;
My wounded heart of *cruelty* complains,
Yet softly pleads her pardon while it dies.

ELEGY V.

He condemns the Licentiousness of the Age.

TO false delights the youth of Britain fly,
Who court for happiness the wanton's arms;
Who darts on *all* the fond inflaming eye,
And *choiceless* yields to *all*, for gold, her charms.
When in the Syren's fond embrace you sigh,
And on her lip impress the burning kiss,
Doth friendship mingle with th' unhallow'd joy,
Or Love's pure spirit swell the surge of bliss?
When droops enjoyment, what is then the fair?
A *flow'r* that blooms, but quickly doom'd to fade;
A *sun* that pours a momentary glare,
And 'mid the tempest sinks o'erwhelm'd in shade.
O swains, to Modesty's fair daughters turn:
By *mental* beauty let your hearts be led:
Bid by your flight the venal fair-one mourn,
And press in tears her solitary bed.
When round your neck her fondling arms she glues,
And, bent to please, exhausts each winning art;
With false delights she shamefully subdues,
And leads the passions captive, not the *heart*.

Their midnight orgies whilst they madly hold,
I of a tender maid shall be possest :
What bliss her tender beauties to enfold,
And sooth my slumbers on her faithful breast!

Time from her bosom all its snows may steal,
His iron hand her cheeks' pure blush invade,
Still to my Julia will I fondly kneel,
And love her most when all her roses fade.

Who spurns the weeping fair-one from his breast,
Hard is his heart—in ev'ry virtue poor:
Hard is his heart to wound the fair distrest,
Who sighs that she can charm his eye no more.

Cruel to bid with grief her bosom heave,
Because her cheeks no longer glowing warms:
Base, to forget the joys her beauty gave—
And oh, forget it *faded in his arms!*

SONG.

FROM her, whose ev'ry smile is love,
I haste to some far distant cell:
My sighs too weak the maid to move,
I bid the flatterer Hope farewell.

Yet, as I quit her vale, my sighs
At ev'ry step for Julia mourn;
My anxious heart within me dies,
And, panting, whispers, '*O return.*'

Deluded heart! thy folly know,
Nor fondly nurse a fatal flame:
By absence thou wilt lose thy woe,
And only *flutter* at her name.

SONG.

O SUMMER, thy presence gives warmth to the
vale ;

The song of the warbler enlivens the grove ;
The pipe of the shepherd too gladdens the gale :
Alas ! but I hear not the voice of my love.

The lilies appear in their fairest array ;
To the valleys the woodbines a fragrance impart ;
The roses the pride of their blushes display ;
Alas ! but I meet not the nymph of my heart.

Go, shepherds, and bring the sweet wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of the swains ;
Go, Zephyr, and whisper this truth in her ear,
That the Pleasures with Julia are fled from the
plains.

If thus to the maid thou my wishes declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly return ;
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than *another's* should
mourn.

SONG.

ON JULIA.

ERE 'witching Love my heart possest,
And bade my sighs the nymph pursue
Calm as the infant's smiling rest,
No anxious hope nor fear it knew.

But doom'd, ah! doom'd at last to mourn,
What tumults in that heart arose!
An ocean tumbling wild, and torn
By tempests from its deep repose.

Yet let me not the virgin blame,
As though *she* wish'd my heart despair;
How could the maid suspect a flame,
Who never knew that she was *fair*?

TO JULIA.

FROM her whom ev'ry heart must love,
And ev'ry eye with wonder see;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove—
Ah! were she fair alone for *me*!

In vain to solitudes I fly,
To bid her form from mem'ry part;
That form still dwells on Mem'ry's *eye*,
And roots its beauties in my heart.

In ev'ry rose that decks the vales,
I see her cheek's pure blush appear:
And when the lark the morning hails,
'Tis Julia's voice salutes my ear.

Thus let me rove the world around,
Whatever Beauty's charm can boast,
Or sooth the soul with sweetest sound,
Must paint the idol I have lost.

SONG.

BY JULIA.

WHEN love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
 She hides the tender thought in vain;
 How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,
 Betrays the sweetly-anxious pain!

Dear youth! a mutual flame I own:
 The sorrows of thy breast are mine;
 Thy virtues all my heart have won,
 That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn—
 I trust the drop that dims thine eye;
 I see fair *Truth* thy lips adorn,
 And hear her voice in ev'ry sigh.

 TO JULIA.

Written near her Grave.

MUCH-INJUR'D maid, who liest pale below,
 To thee a pilgrim sad I steal away;
 In mournful silence steal, o'erpower'd with woe,
 To bathe with floods of penitence thy clay.

Oh! can thy gentle ghost the *wretch* forgive,
Who seeks thy sod at this lone hour of night—
A wretch, whose greatest hardship is to *live*,
Who, dead to pleasure, sickens at the light?

Oh! if my grief could sooth the sweetest shade,
And pardon gain, which Justice must deny;
Near Julia's ashes should this form be laid;
Its crimes forgotten—then what bliss to die!

Tir'd of the world, my heart no longer prays
(What others covet) for extended years:
For who would madly court a length of days,
To count (alas!) the moments by his tears!

ELEGY.

TO JULIA.

*Detained in Italy by contrary Winds, he expresses
his Desire for sailing for England.*

FAR from my Julia's arms I lonely sigh,
And wish to clasp thy beauties, but in vain;
The surly winds my only wish deny,
Yet would I dare the dangers of the main.

Ye winds and waves, how cruel to combine!
O let my pray'rs your rude rude pity prove;
Think of the gloomy moments that are mine!
Alas! ye know not what it is to *love*!

To stately structures now I urge my way,
 And weakly think the minutes to beguile;
 But anxious Love will not be led astray :
 Love goads my bosom for the virgin's smile.

Now where the painter shows his mimic art,
 I strive to free my soul from Love's alarms;
 Lo, ev'ry Venus but augments my smart,
 And to my view presents thy *brighter* charms.

To Music now fatigu'd I yield my ear,
 But Music cannot the dull hours control;
 With cold indifference ev'ry chord I hear,
 While not a sound descends into my *soul*.

Oft as I mark the tribes of air, I cry,
 ' How with your pinions would I mount the wind !
 Oh ! with what rapture lifted, cleave the sky,
 And, turn'd to Britain, leave my cares behind !'

In wishes thus, I daily waste my breath,
 Chain'd by the tempest to this hated shore;
 When shall I leave, alas ! this land of death,
 For life and thee, to part, my love, no more ?

ELEGY.

To a Friend, describing the Horrors of his Situation after the death of Julia.

FRRIEND of my bosom, all my joys are o'er—
 Peace, gentle Peace, alas ! no longer mine :
 Since Julia, once my idol, lives no more,
 To gloom and solitude I steal to pine.

There, as I sit upon the sod, and sigh,
I hear reproof from every happy dove;
In Fancy's ear they cooing seem to cry,
'We know not of inconstancy in love.'

Lo, darkness, tenfold darkness, suits my soul!
The haunts of spectres let me court to weep;
The beach where black with fate the billows roll,
And tempests raise the thunders of the deep.

Thou tellest me that Time a balm will bring,
Sooth ev'ry sigh, and calm my keenest woes:
Go, seek in Winter's wild the blooms of Spring;
Go, whisper to the restless surge, repose!

Love, injur'd Love, a sure revenge can boast;
Love hears my groan, and mocks my soul's despair:
'Bleed, victim, bleed,' he cries—'thy all is lost;
Such be their portion who deceive the fair!'

I thought that Grandeur with a liberal hand
Could strew my path of life with sweetest flow'rs;
That Wealth omnipotent could Time command,
And from his pinions pluck his whitest hours.

Constant in Mem'ry's eye her form appears—
Where'er I tread, a source of woe I find;
In ev'ry rill methinks I see her tears,
And hear her sigh in ev'ry passing wind.

What now remains, my horrors to beguile?
Away, ye dreams of grandeur, wealth, away!
Who cannot give my cheek one little smile,
Nor bribe a single moment to be gay.

There, as I sit upon the soil, a sad sight to behold,
 I hear report from every happy dove;
 In Fancy's ear they cooing seem to cry,
 "We know not of calamity in love."

In darkness, tangled darkness, sits my soul;
 The hands of separation far me count to weep;
 The heart which dark with late the pillow fell,
 And tremble thus the fingers of the day.

Then tell me that Time a pain will bring
 South of my sight, and calm my restless woe;
 Go, seek in Nature's wild the bloom of Spring;
 Go, whisper to the restless angry report.

Love, I should have, a sure reward can boast;
 Love bears my pain, and makes my soul's despair;
 "Ere, victim, bleed, he cries—thy will is lost;
 He who his passion who deems the last."

I thought that I should with a liberal hand
 Could give my pain of life with sweetest hand;
 That I should with my hand could I have found
 And in the palace of the west hand.

Compassion in my hand, but then appears—
 When I stand, a source of woe I find;
 In every still midnight I see her there,
 And hear her sigh in every passing wind.

What now remains, my sorrow to beguile?
 What, to dream of grandeur, wealth, away!
 What, to give my hand one little smile,
 Yet dare a single moment to be free.

And now I stand, my hand, my hand, my hand,
 And now I stand, my hand, my hand, my hand.

And now I stand, my hand, my hand, my hand,
 And now I stand, my hand, my hand, my hand.

ORSON AND ELLEN;

A LEGENDARY TALE.



Sequiturque patrem, non passibus æquis.

VIRGIL.

I try t' excel in legendary tale,
The lady, gentleman, and miss, of rhyme;
In vain, alas! my creeping efforts fail!
Far, far unequal to *their* march sublime.

ORSON AND ELLIOT

A LEGENDARY TALE.



By the author of "The Legend of the Red Rover,"

ALBION.

I say, 'twas not in legendry tale,

The lady, Eustace, and mine, of rhyme;

In vain, alas! my creeping colors fill;

For, far beyond to their march sublime.

ORSON AND ELLEN;

A LEGENDARY TALE.

CANTO I.

‘TURN, farmer, turn thy horse’s head,
And taste my ale so bright,’
Cried Boniface, whose sign display’d
The lion in his might.

Yet how unlike the royal beast,
Who for his phiz ne’er sat?
Wherefore deriding tongues did call
The sign, the Old Red Cat!

Yea, much unlike indeed was *it*!
Jove’s eagle and a gander,
Matthias and the tuneful Pope,
Lord Rolle and Alexander.

‘Who boasts such ale?’ quoth Boniface;
‘No landlord that draws breath.
A gallon I could fairly drink,
Ev’n in the pangs of death!’

Young Orson from his horse leap’d off,
And shook the landlord’s hand,
Then sought a room to taste this ale,
The best in all the land.

The landlord had a red round face,
Which some folks said, in fun,
Resembled his Red Lion's phiz;
And some, the rising sun.

Large slices from his cheeks and chin,
Like beef-steakes, one might cut;
And then his paunch, for goodly size,
Beat any brewer's butt.

This landlord was a boozier stout,
A snuff-taker and smoker;
And 'twixt his eyes a nose did shine
Bright as a red-hot poker.

Were gunpowder put on his snout,
Nor flint it would require,
And steel, to make the sable grains
Flash off in sudden fire.

Thus when we see a nose so red,
It is as day-light clear,
That ruby nose is not maintain'd
On water or small beer.

Young Orson was a comely youth,
Stout as an oaken tree;
A farm he had in Taunton Vale
And money, too, had he!

Whene'er he spied a buxom lass,
His chops began to water;
And as the kites on pigeons pounce,
The rogue was sure to pat her.

But he his neck to wedlock's yoke
Would not consent to bow;
Quoth he, 'The man who milk can buy,
Should never keep a cow!'

Of lovely maids at least a score
Did rue his wanton tricks!
A mournful band! a sable list!
Like moles between cleft sticks!

Now at the table Boniface
And Orson sat them both,
While 'twixt the twain a pewter-pot,
Did mantling foam with froth.

Now Orson rais'd the pewter-pot,
And blew the froth away :
And having drank, he smack'd his lips,
And cheerily did say ;

' Old Boniface, thou'rt in the right !
Thy taste is sound enough ;
I wish my cellar now could boast
A *tun* of such rare stuff !

Sweet Ellen gave the pot with hands
That might with thousands vie ;
Her face, like veal, was white and red,
And sparkling was her eye.

Her shape the poplar's easy form,
Her neck the lily's white,
Soft heaving, like the summer wave,
And lifting rich delight.

And o'er this neck of globe-like mould,
In ringlets wav'd her hair :
Ah, what sweet contrast for the eye,
The jetty and the fair !

Her lips like cherries moist with dew,
So pretty, plump, and pleasing !
And like the juicy cherry, too,
Did *seem* to ask for *squeezing*.

Yet Ellen modest was withal,
And kept her charms in order ;
For beauty is a dangerous gift,
And apt to breed disorder.

Yet what is beauty's use, alack !
To market can it go ?
Say, will it buy a loin of veal,
Or rump of beef ? No, no.

Will butchers say, 'Choose what you please,
Miss Nancy and Miss Betty?'
Or gard'ners, 'Take my beans and peas,
Because ye are so pretty?'

Too oft, alas! a daughter's charms
Increase a parent's cares;
For daughters and *dead fish*, we find,
Were never *keeping* wares.

Yet spotless was this virgin's heart—
Quite spotless, too, her fame!
And if a swain but kiss'd her neck,
It show'd the blush of shame!

For once a saucy Oxford youth
Dar'd kiss it to a glow—
How like the modest blush of morn
Upon a hill of snow!

Yet blushes are exceeding scarce;
The great folk scorn to name 'em,
Since Fashion, ruling with strong sway,
Has bid all courts disclaim 'em.

Yes, yes! a blush is vastly scarce!
O fie, O fie upon't!
And when it glows, lo! Fashion calls
The virtue, *mauvaise honte*!

Oh! can the great for modesty
Not care a single rush!
Ah! never be a British maid
A stranger to a *blush*!

Ah! who can pierce the simple heart,
Give modesty a fear—
Raise with rude hands the burning blush,
And force the pearly tear?

Yet there are *demons* who delight
Her panting heart to wound,
Darken with Sorrow's cloud her eye,
And force the groan profound.

Ah ! wanton Fashion, thou loose *dame*,
Who biddest ev'ry man see
The charms which darkness should conceal,
And man should only *fancy*.

The ankle, nay, the knee and thigh,
Are secrets now no more !
God bless us ! every day of each
A man may see a score !

The bishop was not in the wrong,
But really in the right,
Who at the opera saw *such things*
As shock'd his holy sight.

Yet some have said, yea, loudly said,
With many a scornful jeer—
' A poor old wither'd blinking fool,
What business had he there ?'

' If bishops and their wives will leave
Their church for wanton places ;
'Tis rank hypocrisy to make
A set of prudish faces.'

Now Orson's eyes forsook the pot,
And mark'd the maid with fire ;
For Ellen's fair and artless look
Did kindle high desire.

For beauty doth possess the charm
To pull abroad men's eyes,
And wake the wishes of the soul,
And bid the passions *rise*.

For why ? Because 'tis Nature's plan
The world should be supported ;
Therefore, wherever Beauty smiles,
It will be press'd and courted.

Thus amber doth attract the straws,
The loadstone draws the needle ;
And drawn too are the female heels
By tabor, pipe, and fiddle.

Now Orson whisper'd to himself,
‘Gad’s bob! if things go right,
With that nice girl who gave the pot
I’ll sleep this very night!’

O monstrous thought! O wicked wish!
O soul-destroying sin!
Yet for his soul (O graceless youth!)
He did not care one pin.

Thus on the dolphin’s beauteous scale,
The shark he opes his jaw!
Poor fish! who, ere he danger feels,
Is in the tyrant’s maw.

Thus spiders when they see a fly
How bailiff-like they watch it!
And ere, poor imp, he thinks of harm,
The grimly rascals catch it.

CANTO II.

FAIR Ellen liv'd with Boniface
Nor scorn'd her humble sphere;
And with unsullied fame she drew
Her customers their beer.

How neat was Ellen in her dress!
As neat as a new pin!
By this she brought full many a pound
To Boniface's inn.

Thus Goldfinches, in fields well plac'd
The distant birds engage,
And by their dainty forms and voice,,
Invite them to their cage.

And thus the pastry-cooks should do,
To sell their tarts and pies;
Put in their shop some pretty lass,
To hook in passing eyes.

For many a man, whose appetite
Desires nor pie nor tart,
May like to squeeze a charming girl,
And ogle for her heart.

Nay, milliners should do the same,
For custom if they hope;
And many a trade beside should keep
A nice tit in the shop.

And let me own, in times of yore,
When Love was seldom quiet,
But quicken'd night and day my blood,
And bred a constant riot;

I bought my garters and my gloves,
Wherever *Beauty shone*;
When Ugliness was in a shop,
I let that shop alone.

For beauty may be well compar'd,
I think, unto a hook;
Which, baited with a lady-bird,
Draws fishes from the brook.

Ellen was chaste as new-fall'n snow,
And modest in her air;
Unlike some lasses, common known
As is a barber's chair.

Of goodly parents was she born,
But in disguise did row,
Because a youth to her was false—
She left her vale for love.

Six years she pass'd in servitude,
At last forgot the sigh;
Her lover's image forc'd no more
The pearl-drops from her eye.

Yet many a month she ceas'd to smile,
And droop'd the languid head;
And many a lonely walk she took,
The secret tear to shed.

' Ah! happy birds,' she oft would sigh
Amid the tuneful grove—

' You bear no guile within your hearts,
You break no vows of love.

' Alas! 'tis *man* alone deceives:
He wins the witless heart;
Then meanly treads it in the dust,
And triumphs in his art.'

Thus in her solitary walk
Would Ellen say and sigh;
And then sweet ditties she would sing,
Of maids for love that *die*.

For Sorrow listens with fond ear
To Music's plaintive flow;
Devours the sweetly-dying strain,
And feeds on tales of woe.

The parish 'squire, though wedded he
Unto a lady fair,
Hath often at the Lion stopp'd,
On Ellen's charms to stare.

For married eyes, if not well watch'd,
Are very apt to stray;
For which some ladies give their lords
A lesson night and day.

And very properly I wot;
For eyes of married men
Should only on *one* object look,
Whereas they stare on *ten*.

A married man should winkers wear,
Like coach-horses and cart;
To rule the eyes, those squinting pimps
That oft seduce the heart.

For so deprav'd our sex, I've known
A man deep read in books,
Who had a jewel of a wife,
Yet kiss'd his greasy cooks.

And what did make it *ten* times worse,
T' increase his lady's woes;
He kept the bastards of those cooks
All underneath her nose;

Who, if she dar'd to speak or weep,
He instantly would kick her;
And oft (to use a Devonshire phrase)
The gentleman would *lick* her.

Ah! Matrimony, thou art like
 To Jeremiah's figs;
 The good were *very good*, the bad
 Too sour to give the pigs.

Now to fair Ellen to return—
 The parson of the parish,
 Although his *mouth* was most devout,
 His *eyes* were oft vagarish.

For oft on Boniface he call'd;
 The news to ask or tell;
 Hoping his ale was fresh and good,
 And that his hogs were well.

And was fair Ellen in the way,
 He catechis'd the maid;
 Hoping she always went to church,
 And like a Christian pray'd.

And gently would he squeeze her hand,
 When nobody was near;
 And kindly pat her rosy cheek,
 With many a holy leer.

And when the parson took a draught,
 He did persuade the lass
 To wet her lovely lips, and leave
 A kiss within the glass.

For ev'n the gravest of divines
 To Beauty's empire yield;
 And spite of all their zeal and grace,
 Old Nick hath won the field.

Lo! Bishop Keppel felt the charm,
 And waver'd from his duty:
 Confirming once a nice young maid,
 He gave up God for Beauty;

So press'd her head with *amorous* hand,
 When lo, two large black pins,
 That slily lurk'd within her hair,
 Attack'd him for his sins.

Deep in his flesh they urg'd their way;
When, starting, the divine
Exclaim'd, 'G—d d-mn the head! I think
The girl's a *porcupine*.'

Old Snuffle too, the parish clerk,
Did sometimes call for ale;
And knew not (when the maid was near)
If *mild* it was, or *stale*.

Of spectacles that rode his nose,
He wink'd through each horn'd glass;
And, goat-like, lick'd his watering lips,
That long'd to buss the lass.

Than o'er his Bible in the pew,
Of pounds I would lay ten,
Old Snuffle would much rather say,
O'er Ellen's lips, *amen*.

The dullest eye can beauty see,
'Tis lightning on the sight;
Indeed it is a general bait,
And man, the fish, will bite.

Now Boniface talk'd of Lord Rolle,
A lord in fight so frisky;
Who made an old dame* prisoner,
And took away her whisky.

And eke on trav'ling corpses seiz'd,
As fierce as any shark;
And bullied, like a thunder-storm,
The parson and the clerk.

And now they talk'd of Sunday schools,
Once deem'd a glorious thing;
Prais'd and supported by the great,
Admir'd by queen and king.

* Actually in Ireland, where his lordship performed prodigies of valour.

But now 'gainst Sunday schools, alack,
 The great folk turn their faces ;
 For fear the poor, by learning, should
 Grow wiser than their *graces*.

For no *great man* indeed can bear
 That *man* of *low degree*
 Should read and write, since that poor man
 May be as wise as he.

There is a lofty dame call'd Pride,
 With corns upon her toes :
 On which the *mob* is apt to tread,
 And very oft, God knows.

Now this high dame companion is
 Of lords, and dukes, and kings ;
 And duchesses, and eke of queens,
 Indeed, and such like things.

And lo! she whispers to the great
 To keep themselves aloof ;
 Nay, crush the poor like some sad worm
 Beneath a horse's hoof.

And lo! the great her counsel take,
 And ears of poor folks crop ;
 Nay, flog the poor at times, poor souls !
 As schoolboys flog a top.

Now of a princess sweet they talk'd,
 And pitied her hard fate ;
 ' O Lord ! O Lord !' said Boniface,
 ' Heav'n keep me from high state !'

' Poor lady !' Orson pitying said,
 ' I've seen her many a time ;
 And seen the baby too with tears,
 And ask'd about her crime.

' However people may invent,
 Whatever folks shall say,
 I won't believe—but think her still
 A jewel flung away.

“Such sweetness never could offend—
Then what’s her guilt?” I cry’d;
‘But folks seem’d all afraid to speak,
And shook the head, and sigh’d.’

Then Ellen said, ‘I would not be
A princess, for the world.’—
‘Thou’rt more,’ quoth Orson, ‘or may I
To Old Nick’s house be hurl’d!’

‘Thou art a queen,’ exclaims the youth;
And for a kiss he starts—
‘Who! I?’ rejoin’d th’ astonish’d maid—
‘Yes, *thou—the queen of hearts.*’

The maid receiv’d the youth’s salute
With such a modest air,
As though from Mistress Stevenson’s*,
The empress of Queen-square.

Now gentle reader, with thy leave,
I’ll rest my tuneful tongue;
And shun of nightingales the fate,
Who die by too much song.

* A lady who keeps a boarding-school.

CANTO III.

AND now they talk'd of good great men,
Who by their merits rise;
When Bishop Porteus was the theme;—
Great, though of little size:

Who, though before the Chancellor
He humbly bore the mace,
Did at the *last* a mitre wear;
Such Friends are Faith and Grace.

Now Boniface did loud exclaim,
For wondrous proud was he:
'D'ye know that this same bishop's wife
No better was than *me*?

'No better, though the lofty wife
Of this most grand divine!
Her father did an alehouse keep,
No better, man, than *mine*!

'There Madam Porteus, a young maid,
Did draw the ale and beer;
And drew good customers, 'tis said,
Indeed from far and near.

'When Parson Porteus trudg'd that way—
Now see how things may hap!
And, sweating, took a pint of *stout*
From this young maiden's tap.

‘ Now Love within the pewter pot,
So wondrous is his art,
Lurk’d sly, and as the parson swill’d,
Slipp’d down into his *heart*.

‘ At once he glow’d with furious flame,
And ey’d the comely she;
And very soon he squeez’d her hand,
For wounded much was he.

‘ Thus, when the linnet flies to drink
To some fair crystal spring,
By lime-twigs quickly is he caught
And cannot move a wing.

‘ Now soon as the young girl’s papa
The courtship did explore,
He took them by the shoulders both,
And shov’d them both to door.

‘ As Adam and his dearest Eve
Left Eden with a tear;
So Porteus with his sweetheart left
The tap-room and the beer.

‘ Forth wander’d they in homely plight,
Griev’d that their plan miscarried;
But soon, in spite of poverty,
The loving pair were married.

‘ Nor proud is Mistress Porteus now,
Though lofty is her lot;
For glad is she old friends to see,
And *eke* a pewter pot.’

Thus ended Boniface; and now
They talk’d of Hannah More,
Whose fame the bishop’s trumpet sounds,
That makes a mighty roar.

Then on each other they did wink,
Which thus might be translated;
Some people may a mitre wear,
And yet be *shallow-pated*.

And now they prais'd the bishop's care,
Who makes it all his pride
To see the clergy *well* behave,
And on their cures reside.

For, lo! the bishop finds it hard
Unto their cures to pull 'em;
Though he, *good* man, for reasons *wise*,
Doth seldom preach at Fulham.

'I fear some bishops are in fault,'
Quoth Boniface, and sigh'd—
'They are a proud and haughty set.'—
'Too true,' the youth replied.

'Over poor curates' backs, alas!
How Jehu-like they drive!
And, Lord! how these old drones will suck
The honey of the hive!"

Of Dame Religion now they talk'd,
Belov'd by each divine;
Who thinks their wealthy patroness
All in a deep decline.

To bring her back to health again,
Of *recipes* a score
Good Doctor Porteus jointly wrote
With *Parson* Hannah More.

For, lo! the dame with these great *folk*
Has always been in favour;
For which they both for her would fight,
And risk their all to save her.

Most grossly was she us'd in France;
Most cruelly, alack!
Her pockets pick'd, and her best clothes
All pilfer'd from her back.

The French swore she a bastard was
Of some old canting friar;
And from her childhood known to be
A hypocrite and liar.

Her rings they robb'd, and di'monds too ;
 Her gold they stole by tuns ;
 With which they shot and powder bought,
 Swords, muskets, and great guns.

Not only this, indeed, was done
 By this same rabble rout ;
 They broke the bones of saints, and kick'd
 The saintesses about.

Such was their treatment by the mob,
 Such rage did Hell inspire ;
 If *gold*, they coin'd them ; and, if *wood*,
 They put them in the fire.

Old jawbones of the sainted tribes
 Old teeth, old nails, old noses,
 Old toes, old shoes, that wonders work'd,
 As ev'ry one supposes.

Old wigs, and night-caps, gowns, and rags,
 Spoon, trencher, knife and fork ;
 Pap-spoon, and frying-pan, and spit,
 That many a marvel work.

' Religion was a gentle maid,'
 Quoth Boniface agen—

' In the year *one* ; but *since* she's spoil'd
 By wicked artful men.

' The bishops taught her to be proud,
 And heap of wealth a store ;
 To paint her cheeks, and wear the garb
 Of some sad tawdry w——.

' I think she is too well dress'd out
 By ev'ry great divine.'—

' Indeed,' quoth Orson with a sigh,
 ' I think she goes too fine.'

Of Peter Pindar now they talk'd,
 Who so *divinely* sings ;
 Renown'd from pole to pole for odes,
 And *compliments* to kings.

Then, raptur'd, on his works they dwelt,
 And on his high pretension;
 Lamenting much he had not got
 From majesty a pension:

While parasites, and pimps to lords,
 Enjoy'd their wealth and state;
 While he, poor soul, did make wry mouths
 Upon an empty plate.

On which they sagely did remark,
 That slight was merit's meed;
 And that the sun, for *one* fair *flow'r*,
 Did foster many a *weed*.

'I have his works,' quoth Boniface,
 'This moment in the house;
 Pray, Farmer, did you ever read
 His poem on a Louse?

'And Apple Dumplings and chok'd Sheep,
 The Pilgrims and the Peas;
 The Brick-kiln, Brewhouse, Parson Young,
 And Songs that ladies please?'

'This great man's poems I have read;
 Yes, over, sir, and over,'
 Quoth Orson, with a wink and smile
 That pleasure did discover.

'But then,' said he, and gave a shrug,
 'Some alderman and may'r
 Swore that his impudence is such,
 It bristled up their hair:

'Said that he grins too much at courts,
 And never would refrain;
 And in respect of titled folk,
 Was wicked as Tom Paine,

'They call'd him ev'ry name that's bad,
 Turk, Infidel, and Jew;
 And wanted, when they burnt his books,
 To burn the *a thor* too.'

‘ O shameful aldermen and may’r,
To burn so sweet a bard !’
Cry’d Boniface—‘ alas ! alas !
’Twas very, very hard.

‘ The Justice too, I do suppose,
Did hate him from his marrow ;
And with as much good-will would shoot
The *poet* as a *sparrow*.

‘ I hope this wondrous man of verse
Is steel’d with resolution ;
As virtuous people, in all times,
Have suffer’d persecution.’

And now they talk’d of one George Rose,
Who born in low estate,
Did mount to worship and to wealth—
So very blind is fate.

Of George’s *mother* then they talk’d,
Her hut, and dirty geer ;
And said, that George allow’d his dam
But thirty pounds a year.

Poor crone, who swore she would have more,
Or, lo ! his pride to sting,
She’d run to London in her rags,
And show them to the king.

But George disliketh much to hear
About his Scottish home ;
Thus *scabby heads*, the proverb says,
For ever hate a *comb*.

And now of Hawkesbury they talk’d,
Who wrote in *mags* for hire ;
Whose works, till in the chimney put,
Ne’er felt one spark of *fire*.

Of *taxes* now they talk’d, and curs’d
The emperor o’er and o’er ;
And then on Paul they pour’d some gall
And very loudly swore.

'The game laws too,' quoth Boniface,
Provoke me to the quick;
We must not knock a pheasant down,
Although 'tis with a *stick*.

'Curse on the justices, the thieves,
That send a man to jail,
For touching, with an inch of gun,
A partridge or a quail:

'Who threat my *licence* too to take,
And *ding*, and huff, and vapour,
Because I won't be *humm'd*, and buy
George Rose's stupid paper * !'

Now talk'd they of the princesses
Elizabeth and Mary,
Whose taste in all the polish'd arts
Is most extraordinary.

* Which of the two papers is meant by Boniface, we cannot ascertain; as the Sun was accustomed to *lick up* the *leavings* of the poor dead or *dying* True Briton, and disgorge for the *benefit* of the public: either of those newspapers, therefore, may be alluded to by the landlord, as their respective merits are rather *beneath the dignity of criticism*. We must say, indeed, that every exertion has been made, particularly by the Post-Office, to *cram* their trash down the throats of the nauseating people of England. A newspaper is made the *test* of our political principles. Is the Morning Post, or the Courier, or the Morning Chronicle called for, the man is branded with the odious name of *jacobin*. Yet who reads of a *defeat* in these ministerial hirelings? *Pæans* are for ever sung: *British laurels* neither decrease nor fade—all alive and blooming! Victory attends the chariot of every *British Mars*—and the *fools-cap* which the conquering and contemptuous enemy now and then clapped on the heads of some of our generals, has been, by the *hocus pocus* of a misrepresenting newspaper, converted into a triumphal crown.

Then of the sweetness of their looks,
Their manners all so mild ;
That win, where'er they pass, the heart
Of man, and maid, and child.

And let me also join *my* praise,
Before I further sing ;
The Muse with rapture oft hath mark'd
The daughters of the king.

And if *her* voice could pour a strain,
To yield their hearts delight ;
Lo ! all Parnassus with their names
Should ring from morn to night.

CANTO IV.

NOW Negress Night came solemn down
To put to roost the fowls;
To bid her bats a hunting go,
And likewise all her owls.

And eke she op'd the dreary tombs,
T' enjoy her spectre races;
Unlocking ghosts, to frighten folk
With shrouds and mealy faces.

And now amid the hags and owls,
And gliding spectres pale,
Mute silence, with her feet in felt,
Did stalk from vale to vale.

The birds their thatch and bushes sought,
Forsaking trees and springs,
To hide their slumbering heads beneath
Those downy quilts their wings.

Now Darkness with her pinions black,
All waving wide outspread,
Mov'd solemn, and with horror join'd,
Did wrap the world in shade.

Now Theft and Murder sly stole forth
From caves of dread and death,
In quest of damned deeds, to roam
The wild and spectred heath;

To meet some wanderer of the shade,
And make his life their food :
To seize his throat with ruffian grasp,
And plunge their knives in blood.

And now amid the London streets,
Poor outcasts from their home,
The female bands, ah! lost to fame,
(Sweet beauty's wrecks!) did roam.

For *these*, let pity heave the sigh,
And prudery stay her rage:
And rather curse seducing *pimps*,
The G-ff—ds of the age;

Who prowl where innocence appears,
And watch for beauty's smile;
To tear the rose-bud from its bed,
Then *stamp* it in the soil.

Now artfully, with rueful face,
Did Orson, cunning spark,
Step to the door, and cry, 'It rains—
And, Lord! how dismal dark!

And then the wind it is so high,
That I can scarcely stand;
And then the sky's like murder black,
I cannot see my hand.'

'Sleep here, my friend,' the landlord said;
'A bed, but not of flocks,
Is thine—of feathers nice and soft,
Pick'd all from hens and cocks.

'Fine too the sheets—like lilies white,
And warm too is the rug;
And trust me that it has not got
A single flea or bug.

'A little supper we will have;
And, if I'm not mistaken,
Thou likest *meat*—now what dost say,
My friend, to eggs and bacon?'

To which the smiling youth reply'd,
 'I'm vastly fond of hog;
 And when 'tis fry'd with eggs, I vow
 I know no prettier prog.'

Now Ellen, with a knife so keen,
 To slice the flesh began;
 And then she broke twelve new-laid eggs,
 And put them in the pan.

But growing warm against the hog,
 The eggs unpleasant *mutter'd*;
 While, waxing hotter 'gainst the eggs,
 The hog with fury *sputter'd*.

Alas! how much like man and wife!
 What pity such things be!
 Who at each other fiercely spit,
 And often disagree.

The eggs and bacon soon were fry'd,
 And plac'd upon the table;
 When Orson and the landlord ate
 As much as they were able.

And now the merry mug went round,
 And many a tale they told;
 And many a wanton joke they crack'd,
 Some new, and others old.

While Ellen, busy at her work,
 Seem'd not one word to hear;
 But not a serious word or joke
 Escap'd the maiden's ear.

For where is she, the maid, I wot,
 'Mongst high or humble folk,
 That liketh not a merry tale,
 Nor yet a wanton joke?

Now Boniface to Orson said,
 'As we no longer munch,
 Suppose, my friend, with this our ale,
 We take a glass of punch?'

To which the youth did answer make,
 ' Dear friend, with all my heart:
 And Ellen shall the lemons squeeze,
 And likewise take a part.

' And Ellen too with *us* shall sit,
 And take her cheerful glass;
 For what is meat, and drink, and life,
 Without a charming lass?'

Now Ellen did the lemons squeeze,
 The sugar put, and rum in;
 And made what ev'n a *king* would call
 A bowl of liquor *humming*.

' Landlord,' quoth Orson, ' with your leave,
 And Ellen's *too* I mean,
 I'll take a kiss from her nice lips,
 That would adorn a queen.'

' Aye,' cry'd the landlord, ' kiss her, man,
 She's sweeter than the rose;
 A kiss can do no mighty harm;
 So, girl, hold up thy nose.'

Then from those cherries of delight
 He kisses took a score;
 And, but for decency, the rogue
 Had ravish'd twenty more.

For kisses are the food of love,
 Well known in ev'ry nation;
 And such a dainty dish, indeed,
 Will ne'er be out of fashion.

And ladies' lips the *out-works* I
 To ladies' hearts may call;
 Soon as the *first* are storm'd, the *last*
 Most nat'rally will fall.

' Now sing a song,' said Boniface,
 ' Thy best, and do not grudge it.'
 ' Yes, that I will,' the youth reply'd,
 ' I've many in my budget.'

Then Orson op'd his throat, and sang,
 Both loud, and sweet, and clear,
 A song that much the landlord charm'd,
 And *caught* fair Ellen's ear.

SONG,

BY ORSON.

I OWN I am fickle: to Phillida's ear
 I first told the story of love;
 Kiss'd her hand, press'd her lip with what ardour
 sincere!
 And declar'd that I never would rove.
 But my sighs were scarce breath'd when Chloe
 tripp'd by:
 The nymph was no longer my boast;
 From Phillida's beauty away went the sigh,
 And my heart to sweet Chloe was lost.
 Could I dream of a change, when Chloe was mine?
 'No, no,' I a thousand times swore;
 'My heart cannot rove from a girl so divine;
 No, no, it will wander no more.'
 But Fate, who delighted to laugh at the swain,
 Presented a damsel more fair;
 My heart! the sad rogue, turn'd inconstant again,
 And sigh'd to Corinna his pray'r.
 With Corinna I swore, 'Ev'ry hour *must* be blest;
 These eyes shall no other pursue;
 When agen, to alarm with new tumults my breast,
 Thou, Sylvia, beam'st full on my view.
 But, Sylvia, I'm sure thou hast *nothing* to fear,
 That my heart for another can pine;
 Since, to make it a traitor, a girl must appear,
 Whose beauty is *equal* to thine.

‘ Now sing thy song,’ the lark-like youth
To Boniface did say;
When Boniface most loudly sung
This merry roundelay.

SONG,

BY BONIFACE.

TOPER, drink, and help the house—
Drink to ev’ry honest fellow;
Life was never worth a louse
To the man who ne’er was mellow.

How it sparkles! here it goes!
Ale can make a blockhead shine;
Toper, torchlike may thy nose
Light thy face up, just like mine!

See old Sol, I like his notion,
With his whiskers all so red;
Sipping, drinking from the ocean,
Boozing till he goes to bed;

Yet poor beverage to regale!
Simple stuff to help his race—
Could he turn the sea to ale,
How ’twould make him mend his pace!

Now Boniface to Ellen said,
‘ Now for thy roundelay;’
The damsel blush’d, and hemm’d, and blush’d,
And then she sung away.

SONG,

BY ELLEN.

ADIEU to the grotto and glade!
Adieu to the song of the grove!
Since Colin is gone from the shade,
Adieu to the valley of Love!

When a garland he wove for my hair,
When he gave me his hand at the stile,
How buxom and sweet was the air!
How the fields were all cloth'd with a smile!

But Nature seems chang'd to my mind—
The fields are all dark on my eye;
Each song is a dirge on the wind,
And the flow'rs seem all drooping to die.

All alone must I wander at morn,
And lonely, at eve, a poor ghost;
While each object around me forlorn,
Will pity the peace I have lost.

Then ask me not, virgins, to stay;
With a sigh seems the zephyr to blow;
And the runlet that murmurs away,
To wind with a *murmur* of woe.

O ye virgins! O shepherds! farewell!
I wander in secret to pine!
May Content be the guest of *your* cell,
Who has long been a stranger to *mine*!

The youth upon her tuneful lips
Did full of rapture glote;
And seem'd so pleas'd, as though he could
Have gallop'd down her throat.

He look'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and look'd
With longing wishful eye;
And felt his heart all flutt'ring beat,
And *guess'd* the reason why.

For who can see the lovely maid,
And feel not sweet desire?
With *him* may Life's fair prospects fade,
And Hope itself expire!

The clock, the crier shrill of time,
That tick'd behind the door,
Now with his hammer struck the bell
Twelve times, and lo! no more.

And now the fire was all put out,
Which Boniface did water;
For fear a spark might burn the house,
And make a serious matter!

For fire, permitted once to rule,
Consumeth all it handles;
Ev'n from the palaces of kings,
Down to a pound of candles.

The cat amidst the ashes purr'd
(For purs to cats belong);
While chimney-minstrels, *crickets* call'd,
Did join Grimalkin's song.

O gentle crickets, to your airs
I've listen'd o'er and o'er!
O lucky imps, where'er ye dwell,
That house is never poor.

Old Towzer too lay stretch'd along,
And yelping much did keep;
And with his trembling joints did chase
The rabbits in his sleep:

Eager he seem'd to hunt indeed
The nibblers to their holes:
Thus *dogs* can dream like *gentlemen*,
Although they have no souls.

Now Boniface said, 'Sir, good night,'
And shook young Orson's fist.
'Good night,' agen young Orson said,
And then he Ellen kiss'd;

And on her pouting lip he left
A thousand wanton wishes:
'Good night,' quoth he, 'fair maid, whose eyes
Eclipse thy pewter dishes.'

Yes, 'twas a kiss!—a kiss indeed!—
A very *wanton* kiss!
Which seem'd upon her mouth to say,
I long for *higher* bliss.

CANTO V.



NOW as he kiss'd her, on her neck
A golden cross he spied :—
' Who gave thee *this* ?' the starting youth,
All fraught with wonder cried.
' A young man gave me this,' quoth she
(And then she dropp'd a tear),
' A youth who won my heart away,
And still to me is dear.
' But riches forc'd him from these arms ;
And men do wealth adore ;
And thus he left my heart to pine,
For I was rather poor.
' A damsel of a great estate
Did steal his heart away ;
At which I left my native vale,
For there I could not stay.
' For who can stand the scoffs and jeers
That bitter flow like gall :
So when I lost my sweetheart's love,
Alas ! I lost my *all*.
' Where now he lives, God only knows ;
Five years it is and more,
That here in Hampshire I have dwelt,
And here my loss deplore.

‘ Methought, sir, when the mug of beer
This very night I drew,
That Orson, whom I thought my own,
Did much resemble *you*.

‘ My heart so beat, my head turn’d round;
My eyes both misty taken—
I almost dropp’d the frying-pan,
With all the eggs and bacon.’

‘ My Ellen sweet,’ the youth replied,
And hugg’d her to his heart;
‘ Behold that Orson thou hast lost,
And we will never part.

‘ I am not married—no, my dear;
To marry I am free;
And I have search’d half England through,
To gaze again on *thee*.

‘ But thou wert gone the Lord knows where,
And wert not to be found;
But all the neighbours said with sighs
Thou certainly wert *drown’d*.’

‘ O Orson dear,’ the maid replied,
‘ And am I in thy arms?’
‘ Thou art, thou art,’ the youth rejoin’d—
And closely press’d her charms.

‘ How was’t I knew thee not?’ quoth she—
Quoth he, ‘ I wasn’t so big;
And now thou seest I wear my *hair*,
And then I wore a *wig*.’

‘ Ah me! I recollect,’ quoth she,
‘ Full well thy *natty bob*;
And then I only wore my hair,
And now I wear a *mob*.’

‘ Sweet Ellen,’ cry’d the raptur’d youth,
‘ The reason now is plain—
The mob and ribbon are the cause
I knew thee not again.

‘ I think that thou art taller grown
Thy shape’s so nice and clever;
And without compliment thou art
A prettier girl than ever.

‘ Landlord, behold the girl for whom
I’ve hunted round and round.’

‘ Gadsbob,’ cried Boniface, ‘ what luck!
The lost sheep then is found.’

To tell the joys of both their hearts,
Would puzzle my poor pen;
But lo, they kiss’d, and sigh’d, and kiss’d,
And kiss’d and sigh’d agen.

And now they did a sixpence break,
In plight of mutual troth;
While Boniface, with happy looks,
Did smile upon them both.

‘ Well, now, good folks,’ quoth Boniface,
‘ I’ll leave you, if ye choose,
To tell your tale, while I go take
A comfortable *snooze*.’

Thus having said, Old Boniface
March’d, hobbling, off to bed;
And put a good red night-cap on,
Of yarn, about his head.

Night-caps of different stuff are made:
Of different colours, too—
Of flannel, and of cotton some;
Some yellow, and some blue.

Sleep is an article we want,
Although it looks like death;
Since all from mortals seem retir’d,
Except it be the breath.

How often have I said and thought,
Lost in reflection deep,

‘ What pity ’tis, since life’s so short,
To spend one half in sleep!

'But then,' quoth I unto myself,
 'Sleep calms the folks that *fret*;
 Is kind to souls with hungry maws,
 And people much in debt.

'Nay, sleep has this advantage too,
 It goodly feasts doth make;
 And furnisheth rare food in *dreams*
 We cannot find *awake*.'

Now Orson with his Ellen sat,
 The damsel on his knee;
 No loving couple in the world
 Were blest like he and she.

And now they smil'd and told old tales
 That happen'd when they courted;
 Together when to fairs they went,
 And danc'd, and play'd, and sported.

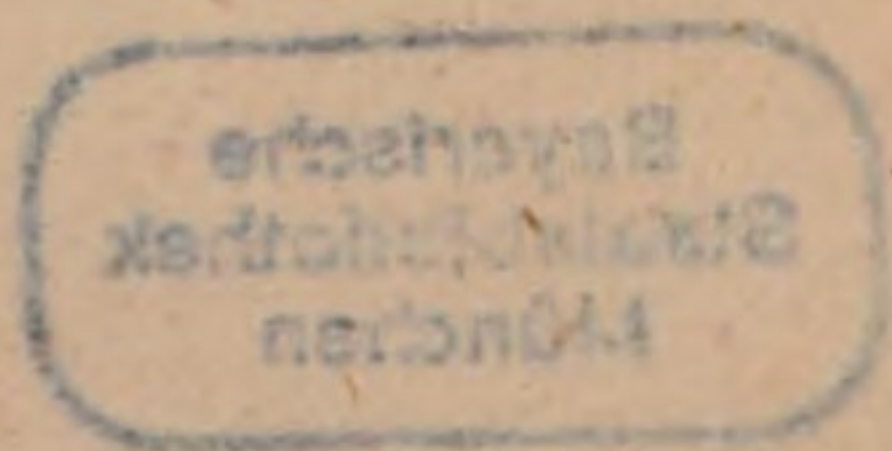
Time stole most happily away!
 While Boniface, *above*,
 Lay senseless snoring, *they below*,
Alive were making love.

Now morning from her clouded east
 Did through the window peep
 Upon the playful loving pair,
 Whose eyes look'd not for sleep.

For they were otherwise employed
 In oggling soft desire;
 In telling stories of the heart,
 And fanning Love's sweet fire.

Their eyelids did not once *pick straws*,
 And wink and sink away;
 No, no, they were as brisk as bees,
 And amorous things did say.

For eyes are eloquent, though mute:
 They speak all sorts of tongues;
 Such very cunning things are eyes—
 Such pow'r to them belongs.



Now Ellen unto Orson said,
‘ Retire, my friend, to rest;
Thou with thy journey must be tir’d,
And I will seek my nest.’

‘ Ah, Ellen, I feel no fatigue,’
Said Orson, with a smile;
‘ I am this moment fesh as though
I had not rid a mile.

‘ ’Tis thou hast giv’n me spirits gay,
And made my heart so light;
Well, Ellen, now I think ’tis time
Indeed to bid good night.’

And now he took her in his arms,
And said, ‘ Good night, my dear;’
When Ellen said ‘ Good night’ agen,
And dropp’d the tenderest tear.

It was a tear—a precious tear,
More worth than di’monds bright;
For love and friendship form’d the drop,
That charm’d young Orson’s sight.

As down her cheek this pearl did flow,
Young Orson, mad with bliss,
Quick to her cheek his lips applied,
And caught it with a kiss.

Then gallantly the young man said,
And swore of oaths a round—
‘ That pearl of thine, my lovely girl,
Shall never kiss the ground.

‘ O dearest Ellen, mind my words,
And mind I tell thee true:
Wherever that bright gem had dropp’d,
The ground had been *Peru*.

‘ But I will go, since ’tis thy wish:
My angel fair, good night;
Sweet dreams to thee, my only dear,
Aye, dreams of rich delight.’

‘ Sweet dreams unto my friend also,
With *sweetest* smiles,’ said *she* ;
‘ Ah, then of Ellen I must *dream*,’
With gallantry said *he*.

And now they both retir’d to rest,
Both bidding soft farewell ;
And which was happiest in their dreams,
Is difficult to tell.

Now Sol had mounted up the sky
A pair of yards at least,
When from their beds the couple sprung,
And very soon were drest.

To breakfast down they happy came,
With Boniface *likewise* ;
Who stretch’d his limbs, and yawn’d, and gap’d,
And open’d both his eyes.

For Boniface’s eyes had long
The *winks* of Love forgot ;
Preferring to the fairest maid,
A foaming pewter pot.

To tea and toast down sat they all ;
And not long after tarried—
Before they went before the priest,
And happily were married.

‘ And now,’ said Boniface with glee,
‘ You shall not go away ;
A sumptuous dinner I will give
In honour of the day.’

Now goose and turkey came, and hare,
And apple-pie and custard ;
And chicken and asparagus,
And Yorkshire ham and mustard.

And friends invited to partake,
Did from the village come ;
Of different ages were they all,
Some young, and aged some.

Within the house did mirth resound;
Without, with cheerful ray,
Sol pour'd his radiance on the roof,
And all the world was gay!

The chirping sparrows came in flocks,
And linnets with a tune;
And round in merry gambols flew,
To hail the *honey-moon*.

The wrens delighted cock'd their tails,
And twitter'd many an air;
While redbreasts trilling through the panes,
Peep'd in upon the pair.

And *eke* the pigeons, birds of love,
Did sport upon the thatch;
And coo'd and bill'd, and flapp'd their wings
In honour of the match.

No happier hours were known—so swift
The moments took their flight;
'Twas laugh and song, and gibe and joke,
And stories of delight.

At night all slily from their friends
The couple stole away;
Which night, if I don't much mistake,
Was happier than the *day*.

God prosper long the married state,
And give it every bliss!
And may we kiss the nymphs we *please*,
And *please* the nymphs we *kiss*!

NEW-OLD BALLADS.

Written by Queen Elizabeth, during her Imprisonment at Woodstock.

AH! woe is mee, who sighe forlorne,
Sith woe has fixed depe his thorne
In thys poor harte!

The milkmaid's songe when morne doeth smyle,
And Phæbus gildeth fielde and style,
Doth greefe emparte.

I envy birdes that cleave the skye;
Ye live in freedom, imps! I sighe,
Then droppe a tear:
And eke I cast an envious looke
Upon the little babbling brooke
That runneth neare.

Like the swete brooke I wish to flee
From fielde to fielde in merry glee;
But my poor harte doth pant in vayne
To joine the milkmayde on the plaine,
Who seemes so blest!

Dispayre approaches, and thus cryes:
'To Freedom cease to turne thine eyes
Sith I'm thy guest.'

O drear companion! ah, most drear!
Whose voice is horror to mine ear!

TO THE GLASS.

GIVE me the glasse that felt her lippe,
 And happy, happy shall I sippe:
 And when is fled the daintie wyne,
 Something remaineth still divyne.

Heaven's dewes that on the flower doe falle,
 Make them to smyle and fayre withal;
 And thus the dewe of her sweet kisse
 Doth bathe my heart with balmy blisse:

But dewes to vapoure flye awaye,
 While her rich fragrance lasts for aye.

J. D.

TO THE DAISIE.

O MODEST flow'r! thou tellest of the springe!
 Welcome unto this little felde of myne!

With joy I see thee from the green earth springe,
 And smiling in thy silvery vesture shine!

Ah! nought disturbeth thy fayre tender frame;

Zephyrus kisseth thee, and tastes thy sweet:

Thou dost not chide the wanton rogue—no blame,
 Nor biddest him sighe lowly at thy feet.

Agayne he whispereth love; and now agayne

He tasteth of thy honey'd leaves, and sighs!

And though he wantons, thou dost not complayne;
 Thy little snowy bosom nought denyes.

O gentle daisie! speak to her I love
When she doeth come, and casteth lookes on thee;
Persuade her my pure passion to approve,
And not with coldness from her shepheard flee:
But imitate thy ways, and learne thy smyle,
When I, like Zephyrus, doe press her cheke;
Then may no tempest rude thy form defyle,
And of thy snowy beauties make a wreck!

A PRAISE OF FAYRE GERALDINE,
BY LORD SURREY.

I SIGHE mournfulle for Geraldine,
For lovelie Geraldine I playne;
And oft I wish her harte was mine,
But vaine are sighes, and teares are vaine.
But she perchaunce mote cruel be,
And slighen of Cupid the bande,
Because she may not fynde a he
That meriteth her lilled hande.
Ah me! sith none but *such* may wooe,
And turne to her with hope his eyes;
Far hence fayre Geraldine must goe,
And seek a lover in the skyes.

BALLADE OF LOVE.

THOU art the loadsterre of my love,
Which love doth many tempests fynde;
But thou canst all the stormes remove,
And whisper calme unto my mynde.
Thy balmy breathe can fille the sayle,
And bless me with a prosperous gale.

But, no—for this I may not hope;
On rocks thou doomest me to mourne:
My vessel without maste or rope,
All on the black rock piece-meal torne:
And there I wis without a sighe,
Thou lettest my poore vessel lye,

But if thy smile would fix on me,
A safe porte then my shippe may fynde;
Then Phœbus' beams break out, I see,
And leave the tossing waves behinde.
With jocund heart then I do prove,
Thou art the loadsterre of my love.

BALLADE OF GRIEF.

I KNOW not joy, when far from thee,
For thou art all the world to me:

Then come away.

Though thou art farre, yet Love's swift darte,
For ever flying, wounds my harte,
From day to day.

I seeke to sleepe away the hours,
 But thy image my calme devours,
 And keepes me waking:
 And when, alack! I close myne eye,
 I starte, and with keen anguish sighe,
 ‘*Thou’rt me forsaking!*’

Then come, fayre mayde, and with thee bringe
 In thy twin cheeks the blossom’d springe,
 And sommer’s gold
 In thy twin eyes, that I may find
 The sommer’s beam within my mind,
 Not winter’s cold.

THE PETITION OF THE LOVER.

AH! say not ‘No’ unto my pray’r,
 For I have loved thee full long;
 To these twin eyes thou art most fayre,
 Surpassing praise of sweetest song.
 Then say not ‘No’ unto my pray’r,
 But be so kind as thou art fayre.

Why art thou with rare beauty blest?
 Only to bless mankynde, I wiss;
 Not for to robbe the harte of rest,
 But fill it with a sea of blisse.
 Then say not ‘No’ unto my pray’r,
 But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

The sun was made to warme the earthe,
 And plenty make, and kepe off blite;
 So should thy beauty’s sunne give birthe
 To our soul’s harvests of delyte.
 Then say not ‘No’ unto my pray’r,
 But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

ODE ON AN INCONSTANT.

THOSE peerless lips are both forsworne;
 Those lips that roses blooms adorn,
 Ah, too deceiving fayre!
 I thought no guile upon thy tongue,
 I thought that mouth could say no wrong,
 Nor lay for hearts a snare.

But now I see thy vaine, vaine mind,
 And now thy cruelty I find
 That taketh pride in woe:
 In every sigh thy guile I hear,
 And see my wrongs in ev'ry tear
 Which Sorrow bids to flow.

Where'er I go, I hear thy name,
 And hear fierce Anger cry out 'Shame!'
 On beauty so renown'd.
 Know, beauty was design'd for joy,
 Which thou dost cruelly employ
 To give the world a wound.

THE LOVER'S PITIE.

MY lute, who makedst sweetest sound,
 Awake thee now, alack! to playne;
 Sith my poore harte doth feel a wound,
 And never may rejoyce again!
 Oh, let thy sounds with my sighs flow,
 For her who lies in death below!

O lute! how jocund was thy voice
When she did make thy chords rejoice,
When roses blushed on her cheek!
But now that she in deth lies pale,
Thy voice must tell a doleful tale,
And every harte with sorrow breake!

My lute, thou must no more be gladde,
But tune to dying straines and sadde,
And think no more of *jouissance*.
Grief openeth of myne eyes the springes,
And oft my teares will wet thy stringes,
And make thee mourne our dread mischance.
Then list to me, my favourite lute—
Be sadde, or lye for ever mute!

TO A FLY.

By the Princess Elizabeth, in Prison.

THOU little animal, I wiss,
Thou seemest me a child of bliss,
And runnest, fleest here and there
Withoute a pang, and eke a tear;
While, borne to thinke of sceptres, I
Do envy thee, thou little fly!

Fortune doth make small giftes to me,
But what is mine I give to thee:
The bread, the wine upon my boarde,
I yield to thee with much accorde.
Come when thou list, and to thy mynde
Thou something to thy taste shall fynde.

Though gladde thou frisketh to and fro,
 Thy life, poor worme, is shorte, I know;
 A little while thy legs outspread,
 I see thee on the table ded;
 And, while thou art at peace, I wail,
 And think on thy lyfe's little tale.

But while thou canst my crumbs enjoy,
 Thou here may hum withoute annoy;
 Runne here and there, and spread thy wing,
 And with thy own companions sing.
 Though man be cruel unto me,
 My hand shall give delyte to thee.

ON THE FAYRE GERALDYNE.

GOE, Muse to Hunsdon, and espye
 What giveth to myne harte a sighe;
 And yet to every other harte
 Bright floodes of joyance doeth emparte.

There may thou see a sunne that cloude
 Did never yet with darkness shroude;
 And straunge, no mortals on that sunne
 Withouten hurte may looke uponne.

Now, Lady Muse, should it be so,
 Thou doest not this my loadsterre knowe,
 Goe unto Hunsdon, caste thyne eien
 On all the world's fayre Geraldynes.

THE BRENNED MOTH,

A BALLADE.

AH! silly moth, what hast thou done?
 To such mishap why didst thou runne?
 Brent be thy legges, and eke thy wings,
 And Fate doth pierce thee with his stings.

What folly could thy mynde perswade
 To leave thy fields of dew and shade,
 Where glow-worms light with lanterns sheen
 The little elves that praunce the green?

There mightest thou on pennons light
 Enjoy the silence of mute nighte,
 And flicker hill and vale around,
 Withoute a foe—without a wound.

Poor fly!—but why thy folly blame?
 We, wiser mortals, act the same!
 On mad ambitious fires we gaze,
 And, doating, perish in the blaze.

WYATT TO BRYAN,

FROM HIS PRISON.

THE summer of my hope is ded,
 Whyche made my daies, so passing fayre:
 Now Hope no more may lift her hed,
 Sore chilled by wynter of despayre.

But, Bryan, my dark prison doore
 Doest boast of lyght when thou dost come;
 Syth Frendshipp's sun hath beames a store,
 To make a palace of a tombe.

Then come, and Frendshipp's beame y spred,
 And I'll forget that Hope is ded.

WYATT TO POINS,
IN PRAISE OF LIBERTY.

TO crawle in courtes is bondage harde!
 For who y chooseth chaines I wot?
 Yet some, for pleasures of rewarde,
 Will flatter—and blow colde and hot.

But Liberty will I emplore,
 Though Poverty knock at my doore.

What be our wants?—some thinges, not all.
 Contentment lyeth not in heaps;
 Who hath a little field, though small,
 It grete is, if enough he reaps.

Then Liberty will I emplore,
 Though Poverty knock at my doore.

SIR T. WYATT.

Retired to the Country, to Arlington, where he passed a Life of Tranquillity; he despised Harry the Eighth's Court.—Wyatt boasts of his Liberty.

FREE am I nowe—I courtes do follow not,
 But myne own pleasure dayly I persue;
 I aske aboute no courtiers—no, God wot,
 Sith I to courtes have bidden longe adieu:
 For when at courtes, on hands and knees they crawl,
 Like whipped dogs, and be for aye inthrall.

When morne doth glister, oft bayte I myne hook,
 And forthe I go the river's bank besyde;
 And there I privilye do searche the brooke,
 And trye if fish unneath the surface glyde,
 And often do I bringe them to the lande,
 And then unhooke them with a happy hande.

She whoame I love doth sumtime straye,
 And sees me dragge the pris'ner from the floude;
 And that it is most cruelle, she doth saye,
 To spille of little fish the harmless bloode.
 'Eche little fish,' she telleth with a teare,
 'Which thou dost kille, perchaunce hath got his
 dere.'

And oft she pulleth a fish from my hande,
 And putteth him agayne into the brooke;
 Sayinge, 'Go fishe, thyne liberty commande,
 And learne t'avoide, poor foole, the hyden hooke.'
 And then she smylinge doth a moral fynde,
 And lykeneth fishe betray'd to woman-kynde.

A BALLADE OF PRAYER,

By Sir James Melville.

*Addressed to Queen Elizabeth, on his presuming
to listen privately to her Majesty, while she
played on the Virginals; delivered by Lord
Hunsdon.*

OH! in your gracious goodnesse deigne
To pardon mee, most mighty queene,
Who dared (not to be forgiven)
To heare on erth the songes of Heaven!

I strofe to flye from soche swete sounde,
But nail'd was I unto the ground;
My feet, entraunced, could not move,
And all my mynde was lost in love.

What punishment your gracious sense
Ordaineth for my rude offence,
Yet be it grate, and life destroye,
It may not equal my *past joye*.

If you would more than cruel be,
Deth must not be devis'd for me;
But take my ears' quick sense away,
When you, grate queene, shall singe and playe.

BALLADE,

By Vere, Earl of Oxford.

WHERE is the mayde that erst was myne,
Who did with love myne harte begile!
No more on me doeth beauty shine,
No more I proudly boaste her smile.

The roses of her cheek so bright,
Her lippe of berries' purple hue,
No more for me may blush delyte;
To them may Fansie say, adieu.

When I did first her lookes beholde,
Me seemes 'twas summer in her eye;
Me seemes I mark'd two sunnes of golde,
Upon her face's smiling skye.

Me seemes that on her roseate cheeke
I spyed the season of the springe;
And when that she did courteous speke,
The feather'd minstrels seem'd to singe.

But all is past and gone, I weene:
From her I meete with icy cold;
I marke no more her eyes' bright sheen,
Nor marke her sunnes of brightest golde.

Sadde is the chaunge sith she's unkynde:
Now cloudes all mirkie darke my daye;
For Zephyrus blow wynter wyndes,
And frost hath kill'd the gentle May.

BALLADE.

COULDST thou looke into myne harte,
 Thou wouldst see a mansion drear;
 Some old haunted tower aparte,
 Where the spectre bands appear:
 Sighing, gliding, ghostly forms,
 'Mid the ruin shook by storms.

Yet my harte, whiche Love doth slighte,
 Was a palace passing fair;
 Which did hold thyne image bright,
 Thee the queen of beauty rare;
 Which the laughing Pleasures fill'd,
 And fair Fortune's sunne did gild.

When shall my poor harte, alas,
 Pleasure's palace be againe?
 That, sweete mayde, may come to pass,
 When thou ceasest thy disdain:
 For thy smiles, like beams of day,
 Banish spectre forms away.

A BALLADE.

THE maid who pants for lover's sighs,
 Doth lay for her own peace a snare;
 She rues the conquests of her eyes,
 And mourns that she was ever fair:

Then, lasses, mind the proverb well,
 'Too oft the pitcher went to well.'

Where Beauty doth display its rose,
In tribes the busy swains are found;
And where the richest nect'rine grows,
The hungry flies will buzz around:
Then, lasses, mind the proverb well,
'Too oft the pitcher went to well.'

THE THREAT OF OBERON THE FAIRY.

MAIDENS fair, attend to me:
Constant to your shepherds be:
If ye break your vows of love,
Ye my rage will sorely prove.

I know all your dreams by night;
Therefore fear, O maids, my spite:
All your secret thoughts I know;
Fear then my sharp anger's blow.

And, O men! I pray, beware;
Do not harm the maidens fair;
Sigh not love, and then betray,
If ye wish my rage away.

By the moon's pure beam I swear,
If I mark a virgin tear,
I will give the shepherd dread,
And will tear him from his bed.

If I hear a shepherd sigh,
Maids, in jeopardy ye lie;
Spoil'd will be the dimple sleek,
Breast of snow, and rosy cheek.

Love our fairy train delights,
While we sport in moony nights;
Eke our elfin king and queene,
As they gambol on the greene.

Love was sent to soften wo,
Sent to bless the world below;
Full of smile, with roses crown'd:
Why should Love then feel a wound?

A BALLADE OF WYNTER.

LOUDE blowe the wyndes with blustering breath
And snows fall cold upon the heath,
And hill and vale looke drear;
The torrents foam with headlong roar,
And trees their chilly loads deplore,
And droppe the icy tear.

The little birdes, with wishfull eye,
For almes unto my cottage flye,
Sithe they can boaste no hoarde:
Sharpe in myne house the pilgrims peep,
But Robin will not distance keepe,
So percheth on my boarde.

Now on the cradle doth he hye,
And kenneth down, with connyng eye,
Upon my babe below;
And finding comfort in my cote,
He tweedles forth a simple note,
And shakes his wings of snow.

Come in, ye little minstrels swete,
And from your feathers shake the sleete,

And warme your freezing bloode:
No cat shall touch a single plume;
Come in, sweet choir—nay, fill my room,
And take of grain a treat.

Then flicker gay about my beams,
And hoppe and doe what pleasaunt seemes,
And be a a joyfull throng,
Till Spring may cloath the naked grove;
Then go and build your nests, and love,
And thank me with a song.

TO HER HIGH MAJESTY,

*On her vouchsafing to reward her humblest of
Servants, Edward Fairfax.*

BRIGHT sun of England, nay, a sun,
That hath so bright a cercle run,
And on far realms doth spread a blaze!
The humblest servant of your isle
Doth thank your beauty for the smile
That graceth me with golden rays.

Though homely be my muse's speeche
And poore, your praise can make it rich,
Such is the power of your high name.
What you, greet queen, may deign to praise,
Although a dwarf you to a giant can it raise,
Sith your voice is the voice of Fame.

*With a Gyfte of a Glow-worm to the fayre
Geraldine, in the Country.*

FAYRE Geraldine, behold, I bring
This elfin imp that gildeth night;
So beauteous was it 'mid the shade,
So calm, so mild its lonely light,
The insects of the dew-dropp'd field
To its pure beame did homage yielde.

When first I didde this worm espye,
Aloude I said, and with a sighe,
'Oh, little imp of night, I see
Semblance of Geraldine in thee.'
Amid the shade as it doth shyne,
So fares it with fayre Geraldine.

This worm beneath the leaf doth hyde,
Desyring not to be espied;
Natheless it yieldeth all so brighte
A jewel to emblazon night:
And thus on this dark worlde do shyne
The wit and charmes of Geraldine.

BALLADE ON THE VIOLET.

SWEETE infant of the field, myne eye
Doth joye thy modest form to spy,
For thou goode news doth say;
How winter, with his horrid yell,
Hath bid at laste his rude farewell,
And borne his blasts away.

While Wynter his wilde rule did spread,
 Thou couldst not show thy tender head,
 But from his rage didst hide;
 And golden cup, and primrose pale,
 Did peeping tremble in their vale,
 And eke the daisie pied.

The surly wight your robes had torne,
 And on his wings of tempest borne,
 And scatter'd through the skies;
 But now the gentle Zephyr's breath
 Doth whisper, 'There's no dread of death,'
 And bids you fearless rise.

Sweet is thy lot, O little flower!
 Like man thou dost not life devour,
 Well pleas'd on *dews* to dine—
 Of Heaven's pure balm to make thy fayre:
 What pity 'tis we cannot share
 An innocence like thine,

BALLADE

TO A FISH OF THE BROOKE.

WHY flyest thou away, with fear?
 Trust me, there's nought of danger near,
 I have no wicked hooke,
 All cover'd with a snaring bait,
 Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
 And dragge thee from the brooke.

O harmless tenant of the flood,
 I do not wish to spill thy blood;

For Nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charme thy life,
As she hath done for me.

Enjoy thy streame, O harmless fish;
And when an angler, for his dish,
Through Gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee out,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the raskall in!

TO THE LARK.

O LITTLE harbinger of day,
Who welcomest the blushing light!
With glee I list thy cheerful lay,
Sweet recompence for dreary night.

O'er fair Astræa's rosy bow'r,
Go, tuneful sprite, and wave thy wing;
Go, charm Astræa's morning hour,
To *her* thy choicest ditties sing.

For, if thou please that peerless queen,
Thrice lucky were thy little voice;
For when Astræa gladde is seen,
Her smile doth all the *world* rejoice.

ANCIENT SIMPLICITY.

FOLK be too fond of mounting Fortune's wheel;
And though she humbleth thousands in the muck,
Ambition's flame their brenning bosoms feel,
Pardie! they must crawl up, and try their luck.

But when *aloft*—themselves they scarcely know,
Despisefull squinting on the world below:
But when they tumble, none lament their thrall,
But grin, and point their finger to their fall.

To show that I am now not uttering lies,
I'll tell a little tale in *Æsop* guise.

THE YOUNG CROWS AND THE YOUNG
WRENS.

A Crow upon a lofty tree
Did build her sticky nest;
And younglings did she bring to light,
In number five at least.

One morning, on a summer's day,
Did peep eche youngling crow,
And spied upon a brambling bush
Some youngling wrens below.

These simple wrens in happy glee
Did spread their little wing;
And, lightsome, hopp'd from bush to bush,
And merrily did sing.

‘ Poor humble creatures,’ cry’d the crows,
‘ Eche is a beggar wight ;
Look up to *us*, and see our state,
Our houses lofty hight.

‘ *We* look into the beamy skies,
While you through hedges wade ;
We gaze upon the morning sun,
While *ye* are lost in shade.

‘ Poor imps, departe, nor here offend ;
Take off eche selie face ;
This hill was only made for *crows*,
Then do not us disgrace.

‘ If you do not this region quit,
We’ll dung upon you soon.’
The smiling wrens made answer none,
But trill’d their little tune.

Short time had pass’d, when suddenly
Grim Boreas ’gan howl ;
The thunder crack’d, the lightning flash’d,
And frightened man and fowl.

While thus the dredefull thunder crack’d,
And lightning broad did flash ;
The limb whereon the crows were perch’d
Did give a sudden crash.

Down came the limb, and with it down
Did tumble eche young crow ;
Some broke their legs, and some their wings,
And doleful look’d below.

’Twas now the time for wrens to jeer ;
So forth did fly the train,
And, twittering, saw with smiles the crows
All sprawling on the plain.

Then taunting an arch wren began :
‘ Sir Crows, of *high* renowne,
Ye came, by this your dirty trim,
All in a *hurry* down.

‘ And by the looke of all your limbs,
And feathers sous’d with rain,
It will be some small time before
Your graces mount again.

‘ Proud fooles, how selie ye descend
From skies to *dirty fens*!
Thank Heaven, with *hedges* we’re content,
And happy to be *wrens*.’

TO AUTHORS

That endite on the Passion of Love.

YE who do songs of love endite,
Knoweth not well of that ye write,
Sith ye nere with passion strove;
Go moan, and hide in groves, and sighe,
Adore her name, and wish to dye,
And then ye well may wryte of love.

But ye may answer make, and cry,
‘ Where is the object for our sigh?
Who is the mayde may make hearts pine?’
Ah, did ye never marke a mayde
That wandereth in Windsor shade,
Then larne—it is fayre Geraldine.

SURRY,

BALLADE.

WHEN Summer's bloome did paynte my cheeke,
 I thought of Frenship's tye;
 Of Frenship I could onely speke,
 Unweting so was I.

But now I fynde this grievous truthe,
 That frenship is the dream of *youth*.

Although I lov'd the fayrest mayde,
 My ladye I would yield,
 To give a frend a hand of aid,
 And be that frend's bold shield.

But now I fynde, &c.

Alas, I mete with no return,
 For love I mete with hate;
 Instead of smyle myne eyes do mourne
 With early tears and late!

But now I fynde, &c.

Frenship's a sunne, I whilom sayd,
 That warmeth every harte;
 But now that hartes of ice are made,
 Which Winter's colds emparte;

But now I fynde, &c.

Frenship, sayd I, a forme doth boast,
 A gyant's forme, I ween;
 But nowe I see him, a poore ghost,
 With pale and dreary mien.

But now I fynde, &c.

Then let no mynstrell, in his song,
Of Frendship take the parte ;
Syth 'tis a vertue of the *tongue*,
But never of the *harte*.

But now I fynde &c.

Then let no minstrel, in his song,
Of friendship take the part;
It is a virtue of the tongue,
But never of the heart.

But now I praise thee.

And now I praise thee, O my friend,
For all that thou hast done for me,
And all that thou hast done for me,
And all that thou hast done for me.

And now I praise thee, O my friend,
For all that thou hast done for me,

And now I praise thee, O my friend,
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And all that thou hast done for me,
And all that thou hast done for me.

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For all that thou hast done for me,
And all that thou hast done for me,
And all that thou hast done for me.

ODES.

TO CYNTHIA IN TOWN.

CYNTHIA, the Dryads are in tears,
Because thou visit'st not their groves;
The Graces grieve, and Cupid swears,
And very sullen look the Loves.

The Naiads through the vales declare,
No rill of theirs shall purl away;
The lark too scorns to mount in air,
And vows to keep his nest all day.

The sun resolves to hide his head,
And blot his lustre from the skies;
Yet that were little loss indeed,
While we possess'd that pair of eyes.

Well then, to *pique* thee, from each lay,
From all my lines I'll blot thy *name*.
'Aye, do,' I hear thee smiling say,
'And blot what only gives them *fame*.'

O D E.

*The Poet describeth the former and present State
of his Wishes.*

Tempora mutantur.

CCOURTIERS are just so many goats—that leap
From rock to rock, upon the cloud-capp'd steep,
That overhangs a sea that foams around;
Slip but a foot! *souse!* down they are, and drown'd:
Yet how folks scramble, one and all,
To mount the ridge, and get a fall!

I own'd I've listen'd to Ambition's tales,
Sigh'd for Life's *mountains*, and disdain'd its *vales*;
My youngling ears most greedy drank her story!
With kings and queens, Lord! how was I in love!
Tried to make wings (alas! I *vainly* strove)
Poor fly! to buzz within their orbs of glory.

Yes, vain were my endeavours all,
And still am I ordain'd to *crawl!*
Although so lofty in my rhyme.
Heavens! how my fibres felt the rack,
When Pye obtain'd the royal sack,
And Parsons smooth'd the ode with *chime!*

Thus can't I to the palace go, alack
All the court crawlers would be on my *back* ;
Biting and scratching, nibbling, swarming—
A circumstance, alas! alarming.

There would be Liverpool, I do suppose,
And Cardigan, and Salisb'ry, and Rose,
Making a diabolic rout:

' Off with him—turn the fellow out !'

Cut off from Cæsar and his wife,
I pass of solitude a life;

To Cynthia's beauty tune the willing lyre;
And while I gain *her* lovely smile,
(The sweetest that adorns our isle !)

I feel for courts no more a fierce desire :

So little raptur'd with a *royal mien*,
I would not give *one pin* to kiss a *queen*.

ODE ON THE ANCIENTS.

' **A**LL has been said—the world has nought to yield:
Alas ! there's nothing new beneath the sun:
The ancients with their hooks have reap'd the field;
All that can be imagin'd has been done.

The ancients for the moderns were too stout;
Yes ! the deep mine of knowledge is work'd out.'

So cries the world ! but who are these that speak ?
Men of no *nous*, most wonderfully weak !
If things are *so*, why, what a fate is mine !
Lord help the muse ! she never penn'd a line.

Reap the whole field ! not *half on't*, I'll be sworn :
They've only taken a few sheaves of corn.
The mine exhausted ! Poh ! I'll hear no more—
They've only gather'd a few grains of ore.

Appear but Genius, Genius soon will find
 New matter to improve and charm mankind;
 Teach on the wildest heath the rose to blow:
 Genius, the rod of Moses at the rock,
 Shall, by a magical and happy stroke,
 Bid the rich stream of wit and wisdom flow.

The brains of men, in general, are a *pool*,
 Wrapp'd in death-stillness, comfortably dull;
 Like motionless poor Lethe, void of spirit.
 But now and then (like Milton, for example,
 Or Shakespeare, each indeed a beauteous sample),
 Into existence pops a wight of merit:

An ocean, lo, his brave ideas rise,
 That mounts, and with its thunders shakes the *skies*!

ODE

TO AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.

SHALL Virtue feel the cruel blow,
 Her tears to earth unheeded flow,
 Her soul unheard complain?
 Say, will no muse proclaim the wrong?
 Why sleeps the thunder of her song,
 While Pity mourns in vain?

With every beauty to inspire
 Of Love the soft and chaste desire,
 And bless the nuptial tie;
 With every gentler charm of mind,
 Can Fate, to peerless worth unkind,
 Condemn thy heart to sigh?

Without a friend, in soothing strain,
 To steal thy bosom from its pain,
 I hear thy plaintive voice;
 And hear the snakes of envy hiss,
 While, happy at thy vanish'd bliss,
 The imps of Hell rejoice.

Yet through the cloud that hides thy head,
 By Calumny's foul venom spread,
 I mark a golden ray;
 Time on his wing (for Justice reigns)
 To calm thy life's tempestuous scenes,
 Shall waft the smiles of May.

Hark! to suppress the swelling tear,
 A voice prophetic hails thine ear:
 'Thy babe shall rule ador'd;
 On Britain's throne, to crown her fame,
 The shouts of millions shall proclaim
 Eliza's reign restor'd.'

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

O GODDESS of the tuneful quire,
 Upon my knees I must desire
 You'll give your instrument a smart jobation:
 Happy am I a band to meet,
 To give my ears a pretty treat,
 And fill my heart with sweetest animation.
 I like an overture, I needs must own—
 Of music 'tis a very noble dish:
 But here's the devil—while *some* with solemn groan,
 Bawl *flesh*, lo, *others* are exclaiming *fish*;

Rending with sounds of Babel our poor ears,
Much like the noises of the bulls and bears*.

Proud on his nimbler neighbour to advance,
Like elephants that fain would learn to dance,
The double bass attempts his awkward jigs,
Grunting and snuffling like a sow and pigs.

Ambitious, this most lab'ring bass
Gives to the violincello chase,

Who on the tenor presses like the wind,
Who presses closely on the second fiddle,
Who presses sharply on first tweedle-tweedle,

Who leaps the *bridge*, and leaves them all *behind*.

Alas! are these the *modes* to melt the soul,
Sooth ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry care control?
If *this* be music, let me leave the riot,
And be the *world of quavers* ever quiet!

PETER'S TRIUMPH.

TO THE MUSE.

MUSE, we have finish'd now our odes,
And verily the songs of gods;
But let me tell thee, muse, and much it pains,
That those great traffickers in *words*,
Those high and mighty pompous lords,
The booksellers, will barely give me *grains*!
'*Hog's wash* is good enough'—they cry:
Thus can I neither roast nor fry.

* At the Stock-Exchange.

'Tis hard that my poor mental mill
Is never suffered to lie still ;

Such, such indeed the avarice of the clan :
Forc'd, ev'ry minute of the hour,
To grind, forsooth, for them the *flour*,
And feed myself, alas ! upon the *bran*.

Hard is their bridle—Lord ! with pains I shrink ;
Too hard upon my bleeding jaws they pull !
What shame that they, the lazy imps, should drink
Claret and Burgundy from my poor skull ;
And, with a saucy mortifying sneer,
Bid me be happy upon dead small beer.

I boast *one* consolation, I allow—
My name will never be forgotten :
When to Posterity I make my bow,
Those rogues are in oblivion rotten.

▲

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

BENJAMIN COUNT RUMFORD,

Knight of the White Eagle, &c. &c.

◆

Muse, at the sound of Rumford *raise* thy voice,
And bid our kitchen furniture rejoice !
Though scant our store, a hempen string, alack !
(The simple substitute for spit and jack)
A knife and fork, a dish, a spoon and platter,
Shall *stir their stumps*, and make a jovial clatter ;
The broom shall hop, as merry as a *grig* ;
And, pleas'd, the dainty dishclout dance a jig.

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

BENJAMIN COUNT RUMFORD,

Knight of the White Eagle, &c. &c.



Hear, at the sound of Rumford's voice,
And bid our kitchen furniture rejoice!
Though scant our store, a heaped string, slack!
(The simple substitutes for spit and jack)
A knife and fork, a dish, a spoon and plate,
Shall stir their lazy stumps, and make a jovial clatter;
The broom shall hop, as merry as a pig;
And, pictur'd, the dainty diabolical dance a jig.

EPISTLE

TO

COUNT RUMFORD.

THE bard whose harp immortaliz'd the *louse*,
For which he ne'er receiv'd a *single* souse;
Prais'd Madam Schwellenberg in lofty style,
For which he never gain'd a *single* smile;

Prais'd Madam Schwellenberg.]—Though I have here accused this lady of *ingratitude*; perhaps, if her last will and testament were to be *seen*, I might alter my opinion.—*Where is this will*, I wonder?—Why does it not appear at Doctors' Commons? Is it *ashamed to show its face*? What has it done with the pearls and diamonds, presents from the poor persecuted family of the Hastings?—Is it with the tailor in Pimlico, to whom her poor body was sent about an hour or two after the soul had forsaken its tenement!—Should not this will be publicly advertised?—Am I certain that it doth not contain some handsome bequest; at least a *tender* memorial to *me*, who (she very well knew) must lose *much* by her *death*?—Is this an unreasonable conjecture? I know the will has been *read*, and I know *parts* of

Gave to eternity the shaven group,
 Yet never saw a ladle-full of soup;
 Prais'd thankless lords besides, and knight and
 'squire—

Now to a Yankey tunes the willing lyre:
 Spite of th' ingratitude of cooks and
 Strikes to Count Rumford's *tuneful* name the strings,
 Who from his fav'rite little Rumford came,
 To build on *smoke* his fortune, and his fame.

Muse, at the sound of Rumford *raise* thy voice,
 And bid our kitchen furniture rejoice!
 Though scant our store, a hempen string, alack!
 (The simple substitute for spit and jack)
 A knife and fork, a dish, a spoon, and platter,
 Shall *stir their stumps*, and make a jovial clatter;
 The broom shall hop, as merry as a *grig*;
 And, pleas'd, the dainty dishclout dance a jig;
 Expressing thus in gratitude their souls
 To him whose wisdom saves us *pecks* of coals;
 And means (for Pitt's d-mn'd taxes this require)
 To teach us soon to roast *without a fire*.

it.—O ye *poor* relations of Madam Schwellenberg,
 now crawling in piteous plight in obscure holes in
 Germany, must ye *forfeit* the little pittance be-
 queathed, if ye *dare* approach Great Britain? Such
 was a cruel clause of the will!—Had ye *enough* to
purchase mourning, O ye poor disappointed rela-
 tions of Madam Schwellenberg? Perhaps ye might
 have been *troublesome*, had ye come to England—
 if so, things are best as they are.

His fav'rite little Rumford.—Once an obscure
 village, in North America, but fortunately illumi-
 nated by the nativity of the Count, who, indeed,
 drew his first breath there, and afterwards, in qua-
 lity of a pedagogue, immortalized it by his *abeceda-
 rian* powers, teaching little children to read, spell,
 and write, with the most consummate ability.

Friend to thy fame (and may it last thee long !)
 Though G—— and Banks grow jealous of the song ;
 Howe'er its praise may wound *some* courtly folk,
That song shall thunder to the man of smoke !

Knight of the dishclout, wheresoe'er I walk,
 I hear thee, Rumford, all the *kitchen talk* :
 Note of melodious cadence on the ear,
 Loud echoes Rumford *here*, and Rumford *there* !
 Lo, every parlour, drawing-room I see,
 Boasts of thy stoves, and talks of *nought* but *thee*.
 Yet, not *alone* my lady and young misses,
 The *cooks themselves* could smother thee with kisses !
 Yes ! Mistress Cook would spoil a goose, or steak,
 To twine her greasy arms around thy neck.
 Through newspaper, through magazine, review,
 Happy mine eyes thy splendid track pursue—
 Thy sage opinion in each journal read—
 A vein of silver 'midst a load of lead !

High o'er the wond'ring world Vanbutchell tow'rs,
 And on the *ruptur'd* mob his trusses pours :—
 High mounted Katerfelto and his cat,
 Proud of the voice of Fame, in glory sat :—
 High o'er the world the mighty Merlin sits,
 Though much of gall his jealous mouth emits !
 Endeavouring, lo, thy name's bright beam to shade,
 The wizard swears that thou hast *stol'n his trade* ;
 Learn'd from *his* matchless art to conjure up.
 From shades below, a *shilling's-worth of soup* ;
 And mean'st on *other tricks* to put thy *pats* ;
 Plunder chair-yelping curs, and squawling cats ;
 With all their love-songs of sweet execution,
 To please and *lull* the Royal Institution.—

Stol'n his trade.]—Indeed Mr. Merlin has *seem-*
ingly just cause of complaint: but as the *minds* of
 those great men are surprisingly *similar*, why may
 not a coincidence of thought occasionally take place,
 and produce *similar discoveries* ?

High o'er the world Sir Joseph soars sublime,
 The great and fertile subject of my rhyme!—
 Yet higher *thou* shalt mount, whose angry toe
 Kick'd from thy shop the hero of Soho;
 And aiming, too, at Garnet's luckless crown,
 Didst, with thy *leaden* journal, knock him down:
 For *who* with *sage opinion*, dares appear,
 While Rumford's mouth of oracles is near?
 Behold the elector bowing to his merit!
 Bavaria owns his beggar-hunting spirit;
 Who, when poor Munich trembled, almost lost,
 With god-like ardour pierc'd the Egyptian host,
 And seiz'd (which history must ever note)
 And seiz'd!—a daring gipsey by the throat;

Kick'd from thy shop.]—Sir J. Banks is *bonâ fidé* ousted; and poor Garnet, a most ingenious chemist, was attacked for a difference in opinion.

A gipsey by the throat.]—Here I must beg pardon of my readers for violating history.—The Count slightly says, that at the head of the elector's troops he made but *one* gipsey his prisoner, and that he only *tapped* him on the shoulder.—Such is the Count's *modesty*.—A hero is the last man in the world to speak of his own *exploits*; but let me quote the Count's own words, who, like *Cæsar*, can *write* as well as *fight*.

'New-year's Day,' says the Count in his history, 'having from *time immemorial* been considered in Bavaria as a day peculiarly set apart for giving alms, and the beggars never failing to be *all out* on that occasion; I chose that moment, as being the most *favourable* to my operations. Early in the morning of the *first* of *January*, one thousand seven hundred and ninety, the officers and non-commissioned officers of the three regiments of infantry in garrison were stationed in the different streets, where they were *directed* to wait for further orders.'

'Having in the mean time assembled at my lodg-

And gave him (what such bravery can reward!)
 And gave him!—to the serjeant of the guard—
 For which th' elector deck'd the man of stove,
 With *true-blue* ribbons, and the bird of Jove!

ings the field officers and all the chief *magistrates* of the town, I made them acquainted with my intention, to proceed *that very morning* to the *execution* of a plan I had *formed*, for *taking up* the beggars, and asked their *immediate assistance*.

'To show the public that it was not my wish to carry this measure into *execution*, by *military force alone* (which might have rendered the measure odious), but that *I was disposed* to show all *becoming deference* to the civil authority, I begged the magistrates to accompany me, and the field officers of the garrison, in the *execution* of the *first* and most difficult part of the undertaking, that of arresting the beggars. This they most readily consented to, and we *immediately sallied* out in the street, myself accompanied by the chief magistrate of the town, and each of the field officers by an inferior magistrate. We were hardly got into the street, when we were accosted by a beggar, who asked us for alms. I *went up to him*, and laying my hand *gently* on his shoulder, told him from henceforwards *begging* would not be *permitted* in Munich. I then *delivered* him over to the orderly serjeant; and then turning to the officers and magistrates who accompanied me, I begged they would *take notice* that I had myself, with my own hands, arrested the first beggar,' &c. &c. *Vide* the Count's Essays, vol. 1. p. 41. third edition.

Such is the Count's elegant and nervous narrative of that glorious day which emancipated Munich from the *tyranny* of the beggars? With the hero of antiquity, the Count Rumford may not only say, *Veni, vidi, vici*, but moreover add, *scripsi*, to increase the catalogue of his *wonders*.

Great Man ! whose pow'r inventive daily rakes
 Balm from a bog, and dinners from a j—kes !
 Great man ! whose fertile genius could contrive
 To soften rocks, and *flay* the flints *alive* ;

Balm from a bog.]—His first and grand object being to complete the sum of total of human happiness, by a prudent attention to economy, he shows how from the $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{recre} \\ \text{excre} \end{array} \right\}$ mentitious parts of human food and fuel, as well as from many hitherto shamefully neglected *natural productions*, to derive a wholesome and pleasing and nutritious diet.—There is a filthy old proverb (that I cannot repeat) instructing people how to grow rich ;—and which proverb, though treated as ludicrous by our ancestors, will be soon pronounced a serious œconomical maxim. After many laborious days and sleepless nights, the Count has at last succeeded in the detection of that grand *desideratum*, before and since the days of the great Martinus Scriblerus, viz. the extraction of *sun-beams* from *cucumbers* ; so that any gentleman may store up *heat* and *light* for the winter, in the same way *ice* is preserved for the summer. This fortunate discovery (it will be observed), supersedes all his former methods of saving fuel, and consequently precludes all further researches in the *consolidation* of *smoke* and the *conversion* of *soot* into *sea-coal*.

Flay the flints alive, &c.]—With a machine which the Count invented on the Continent, he *flays* flints, and by an *alkali sui generis* converts them into palatable soups and jellies ; and he is now carrying on a process for preparing their skins to make purses for such as have money, and tobacco-pouches for such as have none.

The philosophical tinkers and bellows-menders, whose ideas he has generously adopted, make kettles, saucepans, frying-pans, salamanders, skillets, stew-

And make (though Envy unbelieving grins)
 Pouches and handsome purses of their *skins*;
 Nay *more* (but yet, methinks, a *dangerous hint*)
 To perfect jelly turn the hardest flint:
 For, hence an *inconvenience* may arise—
 To this discovery rogues will turn their eyes:
 The felons dread, for robbery, murder, rape,
 Will *eat* their *various dwellings*, and *escape*;
 Taught by thine art of turning *stones* to *jellies*,
 Fly with the walls of Newgate in their *bellies*.

Great man! whose tinkers form, from various
 metals,

Grillers and broilers, salamanders, kettles!
 Steamers and bakers, frying-pans and stewers,
 Skillets and saucepans, roasters, toasters, brewers.
 Some, blest indeed with such stupendous pow'r,
 Shall change old *shoes* to *beef* in half an hour;
 And turn, amidst the wonders of the shop,
 The *tinker's apron* to a *mutton chop*.

ers, roasters, toasters, &c. &c. of the most astonishing and unheard-of powers; some of these utensils rendering shoe-leather as masticable as beef-steaks, and the toughest horse-hide as tender as the best veal in Leadenhall Market. By a little higher charge of heat, bones, hair, horns, hoof, shells and claws, are reduced to a jelly; and chopped straw, bean-husks, potatoe-skins, &c. are turned into palatable spoon-meat. The extensive use and application of these inventions, especially in the present times of famine, must be obvious to the intelligent.—Already the workmen are so far reconciled to this new *species* of food that they begin to make themselves comfortable messes of their old aprons and leather breeches. In short, the Count is not without hopes of introducing the animal food of the ancient and modern Scythians, and the more cooling vegetable diet of King Nebuchadnezzar.

Bones, oyster-shells, and hair, and hoofs, and claws,
 Shall form, too, jellies for the *nicest* jaws :
 Thus shall the *cuckold*, who his *honours* scorns,
 Bless his dear wife, and fatten on his *horns* !

Great king of fire, who know'st the pow'rs of meat,
 And know'st how necessary 'tis to *eat* ;
 And yet, not only eat, but eat with *pleasure*,
 Without one bit of bolting—quite at *leisure* !
 By which slow movement in the mastication,
 Millions may soon be sav'd to this poor nation !
 What gratitude, what thanks, to thee are due,
 Instructing a great empire how to *chew* !
 In work-houses, where ignorance abounds,
 And all the poor, voracious, feed like hounds,
 Sharp *overseers* shall at the table stand,
 And give the *word*, with *serjeant-like* command :
 Thus will their crackling jaws in concert chime,
 And, like a fiddler's elbow, move in *time*.
 Oh ! if I, too, might cater for the belly,
 Old fiddle-strings should make us *vermicelli* ;
 Cockchaffers, with a very trifling art,
 Compose a pie—at least a pretty tart ;
 Soap-suds to syllabubs and trifles change,
 And bullocks' lights and livers to bla'mange ;
 And sheep's-dung, without quantities of studying,
 Glean'd from the fields, produce a fine plum-pudding.
 A wool-stuff'd pin-cushion would make a *puff*,
 And tripe start forth from breeches of old buff ;
 And, with Sir Joseph's leave, with fish might pass
 His *fleas*, his *fav'rite fleas*, for *lobster-sauce*.

Oh ! if I too, &c.]—The experimental dinners
 promised by the Count, are expected by the mem-
 bers of the R. I. with great avidity.—Grass broth,
 flint soup, fricasseed leather-breeches, stewed old
 shoes, &c. &c. will soon be forth-coming, set on the
 table, too, by automatical waiters, to the vast sur-
 prise and instruction of all beholders !!!

But what an insolence in *me* to prate!
 Pretend to *him* to open Wisdom's gate,
 Who spurns advice, like weeds, where'er it springs,
 Disdaining counsel, though it comes from *kings*.
 Yet say, why physic from thy house exclude?
 On physic, ponder—what a public good!
 Hygeia weeps, poor nymph, to be neglected—
 Shame on thee! let the fair-one be protected—
 Of physic didst thou never own the skill?
 Say, did thy *purity* ne'er need a *pill*?
 Go, go! harangue the members—goad 'em, goad 'em!
 And make them send away for Doctor Brodum;
 Or Doctor Meyrsbach, who with sapience sees
 A mighty empire fall by *toasted cheese*:
 Or doughty Doctor Solomon invite,
 Who cuts the *talons* of Disease, the kite,
 That hov'ring, threat'ning, spread abroad, prepare
 To lug us *goslings* to the *fields of air*.
 And why Divinity be banish'd, pray?
 Souls are of *some importance*, let me say.
 In God's name, send a card to Rowland Hill,
 Who to a tittle knows his Maker's will:
 The film of darkness banish'd from his eyes,
 He kens the darkest secrets of the skies;
 Of cherubim and seraphim the host,
 As though they wrote the parson ev'ry post.

Disdaining counsel.]—Here I must beg leave to quarrel with the Count.—Although a man may, like the Count, possess *extraordinary intellect*, and although a man may be the *best judge of himself*, nevertheless it is *indecorous* to treat the opinions of *others* with contempt.—The Count's constant assertion is, 'I never was yet in the wrong—I know *every thing*.' Granting this to be true, the declaration is nevertheless *arrogant and supercilious*.

Yet say, why physic.]—'All discussion relative to religion and medicine will be carefully avoided.'
 —*Journal of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.*

Hill knows what Satan *does*, and *means* to do;
 Knows all the plottings of th' infernal crew;
 The tools, the tortures for a sinful soul;
 And what the fire to roast it—*wood* or *coal*;
 Oh, while mechanics hold with thee a sway,
 And blacksmiths, tinkers, hammer it away—
 While such obtain thy smile, a lucky lot,
 Let not *ingenious* Aris be forgot!
 To shine a *worthy member*, Aris sighs—
 Aloft his *excellency* lifts his eyes:
 Pitt's bosom friend, O grant him then his pray'r,
 Whose *gags* and *hand-cuffs*, wondrous worth de-
 clare;
 Whose *whips* of thong, to radiant wire allied,
 Tickle with neatest touch the human hide.
 With rapture have I visited thy house,
 And marvell'd at thy vast extent of *nous*,
 Thanks to thy care that, 'midst its ample round,
 Soup, tea and toast, and coffee may be found,
 And wine, and punch, and porter, fresh'ning draught,
 Mending the monstrous *wear* and *tear* of thought.—

Soup, tea and toast, &c.]—‘To render the house of the Institution more pleasant and agreeable to such proprietors and subscribers as frequent it, an additional room has lately been set apart for their private and exclusive use:—this has been called the *conversation room*, and is distinguished by an inscription over the door. As conversation in the reading rooms could not fail to interrupt those who read, the managers are confident, that all those who frequent the house will be so sensible of the reasonableness of the regulation, as to abstain from conversation in the reading rooms when any person engaged in reading is present.

‘To render the conversation room still more useful and agreeable, it will be furnished with a collection of good maps; and, as soon as some necessary previous arrangements (which are now actually making) shall be finished, those who frequent this

Thus a *new birth* shall Rumford's glory tell,
And from its bowels spring a grand hotel!

Yet 'mid thine house's philosophic glooms,
Since conversation has its *private* rooms,
Extend the thought by love delicious led;
And give of Graham the *celestial bed*!
In would subscriptions like a torrent pour!
Nymphs of *delight* would leave each Cyprian
The bond-street loungers to thy call repair, [bower—
And form, like Smithfield, a perpetual fair.
Say, canst thou make (whose brains have not their
fellows)

Fire blow itself without a pair of bellows?
Soon shall we see a haunch, with equal wit,
Turn round and roast itself without a spit;
Fish without frying-pans come hot and hot,
And dumplings boil themselves without a pot
Nay more, *Automata* shall rise!—I see
A pin pursue, and pierce the nimble flea;
Now in the bedstead old, or in the rug,
Pluck from its lurking hole the wounded bug:—
Untouch'd, the handkerchief shall wrap the nose;
Untouch'd, the pen-knife cut the corn-clad toes;
Untouch'd, the comb the vermin tribe assail,
And scissars opening clip the finger nail—
The soap unaided the rich suds shall spread,
And razors trimly shave the beard and head;
Formal as Pitt the treasury bench shall rise,
And, bowing, ope the budget for *supplies*;
The church's *desk* put forth its pious pray'rs,
And Lincoln's pulpit preach like Parson Nares.

room will be furnished, at the most reasonable prices,
from the housekeeper's room below, with soups of
various kinds, tea, coffee, chocolate, and other re-
freshments.'—*Vide the Count's Journal.*

Preach like Parson Nares.]—A staunch stickling
parson for *preferment*, the salvation of souls, and
the state.—Newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, re-

Great man! the culinary tactics studying,
 Instructing *worlds* to eat a hasty pudding—
 To thee poor poets shall their offerings bring,
 Who roast like *me*, their victuals by a *string*,
 All struggling with a laudable intention,
 Who best shall praise thee for thy *vast invention*.
 And since thy skill (believe me not in joke)
 Contriveth *traps* to catch our London smoke;
 Soon, very soon, mayst thou proclaim aloud
 (Rare news for farmers), *traps* to catch a *cloud*—
 Quick on his *pris'ner* Hob will lay his hands,
 And tap his watery belly for the lands;

views, ballads, &c. proclaim the merits of our Lincoln's-Inn preacher.—The pulpit itself is a weekly witness of his various enthusiasm—He does not yet deem himself *properly* remunerated—Is there nothing more for the poor gaping priest?

Hasty pudding.—‘The hasty pudding being spread out equally on a plate, while hot, an excavation is made in the middle of it, with a spoon; into which excavation a piece of butter, as large as a nutmeg, is put; and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, or, more commonly, molasses. The butter being soon melted by the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar or molasses, and forms a sauce; which being confined in the excavation made for it, occupies the middle of the plate. The pudding is then eaten with—a spoon, each spoonful of it being dipt into the sauce, before it is carried to the mouth; care being had, in taking it up, to begin on the outside, or near the brim of the plate; and to approach the centre by regular advances, in order not to demolish too soon the excavation which forms the reservoir for the sauce.’

Such are the Count's culinary tactics in regard to the siege of a hasty pudding. Nobler generalship perhaps was never exhibited by Marlborough, Turenne, or even Bonaparte himself.

And thus our parsons will be sav'd the *pain*
Of putting Heaven *in mind* to send down rain.

O why will Scandal thus let loose her tongue,
And call the voice of Knowledge, Folly's song?
Great are the beauties of *association*!
What charming union, *soup* and *conversation*!
Assisting each the other with delight;
Thus babes are pleas'd their *alphabet* to bite;
And thus, without the harmless fraud discerning,
With *gingerbread* the urchins swallow *learning*.—
I know that Envy turns her head away,
And calls the Institution puppet play;
But, ah! in censure people should be *mild*;
Philosophy *herself* was once a *child*:
Yet still those rude sounds stab mine ear's poor drum;
'A bite—palaver—nonsense, fudge, a hum.'
In vain wits call thee (blasting thy machines)
'A walking bundle of old magazines.'
Believe me, immortality is sure:
Long as thy chimneys shall thy praise endure;
Oblivion ne'er shall swallow Rumford's name:
Aloft ascending, lo, thy *radiant fame*,
With thy own curling clouds of smoke shall rise,
And *sun-like* give them *lustre* on the skies!
I know they mock thee (in their laughter loose)
Because thou sweep'st a chimney with a *goose*;

Sweeps a chimney with a goose.]—The Count certainly lays claim to the invention of sweeping chimneys with a goose, by forcing down the animal alive, with a string about its neck, from the top of the chimney; when the poor creature, by flapping its wings, as it is pulled up and down, sends the soot about its business: but it is really an Irish discovery, used also to extinguish fires in chimneys, by which means the goose becomes roasted at no expense. No bad hint this, for the Count's economical system!

I know the world a jealous spirit fosters,
 And christens thee the weakest of *impostors*;
 'Stead of a war-horse, one of Folly's *hacks*;
 The *prince*, the *king*, the *emp'ror* of the *quacks*.
 Sir Joseph of thy journals makes his sport;
 Laughs at thy dinners, keeps thee from our court,
 Or long, *long* since hadst thou receiv'd commands
 To come and *lounge* at levees, and *kiss hands*.
 Yes! to eclipse thy blaze, behold him strain,
 And rummage the *dark coal-hole* of his *brain*;
 But not *one nob* is in it, do not doubt:
 All, long ago, (believe me) *all* burnt out!
 Too plain I see him (jealous of thy name),
 Try ev'ry *jockey trick* to *pass* thy fame:
 In vain! the fates against the knight combine—
 Strive as he list, the glorious race is *thine*:
 To snap more snakes, Sir Joseph means, I know,
 And swallow alligators in Soho:
 More tadpoles down his cable gullet pour,
 And frogs, and butterflies a mealy show'r:
 From hieroglyphics a *new name* he seeks,
 And tastes and pores on Babylonian bricks:

Laughs at thy dinners.]—Take, gentle reader, the Count's own words from his *own Journal*, on the subject of what he calls experimental dinners:—'In order that the proprietors and subscribers may be enabled to judge, from actual experiment, of the merit of any new method of cooking, or of any new dish that may be proposed, a *dining-room* has been built, and will soon be ready for use, at the house of the Institution, in which the managers will occasionally order *experimental dinners*, to which the proprietors and subscribers will be invited, as far as the accommodation will admit; the expense of such dinners to be defrayed by those who partake of them.'

Still, with his 'squire, the knight in *fancy* sees
Fame in his blankets—lobsters lodg'd in fleas;
And swearing that in future nought shall foil 'em,
Has order'd honest Jonas to *reboil* 'em.

Unrivall'd Rumford, ere I close my song,
Hear, hear an oracle from Peter's tongue:
Great scholarship with wisdom link'd are rare;
Yet these unite in thee, I do declare—
For scholars seldom are the most *discerning* :
'Tis true, each Priscian swallows *loads* of learning;
Yet a *poor moth* (that paper-idolizer)
Devouring wit, but not a *whit* the wiser.

O since, from ev'ry corner of our isle,
Books court thy hand to gain thy gracious smile;
Regard *my* offer, nor the trifle slight;
Receive a poet's *solitary mite*;
A *little* incense to embalm thy shrine;
A life exceedingly resembling *thine*;
The hist'ry of that hero with a *hunch*—
The *laughable*, th' immortal Mister Punch.

Still with his 'squire.]—Honest Jonas Dryander,
the *sine quo non* of Sir Joseph.

Still, with his name, the knight in armor
 I name to his friends—his name in honor;
 And trusting that his name shall tell you
 His noblest name—Jesse to repeat him.

Undoubtedly Rumford, the I chose my name;
 Hear, here an oracle from Peter's tongue:
 Great scholarship with wisdom link'd are rare;
 Yet there none is there, I do declare—

For scholars seldom are the most discerning;
 For true, each scholar follows words of learning;
 Yet a poor man (that prophet-holier)
 Devising it, but not a word the subject.

O since from his corner of our tale,
 Books count the end to give the glorious smile;
 Regard any other, not the right sight;
 Receive a poet's eagerly entry.

A little means to restrain my spirit;
 A little means to restrain my spirit;
 The history of that day with a touch—
 The language, the language, the language.

Still with his name—Honest Jesse Dyander,
 The name you know of the Joseph.

THE
ISLAND OF INNOCENCE;
A POETICAL EPISTLE
TO A FRIEND.

Yes, on thy simple isle, in Fancy's eye,
*Envy*ing I often look, and often sigh
In fancy rove thy small domain by day,
And, pleas'd, with thee in nightly visions stray.

THE
ISLAND OF INNOCENCE;
A POETICAL EPISTLE
TO A FRIEND.

Yet on thy simple tale, in Fancy's eye,
Reverend I often look, and often sigh
In fancy roam thy small domain by day,
And, pleas'd, with thee in nightly visions stray.

THE
ISLAND OF INNOCENCE;

A Poetical Epistle to a Friend.

TO thee, my friend, amid that peaceful Isle,
Where bounteous Nature blooms with sweetest
smile;

Where never Winter, on his northern blast,
Howls on the hill, and lays the valley waste;

To thee, my friend.]—A gentleman whom the author of this poem met by the merest accident, on a small island situated near the Gulf of Mexico.—His companions were his wife, a most lovely woman, and four beautiful children, whose history would form an interesting romance:—persecuted by their parents for a mutual love attachment, they forsook their native country (America), to seek some distant asylum. On their voyage they were wrecked; but fortunately escaped with their lives, and preserved their property. Finding the little island on which they were thrown, to be in possession of a few inhabitants of the most perfect simplicity of manners, and the most lively friendship; pleased also with the salubrity as well as beauty and fertility of the spot, they adopted the resolution of passing their days in

O'er a pale sun, the cloud of horror throws,
 And buries Nature in his vast of snows;
 Ah, no! where endless Summer, ever gay,
 Opes a pure ether to the orb of day;
 That gilds the tree, and flower, and grassy blade,
 And works his threads of gold in ev'ry glade;
 To thee, my friend, where shrubs of incense rise,
 And pour their grateful fragrance to the skies;
 Where rills, in wanton mazes, wind away,
 Diffusing health and plenty, as they play;
 Where the rich treasures of the pine reside,
 And orange-branches bend with golden pride;
 Where from the boughs of odour, mingled notes
 Of rapture warble from a thousand throats;
 And blest, from vale to vale the cooing dove
 Wings with his mate, and teaches man to love;
 To thee, I yield the Muse's artless line,
 And envy all the blessings that are thine.

Yes, on thy simple isle, in fancy's eye,
*Envy*ing I often look, and often sigh;
 In fancy rove thy small domain by day,
 And, pleas'd, with thee in nightly visions stray;
 Behold thee happy at thy wonted toil,
 And mark the blossoms of a fruitful soil:
 While at thy side thy Julia plants the ground,
 With all her little progeny around;
 Who study shrubs and flow'rs with eager eyes,
 And learn of *simple* Nature to be *wise*.

Pleas'd to explore the insect world, they rove,
 Tribes of the flood, and minstrels of the grove;
 With all the varying species of the field,
 Whose forms and lives delight, and wisdom yield;
 this remote corner of the globe; convinced that the
 most perfect happiness resides oftener in simplicity
 than splendour. Their opinion soon became realised:
 fond of the innocent natives, and equally beloved
 again, the delightful little republic flourished under
 their auspices, and restored the golden age.

Display the page of Providence's plan,
That shows his wondrous works to wond'ring man.

No wish is theirs (forbid it, Heav'n!) to hurt,
To wound, and murder a poor wretch in sport;
To lift the tube of death, with hostile eye,
And dash a fluttering victim from his sky;
To bait with writhing worms the barb'rous hook,
And drag the finny nation from their brook:
Justly forbid the cruelty to know,
And gather pleasure from the pangs of woe!

Blest on their boughs, the squirrel tribes they see,
And call the hungry urchins from their tree,
Who, fearless, hast'ning at the kind command,
Fly to their food, and court th' extended hand;
Now scud in playful gambols o'er the plain,
And, fully feasted, seek their groves again.
And now they beckon to the feather'd throng;
Forth fly, in flocks, the little bands of song;
They hop, and chirp, and flutter round each head,
Pleas'd to be call'd, and anxious to be fed.
At length content, they flicker to their spray,
Adjust their plumes, and pour the thankful lay.

Now, happy, to the stream they haste to feed,
With liberal hand, the little finny breed:
Fearless of danger, lo, the sportive fry,
Mount to the water's brim with watchful eye,
And leaping oft as urging hunger calls,
Meet the dropp'd crumb, and catch it ere it falls.
Such are the blisses of thy girls and boys,
And such the blisses innocence enjoys.

Oh, when will Britons list to reason's voice,
And, chang'd, no more in cruelty rejoice?
How nobler thus t' address the harmless hare:
'Child of the field, O come beneath my care;
Safe in thy lonely slumber pass the day,
Along the moonlight hills in safety stray;
No dog is mine, nor engine that destroys;
Peace to thy loves, and all thy nightly joys:

When Heav'n's kind bounty made those valleys *mine*,
 Heav'n made the freedom of those valleys *thine*.
 How nobler to the winter's bird to say,
 'Poor stranger, welcome from thy stormy way,
 Drop in my groves, enjoy the tepid springs,
 And lodg'd in peace, repose thy wearied wings;
 The food and shelter of my valleys share;
 Like *me*, a child of Providence's care.'
 How nobler to the finny tribe to say,
 'Yours be the rills that 'midst my pastures stray;
 Enjoy your sports, enjoy the sunny beam;
 Health form your food, and wholesome keep your
 stream;

Torn be the net, and broken be the hook,
 That wanton carry *death* into your brook;
 The Pow'r who gave to mortals ev'ry good,
 Forgets not *yours*, his infants of the flood.
 Humanity, how few thy merits see!
 How scarce the altars that are rais'd to *thee*!
 Nymph of the tender heart, and melting eye,
 Vain o'er the savage Million is the sigh!
 O could thy gentle spirit more impart
 Of softness, sweetness, to the human heart!
 But lo, by cruel Nature led astray,
 The *runder* passions rule with boisterous sway;
 Drown'd is thy voice—a zephyr's sigh—no more!
 The murm'ring rill 'midst ocean's mighty roar!
 On plumes of down, my friend, *thy* moments fly,
 Peace in thy heart, and pleasure in thine eye!
 Thy cot, though humble, all the virtues there,
 Forbid an entrance to a sigh or tear.

Yes! oft in fancy's eye thy cot I view
 Enwrapp'd with vines and flow'rs of vivid hue;
 The pebbled avenue, the murm'ring spring,
 Crowded with fearless birds of various wing,
 That sportive flutter, pouring happy lay,
 A mingled minstrelsy the live-long day;

The Winter's bird.]—The Woodcock.

And oft, on fancy's ear, thy Julia's lute,
Whose melting sounds the soul of pity suit,
Complaining die; and oft I hear again
A loud, a happy, cheerful grateful strain,
Join'd by a little offspring's throats that raise
The song of wonder in their Maker's praise.
Sweet is the humble pray'r that Heav'n implores!
Divine the voice of mortal that adores
In fancy, too, I see, beneath thy care,
The simple natives at thy stories stare
Of street and churches, palaces and tow'rs,
And busy million that through London pours;
And animals that stately, stout, and strong,
Drag to a rout a golden house along;
Alas! with many a wondrous sight beside,
Begot by luxury, and nurs'd by pride.
Yet fond of these our *wonders* should they sigh,
And cast to Britain's scenes a wishful eye;
O give the hist'ry of our horrid deeds;
Proclaim how love laments, and friendship bleeds!
How virtue pines, how merit hides the head,
And pity steals to tombs, to mourn the dead:
Paint all the horrors of domestic strife,
And give the gilded snares of polish'd life;
Tell tales of Fortune, at whose tinsel shine,
Fools daily kneel, and for her favour pine;
Who, when she yields, means only to beguile—
Fate in her hand, and ruin in her smile.

O paint our dungeons, where, with putrid breath,
The wretch, desponding, pants, and sighs for death:
Paint the poor felon, doom'd, ah! doom'd to die,
Wan the pale cheek, and horror-struck the eye;
With languid limbs that droop to earth in pain,
Press'd, loaded, lab'ring with a clanking chain;
While, on the stillness of the midnight air,
Sad moans the voice of Mis'ry and Despair:
Paint all the horrors of the midnight shade,
Theft's iron crow, and Murder's reeking blade.

Paint the poor objects that we hourly meet,
 The wrecks of beauty crowding every street;
 Daughters of Innocence, ere Demon Art
 Won on the weakness of too soft a heart;
 And doom'd to infamy the tender kiss,
 Due to pure love alone and wedded bliss.
 Paint courts, whose sorceries, too seducing bind,
 In chains, in shameful slavish chains, the mind;
 Courts, where unblushing Flatt'ry finds the way,
 And casts a cloud o'er Truth's eternal ray.
 And quote the sage, who courts had serv'd and
 known:—

' O Crassus, let me fly, and live alone:
 Though much I love thee, let our commerce end,
 Nor from his solitude recall thy friend.
 Thanks to the gods, my servile hours are o'er,
 And, oh, let Mem'ry mention courts no more!'

Behold the courtier—there the eye surveys
 A willow crawling to each form with ease:
 But mark the man in rigid virtue bred,
 An oak! in majesty he lifts the head;
 Asserts his freedom, base controul defies,
 And tow'ring hides his branches in the skies.
 Friend of my heart, nor let thy sail unfold,
 To court Peru, with all her hills of gold;
 Nor court her sister Mexico, whose ore,
 Possess'd by demons, *curses* ev'ry shore!
 The splendid mischief usher'd to thy vale,
 What but a *plague* that taints with death the gale?
 Too soon the imp would blast the sacred scene,
 And damn of innocence the cherub reign!
 Fame, Justice, own th' omnipotence of gold;
 Nay, blushing modesty herself is sold.
 Alas! one virtue more illumines the mind:
 Then all its envied wealth illumines Ind.

And quote the sage.]—A philosopher named
 Alexander, the friend of Crassus.

Own'd be my folly—yes (seduc'd my eye)
I saw the golden mountains with a *sigh* ;
Saw with delight the fatal mischief shine,
And envied ev'n the *slave* that dug the mine.
How like the foolish insect of the night,
That leaves his cell, to seize the taper's light !
Pleas'd and unconscious of the treach'rous rays,
He hugs his fate, and dies amid the *blaze*.

From thine, how diff'rent is my lot!—Alas!
In calms of sunshine while thy moments pass,
Mine, 'midst the murky clouds that life deform,
Unequal rush, and mingle with the storm.
Fir'd with the love of rhyme, and, let me say,
Of virtue too, I pour'd the moral lay ;
Much like Saint Paul (who solemnly protests
He battled hard at Ephesus with *beasts*),
I've fought with lions, monkeys, bulls, and bears,
And got half Noah's ark about my ears :
Nay worse ! (which all the courts of justice know)
Fought with the *brutes* of Paternoster-Row.

How like the foolish insect.]—My readers will quickly perceive that this allusion is not new, though differently applied.

Ow'd be my fall—(sigh'd my eye)
 I saw the golden mountains with a sigh;
 Saw with thee the fatal midnight sail;
 And cover'd up the stars that had the mine.
 Flow like the hidden river of the night,
 That years ago to help the tower's light;
 Fling'd and unceremonious of the tower's light;
 The tower's light, and clear with the light.

From this, how did I feel as my fall—
 In some of the mountains with the mountains pass;
 Alas, amidst the many clouds that the dawn,
 I caught with me, and mine with the storm.
 Fling'd with the love of mine, and let me say,
 Of vision too, I gave the mortal eye;
 Much like the Saint Paul (who solemnly protests
 He had the hand of the heavens with the stars),
 I've fought with the monks, monks, monks, and bears,
 And got half the world's best about my eyes;
 My tower, (sigh'd) all the course of justice (now)
 Fought with the birds of the mountain—How.

How like the Yacote's tower,—my readers will
 quickly perceive that this allusion is not new, though
 differently applied.

How like the Yacote's tower,—my readers will
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THE
MIDDLESEX ELECTION;
OR,
POETICAL EPISTLES,

In the Devonshire Dialect,
BY MR. JOSEPH BUDGE IN LONDON,
TO
LORD ROLLE, AT WEYMOUTH.



Voakes talk a deal of Fox, Burdett,
And Sheridan, and make me sweat,
To hear their lees—I doubt mun—
Zome cry mun up az thoff divine;
And if they do in manners shine,
I wish they'd carr't about mun.

TWO
MIDDLESEX ELECTION;

ON
POLITICAL EPISTLES,

In the Devonshire District,

BY MR. JOSEPH HUNTER IN LONDON,

TO

LORD ROLLE, AT WEYMOUTH.



Forbear with a deal of Fox, Blandish,
And Sheridan, and make me wiser;
To hear their lies—I should have
Known cry men up as they deserve;
And if they do in wisdom's place,
I wish they'd court I should know.

A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

THOU must know, O most courteous reader, that Mr. Joseph Budge is not a *fictitious* name, a mere creation of the fertile brain of me, Peter Pindar, Esquire; but the actual name, real name of a man and a hero, who was the actual 'squire and attendant, and mentor of my great countryman, Lord Rolle, and who fought with him in his Irish campaigns, and partook of the various skirmishes and battles that now illuminate the pages of history, and immortalize the present reign. Mr. Budge, ambitious of cutting a figure on Parnassus as well as in the field, and resolving to give his great patron a specimen of his great historico-poetical abilities, found a subject in the Middlesex Election.

Joseph being therefore on the spot, and an eyewitness of the scene, felt a divine impulse; and, like the Mantuan Bard, exclaimed, '*Paulo majora canamus* ; and became the historian of a most important event.—The letters were written at the once much-frequented house of a worthy peruke-maker in

Wyche-street, and sent to his lordship at Weymouth, enjoying the smiles of his sovereign, as well as the inspiring and salutary fragrance of sea-weed and mud. In respect to the execution, Mr. Joseph Budge seems to possess a genius very much like that of Mr. John Ploughshare, of Morton Hamstead in Devonshire, who a few years since wrote a poem of extraordinary merit and celebrity:—the same provincial expression—the same spirit—the same happy vein of humour—the same mode of thinking, would induce us to imagine that they must be the inspirations of the *same* genius.—*Ovo prognatus eodem.*

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MR. JOSEPH BUDGE

TO

MY LORD ROLLE.

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LETTER I.

AND now, my lord, I've zot me down
 To write vrom theese perdigious town,
 Vill'd with more *sin* than *grace*;
 Learge az Jerusalem, I'm tould,
 Aye, or az Babylon of ould,
 Zo wonderzom the place.

Ex'ter's a fool to't, let me zay,
 And zo is Plimmoth ev'ry day—
 The howzes high and big;
 And in the parlours, too, zo neat,
 Where all the gentry munch their met,
 I've never zeed a *pig*.

No, nor a hin*, making a rout,
 With chicken rennin in and out,
 Hunting about the room;
 Nor goose-checks, no, nor gabbling ducks,
 Flapping their wings all wet and mucks,
 And quaakin vor a crume.

Pig.—In many of the farm-houses and villages,
 pigs and poultry are generally parlour-boarders.

* Hen.

Things be quite diff'rent here, my lord,
 They be, they be, upon my word—
 Fine clath upon the vloors;
 Fine chairs, fine pictures 'pon the wall;
 Fine glasses in the sarvants'-hall,
 Brass locks upon the doors.

O Lord, my lord, I'm in a maze,
 I do so look about and glaze,
 Just leek a stinking hare;
 And than the vokes!—Lord, what a heap!
 Thick as the meggots 'pon a sheep—
 I'm always in a fair.

And than the ladies, zuch a rout,
 Walking and gigling zo about,
 All in their silks and lace;
 And though zo fine, they make me stap,
 Geeing my shoulder a small rap,
 And zmilng in my face.

But meend, my lord, that I've be tould
 Thoose gentry may be bort and zold
 Leek bullocks or leek sheep;
 And thoff zo handzom, vor small pins,
 One now and then mert* buy their skins—
 How wonderzomly cheap!

But now, my lord, vor gerter things,
 Vor now I'll screw my fiddle-strings,
 Forsooth, a leett† *bit higher*:
 The vokes nere thoft that Middlesex
 Would rear its head the curt to vex—
 But the fat is in the vire.

And now, my lord, you may believe
 I shaant be laughin in my sleeve,
 And telling packs o' lees;
 And yet, zo zur az I can spy,
 From London people's mouths they fly
 In swarms, like swarms of bees.

* Might.

† Little.

Therevore, whatever I shall write,
 No soul shall zay it is not right—
 They shaant zay no zich thing;
 And if I tell the truth, and zo,
 I'll gee ye leave, my lord, to show
 My letter to the king.

Vor well I know that ev'ry day
 You've zomething clever to'n to zay,
 You be so wondrous frisky;
 Vor when at Ex'ter, if you meend,
 You often teel'd un all an eend
 To laugh leek any pisky.

Well now, my lord, than to begin,
 The curt voke wodn't gee a pin
 T'ensure their man, Mainwaring;
 When (who'd a thort it?) *fath and soul,
 Out leap'd Sir Francis vrom his hole,
 And zot us all a staring.

But never meend, we baant afeard;
 Vor, sir, az zur as I've a heard,
 We all shall ha our wish;
 Burdett wull zoon look dev'lish blue,
 And zo we shaant much meend the crew,
 No more than stinking vish.

When at Ex'ter.—When his majesty did the city of Exeter the honour of a visit, Mr. Jan Rolle (afterwards his *lordship*) endeavoured to crack a few jokes in the royal presence, to display to the people his familiarity with crowned heads: one was most *unsuccessful*, as it carried stronger marks of *impudence* than *wit*; for, on introducing a country clergyman at the levee, 'An please your medgesty,' cried the 'squire, 'Passon —, a very good subject, and, leek your medgesty, hath *made* a howzevull o' cheldren.'

Teel'd un all an eend.—To place in a state of much expectation.

* A small oath.

But still to make shor o' the game,
 The curt hunth out the blind and lame,
 And mainly stir their stumps;
 Zo that I think the game is shor,
 If Fortune is n't a d——d old wh——,
 As we have got the *trumps*.

Burdett waant do, my lord, he waant;
 He can't succeed—he can't, he can't:
He conquer us, the scab!
He, that ne'er renn'd a race before;
 'Yes, you're a *racer*, to be sure,'
 Cried the Devil to the crab.

Mainwaring is a clever justice—
 In *he*, Lord, every body's trust is—
 Burdett's a ratten meddler;
 Volks shud tern round and zee their backs,
 And meend old proverbs—*Little packs*
Become a little pedlar.

He zaid he did not care a lowze
 About his setting in the Howze;
 But that, my lord's, a hum:
 Zee how he beggth and stirth his zell—
 A fellow must love bacon well,
 To kiss the old sow's b—m.

Burdett shud cast accounts at Coote's—
 The counting-howze his genius soots,
 And there he may be saving;
 There he may sheen, and be a king;
 A *handsaw* is a useful thing,
 But never made for *shaving*.

Mainwaring is a clever man,
 Doth ev'ry bit o' good he can,
 Az ev'ry one believes;
 Attendth the office very duly,
 Never takth bribes—behaving truly,
 And hangth a power o' thieves.

And then a hath a power o' spies,
To zee that no rebellion rise,
And markth down all black sheep;
And thoose he dooth suspect, he zens
To Aris, to vill up his pens,
And there in clover sleep.

They've got the sheriffs, whose damn'd droat
Approve their own poor ratten votes,
While ours they dare deny-all;
Cunning anew there—to secure ye,
A fox should not be of the jury
Upon a goose's trial.

And should Sir Francis git the day,
Lord! what will all the country zay?
Why, that it gitt'th a rogue—
Burdett and Middlesex agree!
Agosh! a marriage it will be,
Between a cat and dog.

Look to the public howzes all:
I've beed into mun gert and small,
Drink'd beer from ev'ry tap;
Mainwaring's health went always round,
With zich a noble clattering sound,
With zich a glorious clap!

Think o' their impudence, his crew—
They zet up zich a hallebulloo,
Close by the palace doors!
Just like a pack o' lyons roar'd,
They did, the dogs—they did, my lord,
The saucy sons of wh—.

I wish that I'd a beed the king,
I'd a made jobbernowls to ring,
And cool'd mun var ther bras;
The maids of honour should a got
In ev'ry hand a chumber pot,
And wash'd mun all leek shags.

Vokes said it was a burnin shame,
 Disgrace, too, to the English name,
 To zet up zich a howl;
 The *soldiers* shud a help'd the crown,
 And shet mun just like sparrows down,
 And sent mun to the Dowl.

Zome zay ther gang have sense and larnin :
 Why then, it is, to my disarnin,
 Good wine in filty flasks;
 Or, if you please, my lord, good beer,
 Zich as you brew in Devonsheer,
 Put into stinking casks.

I'll do my best to make mun zick :
 I daant know that my oaken stick,
 Wull do *much* execution;
 But zich as 'tis, they're welcome to't,
 And with my oaken stick to boot,
Good-will and resolution.

Agosh! I long to try a bout
 With zom o' Burdett's rabble rout;
 I'd quickly pug their guts:
 I'd gee mun zich a lammin* lick,
 I'd make mun of elections zick;
 I'd gee mun all the butts.

If courage wull but win the day,
 By gosh, my lord, I'll nack away;
 I'll zoon be in their beef;
 Now if I could Sir Francis meet,
 All by his zelf, and in the street,
 Dam un I'd whapt† the thief.

On e'er a one o' mun, agosh,
 A pack o' saucy trumperry trosh,
 That stiddy nort but treason—
 On zich rare fellows let *me* looze,
 Zoon as I'd kill a duck or gooze,
 I'd sliver ev'ry weasen.

* Violent. † Beat.

I'll answer I'd nack down my zell;
 Iss, to the ground, I'd waage, I'd fell,
 A dezzin to my share:
 When I'm put to't, Dowl take my skin!
 Life's not worth a grammar's pin—
 I'm mad az a march hare.

And that Burdett may vend perchance:
 I think that we shall make un daunce,
 Or hugely I'm mistaken;
 Agosh! az I zee metters go,
 And perty well I simm to know,
 The rogues waant save their bacon.

Mainwaring made a perty speech,
 As vur's my judgment well could reach;
 And what he cou'd, he dood;
 He made poor work o'Cold-bath howze—
 The trap that wishth to catch a mowze,
 Shud never smell of *blood*.

My lord, I giss you wish to hear
 What vokes palaver here and there,
 All about 'Squire Pitt's disgrace:
 Ah, Lord! poor disappointed fellow,
 I daant believe he gitt'th zo mellow,
 Not zince he lost his place.

I zeed'n in St. James's street:
 Close by his howze, we chanc'd to meet:
 'Ah! Budge,' zaid he to *me*,
 'How doth Lord Rolle do, by the bye?—'
 'Hearty's a farmer, sir,' zaid I—
 'And how be you, sir—hæ?'

'Why, Budge,' zaid he (but looking blue),
 'Thank God, that I be well enew,
 Considerin ev'ry thing:'
 He zaid it too in zich a way,
 As plain as thoff I heard un zay,
 'Oh, Budge, I've lost the king.'

You know, my lord, when in wet weather
 You and me play'd at put together,
 The *king* would win the *knave*;
 The queen, you know, cou'd do zo too—
 Slam off a went, without more ado:
 Nort could his bacon save.

But, Lord! in curts 'tis alter'd quite:
 Ev'n *I*, with my poor bliaking sight,
 Zee quite a diff'rent thing—
 Vur there, agosh! 'tis not the same;
 For there they *backwards* play the game,
 And *knaves* can win a *king*.

I speak not in 'Squire Pitt's despraise,
 Because you simm'd to leeke his ways,
 Though by zum vokes abhorr'd—
 You, to be shore, wan't let'n down,
 Who did so worry the poor crown
 To dub a gert lord.

For hadn't it beed for Mister Pitt,
 I daant think *we* had got the wit
 To get the pretty feather.
 And let me zay t'ye, fath and soul,
 You still had been but poor 'Squire Rolle,
 Nether one thing nor tether—

That is, my lord, nothing at all,
 Nor high, nor low, nor gert, nor small;
 In short, what vokes call *fudge*.
 And now, my lord, by the next post,
 I'll write if things be winn'd or lost—
 Your sarvant, Joseph Budge.

CONTENTS TO LETTER II.

Mr. Budge proudly triumpheth in the Prospect of Success—is inclined to curse Sir Francis and his Party—is jealous of Mr. Fox, Lord William Russel, and Sheridan—describeth the Cavalcade—he is witty on the Virtues of the Patriots—Mr. Budge is violent towards the Ladies that wished well to the Cause of Sir Francis—Very ungallant is Mr. Budge indeed—he enumerateth the Duties of Women—Mr. Budge commenceth an Attack on the charming Duchesses that employed their Interest for Sir Francis—draweth a Comparison between the Duchesses and a great Lady and a great Man—He giveth an Account of an odd Fellow that came every Day, in a Lawyer's Dress, before the Hustings, and harangued the Counsellors of Mainwaring, viz. Sylvester and Maddox, and Mr. Mainwaring the worthy Candidate himself—Mr. Budge greatly hurt at the Exhibition of Irons, Whips, &c. the insignia of his Excellency Governor Aris, of the Cold-bath-fields Goal, commonly called the Bastille—he wisheth this Bastille the Fate of his great Brother and Predecessor of France—Mr. Budge displeased at his Treat-

ment by the Mob—The Aperture of Mr. Budge's loyal Mouth unfortunately filled with a Cabbage-stump—treated in a most ungentlemanly Manner—hustled—robbed—He reproveth the Mob—Mr. Budge's Conversation with one of the Mob, more consequential than edifying—Mr. Budge concludeth in a Strain of Exultation and Defiance, with less Sublimity than Isaiah on the Downfall of the King of Babylon, but with equal Rage and Abuse.

LETTER II.

THINGS go on zwimmingly, my lord:
 Dree hundred votes a head we've scor'd—
 Dree hundred! aye, and more.
 Had I ten thousand pounds, d'ye zee,
 I wuddn't one brass vardin gee,
 To make th' election shore.

To help a lame dog, there's that Fox,
 And there's Lord William, with a p—x;
 And Sheridan the Devil—
 Aye, let mun go—but poor Burdett
 Wull vend to's cost, that zich a set
 Wull gee his *corn* the *wevil*.

They ride to Brentford to harangue—
 Lord! how I lang to shet* the gang,
 They make me look dam zour;
 With gert good will vor theese black job,
 I'd take my wetch out o' my fob,
 And cuss mun by *the hour*.

In coaches vull as they could stuff,
 Damn mun, off zot the blue and buff,
 Parading droo the Strand;
 Zich holding up of derty paws,
 Zich waving hats, and zich huzzas,
 Enough to stun the land!

* Shoot.

With mizzick, too, G-d d—n their bones,
 Crowds, horns, and organs, with their groans,
 Zich as we hear in charch;
 Now, had they ax'd me vor a tune,
 Well had Iss* vitted mun, and zoon,
 I'd gid mun the *Rogue's March*.

Amongst the derty, lowzy crew,
 There's zich a touse and hallibulloo,
 Enew to stun ould Nick;
 With zich a mob, too, to their tails,
 Peek'd, I suppose, vrom all the jails,
 Leek meggots all zo thick.

Vokes talk a deal of Fox, Burdett,
 And Sheridan, and make us sweat
 To hear their leest†—I doubt mun—
 Zome cry mun up as thoff divine;
 And if they do in manners shine,
 I wish they'd carr't about, mun.

Peepel should *practise* what they know;
 Or where's the use of it, I trow?
 No, no, I'm not the fool
 To think that they have much to *spare*;
 Vor he that goeth vor *manners* there,
 Goeth to a goat vor wooll.

The women, too, the bissy jades!
 Zome o' mun *gentlevokes*, zome *trades*,
 Push vore their polls from windors,
 And toss their hankitchers about:
 I wish I had the rabble rout
 One minute in my grinders.

I'd gee the devils zich a squeeze,
 I'd make mun look zo small as meeze‡,
 Well chow'd by our ould cat.
 Iss, iss, I'd gee mun zich a grip,
 I'd bang mun well, had I a whip,
 I'll warrant mun vor *that*.

* I.

† Lies.

‡ Mice.

Iss, iss, I'd make the madams squall,
I'd lerrick* mun—iss, one and all—

I'd pent their pretty skins.

What bissen† have *they* to rant and stare,
And hoist their nackens‡ in the air,
And show their nasty grins?

What bissens ha wimmen wey election,
That should be always in subjection,
And know we be their lords?

Zwunds, let mun meend their howze and stitching,
And net be vor election itching—

We want none o' their words.

Their bissens is to *wash* and *mend*,
And car and vetch, and husbands tend,
Make puddins, pies, and tarts;
Zee that their maidens meend their broom,
To zweep the spiders, cleanse the room,
And wash the shefts and sharts.

The ditchesses be mainly blamed;
Vokes zay they mert be all asham'd
To trollop with the men.

My lord, vor sartinty I know
Thoose ditchesses must never show
The nose at curt agen.

If well they wud their zels demean,
Let mun take pattern from the ——,
That jewel o' a oman;
Zo good, zo generous to the nation;
Zo kind to ev'ry poor relation;
A thing zo main uncommon.

In Windsor when there was zich bustle
About a member, zich a tussel,
Did *she* go round to vokes,
And zay, 'If you daant vote for Powny,
Meend, not a vurdin of my money
Shall go to you vor smocks?'

* Beat. † Business. ‡ Handkerchiefs.

Did *she* run round her *zell*, and maids,
 To shopkeepers and wother trades,
 And moil and make a fuss?
 Zay to the mercer, 'Maister Inkle,'
 And to the yishman, 'Maister Wrinkle,
 'You geef your vote for us.

'We be great peeples, Maister Inkle;
 We be rish peeples, Maister Wrinkle,
 And haf a goote long puss;
 And dan we haf grete pow'r, mine Gote!
 Now dink 'pon diss, and give your vote,
 Vid out more vords, vor us.'

Or did vokes hear zich zounds az thoose,
 'Must vote, must vote, mustn't refuse:
 No, no—hæ, hæ—no, no,
 Won't buy—won't buy a broom or mop—
 Hæ, hæ, won't recommend your shop—
 My borough—must, must be so.

'My borough this, hæ, hæ, Tape, Tape,
 Shan't come and buy my coat a cape,
 Shan't purchase at your shop—
 Must vote for Powny—must, must vote,
 Or mind I never buy a coat,
 No, no, man—not one slop.'

My lord, you tould me in your laast,
 You wish'd to know 'bout all that past.
 My lord now you shall hear:
 A fellow, but we daant know *who*,
 Belonging to the wother crew,
 Com'd vore, and talk'd dam queer;

Com'd vore the hustins ev'ry day,
 And leek a lawyer talk'd away,
 In a lawyer's wig and gown;
 Made our poor counsel cursed zick,
 Tich'd Counsellor Maddox to the quick,
 And nack'd Sylvester down.

Zay'd to Mainwaring zich hard things,
Zwear'd that he was a tool o' kings,
And kiss'd the tail o' Pitt;
That az vor glory, or disgrace,
Az long as he could hold his *place*,
He did not care a nit.

That az vor Englishmen he thort,
'Twas best their commons should be short,
A gang of saucy knaves;
That geeves and whips, and little met,
Wud manners (what they wanted) get,
Full good enew vor *slaves*.*

The varmint* had got wit at will,
And gid the lawyers *zich* a pill,
Though a wasn't worth a shilling;
I must zay this, I vow to G-d,
A was zo comical a toad,
He zot us all a grilling.

Maddox stood buff, and stood it out,
Though soundly pull'd, fath, by the snout,
He veel'd zom ugly blows:
But poor Sylvester, he poor soul,
Just leek a mowze, sneak'd to his hole,
And never show'd his nose.

I wish your lordship had be there,
To zee the saucy dog, and hear
Zome lees, and zome things true;
His wit was leek a two-edged sword,
And I do really think, my lord,
He was a match vor *you*.

My lord, it nearly tern'd my brains,
To zee the vetters, whips, and chains,
They carr'd about the town;
Sound of *Bastille* mak'th menmy quiver,
And petrifieth their very liver—
I wish the place was down.

* Vermin.

Vor why?—becaze 'tis *zich* a *name*,
I shud not grieve to zeet in flame.

I'm cruelly afeer'd
The chains wull do the cause no good:
They push'd mun nearly as they could
Up to Mainwaring's beard.

My lord, I daant leek Lendon ways:
Vor hap'ning 'mongst the mob to praise
Mainwaring—zounds, at once,
One scoundrel gid my tail a kick,
Anether, with a slammin stick,
Com'd souse upon my *sconce*.

'Tis true my pate was roundly maul'd:
I open'd than my mouth and bawl'd
Mainwaring and his cause;
Bevore I clos'd my mouth again,
A rascal ramm'd, with mert and main,
A colestump in my jaws.

And than they hustled me about,
Drode me along, the rabble rout,
And what was worse—odd chuck it!
Zoon as I got up vrom the ground,
Where I lied sprawling, Lord! I vound
The dogs had peek'd my pucket.

My puckethankitcher and gloves
I neatly lost between their shoves—
Confound mun with a p-x!
A corkscrew and a penny bun,
And, ah! the worst of all the fun,
My poor old backy-box.

'You ought to be asham'd,' zaid I,
To one o' mun that stude close by,
'To sarve one *zich* a trick.
'Wud Ex'ter vokes ha sarv'd one zo?'
Quoth I to'n—'no, they wud'n—no—
They'd zooner zee Old Nick.'

Zo then they laugh'd—'pon which, quoth I,
 ' I'll tell my lord of this by'n by,
 And zend ye all to jail.'

Quoth one, and winking with his eye,
 ' What lord dost mean ?'—' Lord Rolle,' zaid I;
 ' He'll make ye drap your tail.'

' Lord Rolle,' quoth he, ' may come and kiss
 ' My'—' what ?' quoth I.—Quoth he, ' Why *this*,'
 And then he tack'd his rump.
 Zaid I, ' I'll tel'n o't, be ashor'd;
 Dam me if I daant tell my lord,
 And *he* shall make thee jump.'

Zo zays the rogue, ' With all my soul,
 And give my sarvice to Lord Rolle—
 I've heerd a deal about'n.'
 Zaid I, ' *No harm*, ye dog, dost zee.'
 ' No, nor no good, by G-d,' zaid he.
 Lord! how I lang'd to *clout'n*!

But let mun bluster it away,
 Let the poor jackasses all bray,
 Their bacon waant be saa'd;
 Their poverty is plain anew,
 The devils wull zoon ha all the crew:
Bald pates be quickly shav'd.

Stap, stap a leet, and we shall zee
 Who will the lords and measters be—
 They'll ha no cause to laugh;
 There wull be bellowing enow,
 Egosh! exactly leek a cow,
 Just parted vrom her calf,

POSSKREP.

WULL ye be pleas'd, my lord, to go,
 Jest run to G—— L——, or zo,
 You know 'tis but a stap;
 And ax the sarvants, they can tell,
 If any old cloaths they've got to zel,
 Becaze I've got a chap.

Or candle-eends, or some zich thing,
 Belonging to the —— or ——,
 Wud vet a perty penny.
 Pray trat away, and ax my lord,
 And be zo kind to zend me word,
 My lord, if there be enny.

I'm told old gowns, zome good, zome bad,
 And cheap too, may zometimes be had,
 Smocks, hankitchers, and shoes;
 And wother sorts of ladies geer,
 Little the worse, I'm told, vor wear,
 That vokes may peek and chuse.

Pray go, and try your hand, my lord:
 Ax lady——, and zend me word,
 Vor all I zay is true;
 I want zome finery for my dame;
 Zo that, my lord, I'll do the same
 Vor Lady Rolle and you.

And could I get a king's old wig,
 Lord! I shud look zo fine and big,
 The parish wud zo stare!
 And, as the man's upon the spot,
 Ax Curnel Gwyn if he hath got
 Zome babby-cloaths to spare.

I think I have no more to say,
But that my dame and I both pray
Vor yours and madam's soul;
And hopes (if we may crack a joke)
That Ex'ter and the Devonshire voke
May never want a *Roll*.

I think I have no more to say,
 But that my name and I both pray
 For yours and England's good;
 And hope (if we may catch a word)
 That next and the next time we meet
 May never want a Roll.

CONTENTS TO LETTER III.

Mister Budge seemeth in a most terrible Funk about the Election—prognosticateth woefully—Mister Budge talketh mercifully of his Excellency Governor Aris—repeateth a short and pithy Speech of the Mob to the Soldiers that guarded Governor Aris's Castle, also the loyal and brave Reply of the Soldiers to the Mob, proving themselves to be a Sort of State-machines—Mr. Budge painteth the Abhorrence of the People to Governor Aris's Dwelling and Jail, and his Mode of Treating his Prisoners—Mr. Budge very impartially summeth up the Matter, and subscribeth to the Punishment of Governor Aris, provided his Guilt can be fully established—the same Impartiality likewise in respect to Mr. Pitt, the great Friend and Patron of Governor Aris—Mister Budge breaketh out into Strains of Pity—Mister Budge most naturally professeth a Scepticism, that is to say, doubts, concerning the Cruelty of Governor Aris—Mister Budge most heroically supporteth Mister Mainwaring, and, with his poetical Cat-'o-nine-tails, belaboureth the Backs of

his Calumniators—he triumpheth in his own Discernment, and becometh positively vain-glorious—Mister Budge descanteth sensibly on the Fallibility of Rumour, and the sad Consequence of believing every idle Report—bringing in Kings and Bishops, and the Lord knows who—Mister Budge talketh of Scandal—not even the most virtuous, the most meek, the most humble, the most æconomical Lady of the Land, free from the Aspersions of Scandal—Mister Budge counselleth Sir Francis, and concludeth most epigrammatically.

LETTER III.

O LORD! my lord! Lord, what d'ye think?
 Our cause, I fear, beginn'th to stink,
 But God Allmerty knows;
 'Tis thort by menny that Burdett
 Will gee the justice a d—mn'd sweat,
 And zend'n to the crows.

Zome zay Burdett wull git the field—
 The mob vor'n all be mad and weeld,
 They doat upon'n zo;
 Because he mounth the stage, and rails,
 Forsooth, against bastilles and jails,
 And wanth to lye mun low:

And nack up Aris, if they can,
 Zome zay a very honest man,
 That keep'th a sharp look out;
 That watch'th his pris'ners leek a hawk,
 And dothn't care a fig vor voke—
 All very right, no doubt.

'Tis zaid his gaolbirds all complain,
 And daant admire his whip and chain,
 Nor hole as black as soot;
 But Aris swearth they may be damn'd,
 Into the hole they shall be ramm'd,
 If he think'th rert to do't.

Mob want to tear un all to rags,
And pent '*No bastille*' 'pon their flags,
And just leek tigers growl;
And want to gee the jailbird dogs
The vlesh of cows, and calves, and hogs,
And dainty vish and vowl.

And than they to the zoldiers zaid,
'O ye gert fools!—O! what a head,
To guard theese place—vor *who*?
Why if ye dare speak out your meend,
In a veew minutes ye wull vend,
The place was bilt for *you*.'

But '*'twudn't do*:' the zoldiers zed,
'That by their trade they got their bread,
And liv'd upon the land.'
And than they answer'd very well,
'That if they were zent off vor Hell,
They must obey command.'

And yet the people cuss bastille;
Zomthing about that place they veel,
That gall'th and mak'th mun shiver;
In short, my lord, they hate the name,
And wish it, vrom their souls, in flame,
And damn the poor man's liver.

Aris, the governor they call'n,
Their itching vingers itch to maul'n,
They zay he is zo cruel;
Stuff'th pris'ners in a vile old hole,
Cramm'th men together, cheek by jowl,
And geeth mun water-gruel:

Flogg'th mun az t'were zo menny dogs,
Call'th mun zich names, az though t'were hogs;
And this he doth vor sport.
Now this is what the people zay;
It maant be true, and yet it may:
Then let the knave be cort.

Than let un veel what wothers veel,
In theese most horrible bastille,
And drink as wothers drink;
And eat the *trade* that wothers eat,
And sweat in holes as wothers sweat,
And stink as wothers stink.

If Aris be that cruel dog,
E'en let'n suffer vor a rogue,
A potcrook let'n veel:
I'd gee'n of whip his belly vull,
I'd make un bellow leek a bull,
And sken un leek an eel.

And if 'Squire Pitt upholdth us in it,
I'd run and tear away, theese minute,
His howze about his ears:
I grieve to think on the poor souls
That groan amidst their dirty holes,
And wash mun with their tears.

But I daant take it in my head
To credit ev'ry thing that's zed—
No, no, all is not Gospel;
People tell hummers ev'ry hour,
Vor which, if I had got the pow'r,
I'd cool mun in a hoss pool.

Maister Mainwaring's much abuz'd,
Most greevously for things accus'd,
By all the dowlish pack;
E'en let mun all their poison spit,
My lord, there is no wooll zo whit,
That a dyer caan't make *black*.

They try to make the world believe,
He glorieth in a whip and geeve,
And things that can torment;
And when that Aris is attack'd,
He's always by Mainwaring back'd,
And so scap'th punishment.

I know who's who, and *what* vokes be ;
I haan't yet lost the pow'r to zee,
 No more than that o' veeling ;
I never make a gooze a swan—
A thief may be a gentleman
 That git'th estates by stealing.

I can distinguish straw vrom hay,
Can tell a cuckoo from a jay,
 A peacock vrom a starling ;
Dogs vrom a pig that's in the looze,
A Christian vrom a pack o' Jews,
 A yaffer* vrom a yarling.

I baan't so maz'd to put belief
In ev'ry dirty, lying thief—
 It mak'th my hair to *bristle*.
Zom peeple gee themselves gert airs,
Zay ev'ry thing bezides their pray'rs,
 And thoose, agosh ! they *whistle*.

If one believ'd in ev'ry thing,
God bless his majesty, the ———,
 He'd look a little *blue* ;
If zich be martyrs to a *hum*,
Lord ! then, my lord, what wud become
 Of zich as *me* and *you* ?

And than how wud our bishops stand,
And half the parsons of the land ?
 Scandal's a fine keen blade ;
He meet'th with zomething ev'ry day,
And mainly cutt'th and hack'th away,
 And simm'th to know his trade.

That vartuous lady, our good ———,
Zo *humble*, and so *neat* and *clean*,
 Caan't even 'scape the mucks ;
The world wull always zomething zay,
To take a body's name away—
 Oddrat their lying chucks !

* Heifer.

But zee! with all their leeing art,
 They dare not vall upon her *heart*,
 But vall upon her *nose*;
 About her handkitchers and stuff,
 And aprons vull of dirty snuff,
 And how her nose she blows.

And than they talk of *poor relations*,
 And tell zich lees, Lord! nations, nations,
 O Lord! iss—lees galore*—
 Lees that a body almost *veels*,
 Making one's hair stand up leek queels
 Upon a hadgy-bore.

Let Burdett meend his countin-howze,
 And know his zelf to be a mowze,
 Or zoon he'll be a ballet;
 Let'n be humble, zuck his paws—
 A disell†, by an ass's jaws,
 Is thoft a pretty sallet.

Charles Fox and he may notes compare;
 What one wull zay the tether'l zware,
 And zo they stand haranguing;
 And try to blend us all, d'ye zee;
 Iss, iss, leek *bells* they all agree,
 Want nothing now but *hanging*.

* In abundance.

† Thistle.

CONTENTS TO LETTER IV.

Great Doubts and discouraging Presentiment in the Mind of Mister Budge, who seemeth not to like the Posture of Affairs—he is hurt and offended at a Kind of Triumph among some of Sir Francis's Party—Mister Budge comforteth himself with Similes drawn from Cock-fighting and Hunting—Mister Budge meeteth his Lordship's good Friend Pitt, of whom he giveth a most melancholy Account—No Nod from the —, no Curtsy from the —, and the Avenues of St. James's shut—Mister Pitt not in total Despondence—Mister Budge seeth Mister Pitt in a broad Stare on St. James's Clock, and St. James's Palace—Mister Budge's deep Reflections on the Mutability of Fortune, with a beautiful and original Comparison—Mister Budge more than suspecteth Mister Pitt's boasted Patriotism and Disinterestedness, from the Circumstance of oppressing the Nation with Pensions for his Tools, and Wives and Mothers of his Tools, at the Time of his Dismissal—Mister Budge exhibiteth a splendid Account of Mister Pitt's Table—he concludeth wittily.

LETTER IV.

MY lord, I daant leek things to-day:
Things look dam quare, as I may zay;
Zomething is in the wind—
Zome ambuscade—zome mine, I fear,
To whisk us all into the air,
Az var az I can vind.

Odswinge! my lord, we weer long jaws,
We simm to hold out tiger claws,
Without the pow'r of *pinching*,
Our foes, the refugees of jails,
I'm much afeard, wull clip our nails:
Our corps, my lord, simm'th flinching.

The dowl the dirty rogues confound!
They simm more bould—simm gettin ground;
Zich impudence they show!
'We be cock-sure,' the knaves all zay—
'Iss, iss, cock-sure to git the day';
And zo they peertly crow.

But let mun crow and flap their wings,
We must not simm to meend thoose things—
Battles baant got by *crowing*;
Foxes and hares baant catch'd by *noise*,
By huntin-horns, and yowlin boys,
By *hollowing* and *blowing*.

Zo let us put our trust in God,
And hope that he hath got a rod,
A handsome one, in pickle;
To warm their pretty little sides;
To please their nice and tender hides,
And gee a pretty *tickle*.

My lord, I've zeed 'Squire Pitt again;
He shak'd his head, and simm'd in pain,
'Bout Mainwaring's election;
He shrink'th his shulders, wish'th un well;
But vur az I can zee and tell,
Can't gee un much protection.

Vor Pitt his zell, I vend, my lord,
Caan't git vrom *one* gert man a word,
You know who 'tis I mean—
No, nor a syllable, I'm tould,
No, truly, not for love nor gold,
Vrom his old friend the q——.

Agosh! Saint James's doors be barr'd,
And that, you'll zay, is cruel hard:
But Pitt is still in hopes;
Stoutly resolv'th to risk his all,
To storm the fortress—mount the wall
By ladders or by ropes.

I zee un both by day and night:
A look'th a mallancholy sprite;
Zo zad, zo woe-begone!
He had most damnably been *dish'd*,
And zo *must* look confounded *wish'd*,
When all is zaid and done.

Zome days I zee un go an airing,
And in the streat I've zeed un staring
Against Saint James's clock;
And when the yard I zee un spy,
'Ah, Lord! zome people's tails,' zaid I,
'Have had a dowlish *dock*.'

He, that was once so gert, thoft I,
 That cock'd his nose zo mainly high,
 Zo gert in all the *shows* *;
 And now chopvallin, tern'd out o' place;
 Among the gold and silver lace,
 A daan't put in his nose.

But to my zell I zaid agen,
 'It is the common case of men—
 Now *up aloft*, now *down*;
 Leek boys and girls a laughing rout,
 In flying coaches tern'd about,
 In fair and market-town.'

And yet, my lord, I cannot zay
 Pitt travell'd with clean hands away;
 Ver when at last he vound
 That all his cunning wudn't do,
 And that a must be forc'd to go,
 And coudn't keep his ground:

What did a do?—Why bad enough—
 All that his *tribe* could carry off,
 Ecod, away they carr'd it—
 Lord Grenville and his mumping wife,
 The Lord knows what they did for life—
 Most lovingly they shar'd it.

Agosh, my lord, 'twas leek the French:
 When they be kick'd out o' the trench,
 And forc'd, the dogs, to run;
 They catch up ev'ry thing they ken,
 Daan't leave a duck, nor cock, nor hen—
 All goeth az shore's a gun.

Zo that the conqu'rors, when they cum,
 Caan't vend a drap o' gin nor rum,
 No, nor a rend o' cheese;
 All that they leave behend, agosh,
 Is nort but mucks, and rags, and trosh,
 Besides the *rats* and *meexe*.

* Levees and drawing-rooms.

And then one Canning, a poor boy,
Took from a school to his employ,
Once thoft a huge deep thinker—
He, like a very duteous son,
Got nice tid bits for Mother Hun,
And brother Tom the tinker;

And zister Peg, and zister Joan,
With scarce a flannel *dicky* on,
As vur as I can learn;
Broken-down actresses, they zay,
That in the country us'd to play
For herrings in a barn.

Now though this curious young man got
A hundred thousand with Miss Scott,
(Egad? a fortune thumping)
Behold! a hadn't got the heart
To give *his* family a peart,
Zo zent mun out a *mumping*.

I caan't zay that I leeke the plan,
That ev'ry lab'ring sarvin man
Shud sweat to nurse *their prides*;
But zome (or there be lying tongues)
Can very coolly cut large thongs
Vrom *other* people's hides.

My lord, zince Mister Pitt's disgrace,
I often knock in at Park Place,
(A liv'th at number vive);
And there I talk with Will and Tom,
About things past, and things to come,
And zee'fth they be *alive*.

Vor though they zay the man is poor,
I zee no signs of that, I'm sure;
There's meet for man and mowze.
But where he get'th it I can't tell,
But fath I leeke his kitchen's smell—
He keepth a roaring howze.

Sarvants in lace zo fine and big,
 And ev'ry one as fat's a pig—
 And why?—vor ev'ry minute
 Out com'th a bottle and a jug,
 In com'th a choice and foaming mug,
 And ev'ry nose was in it.

While he, peer man! I'm bould to think,
 Hath nearly now drink'd up his drink,
 He may thank his own self vort't;
 If any body might *suppose*,
 And take a guiss from his red nose,
 His veins all run with port.

You know, my lord, that people zay,
 How ev'ry dog hath got his day—
 Now Mister Pitt's was *fine*;
 And you've had *yours*, leek all gert men:
 And now, my lord, I wonder when
 That I shall look 'pon *mine*.

POSTKREP.

I've just knack'd in at Mister Pitt's—
 The sarvants half out o' their wits,
 Zich running in and out!
 Poor man, he mak'th most cruel groans—
 Sir Walter try'th to ease his bones,
 And call'th it *flying gout*.

I daan't know what a mean'th by *flying*
 I think the gentleman is dying,
 Now that's my sense of things:
 A flying gout—well! zo it may—
 And zoon I think will fly away
 With Pitt upon his wings.

Excuse the liberties I take
And observations that I make—
God know'th, I'm no great judge.
Having no more to zay or write,
I wish your lordship a good night,
And rest your sarvant, Budge.

CONTENTS TO LETTER V.

A wonderful and unexpected peripetia in the Election Drama, by the Means of the Millers in Ambuscade—Mister Budge seemeth full of Lamentation—his Friends put on sad Faces—comforteth himself with the hopes of future Success—Mister Budge desponds—wisheth to have a pitched Battle with some of Burdett's Party; but, on Recollection, deemeth it not prudent to exhibit his Prowess, giving an Irish Reason, rather unfavourable to the heroic Character of Lord Rolle and himself—Mister Budge disliketh the Triumphs of Sir Francis, and also the honorable Circumstance of being drawn in his Coach by the Mobility—he entertaineth Hopes from the Virtue of a select Committee—Mister Budge telleth a very good Story of Farmer Tab, which seemeth to be known by many People out of Trade as well as in Trade—Farmer Tab's Story endeth, and Mister Budge concludeth.

LETTER V.

GOOD Gosh! my lord, prepare to hear
Zomething that waant much please, I *vear*;
A two-and-forty pounder!
Zounds! we have nort but loosing tacks;
We now be humbled 'pon our backs—
Lord! Lord! as vlat's a vlounder!

When all simm'd quiet, neat and snug,
Safe as a vlea within his rug,
Afear'd of no vlea-killers—
Up vrom their ambush where they *lied*,
And rushing like a main spring tide,
Up leap'd a pack of millers!

To tell your lordship of our looks,
It is not in the pow'r of *books*!
Now, what then shall I say?
Why, fath we look'd as whit as witches,
At all those dourty sons of b--ches—
'Twas horror and dismay.

Sir Francis laugh'd—Mainwaring star'd,
And thoff a justice, curs'd and swear'd,
And zed it could not be?
And all Mainwaring's friends about,
They kick'd and made the damdest rout,
Zo down in the mouth was he.

'Twas sartingly a cunning trick,
 And zo our cock bath had a nick;
 Iss, iss, we've lost the main—
 His droat is cut, and there he lieth;
 He must give up the ghost—he dieth,
 He'll ne'er get up again.

It is in vain to curse and zwear;
 Az Frenchmen zay—'*fortin a guere*'—
 'Tis nonsense to be subbing;
 And though they now have got the battle,
 Hereafter we may meet the *cattle*,
 And gee the dogs a drubbing.

My lord, I lang'd to try a bout
 With zum o' Burdett's rabble rout—
 I'd zoon a pugg'd their guts;
 And gid mun meny a lammin lick,
 And made mun of elections zick;
 I'd gid mun all the *butts*.

And *it*, 'tis best as 'tis, perhaps;
 We mert a catch'd zom arterclaps,
 And be well drash'd for sterrin;
 Iss, iss, I mert a goad to pot,
 And got less credit than we got
 In Ireland by the berrin.

You meend, my lord, the famous day,
 When vrom the corpse we runn'd away,
 Afear'd the French wud skin us;
 Dreaving nor looking once behind,
 Coosing leeke greyhounds and the wind,
 As though the devil was in us.

Well, now again for th' old affair—
 We be zo mad az we can stare,
 Leek curs we drap our tails;
 While Burdett's rogues in triumph run,
 And whoop, and hollow—make zich *fun*—
 Zo proud they hoist their sails.

And leek gert fools, the rabble rout
Took from the coach the hosses out,
To drag Burdett along—
Had I beed coachman, I'd a drash'd mun
Leek jackasses, I'd zo a lash'd mun,
And wear'd out many a thong.

The mob waan't leave bevore they're hang'd,
They want most hugely to be bang'd,
They caan't leave their vagaries;
Near Cold-bath-fields they lerk about,
To try to get the jailbirds out,
And flay alive poor Aris.

We talk of scrutinies, my lord;
The curt th' expenses wull aford,
And zom vokes in the city:
We *yet* may zend mun all to hell,
If we contrive to manidge well,
And chuse a *good committee*.

I'm tould, and I believe 'tis true,
There is not in Burdett's whole crew
Dree honest men among mun;
Though carrin, negers, mangy curs,
Oh! how I lang to comb their furs!
Oh, d—n it! how I'd thong mun!

They shud ha zom veow honest men,
At least 'bout one or two in ten;
But, zounds! they've none at all—
And if we sarch the crew all round,
Lord, Lord! what iz there to be vound,
Examine gert and small?

With your good leave, I'll zet bevore ye,
My lord, a midget of a *story*
Of Farmer Tab, my neighbour—
Zays Farmer Tab, one day, to me,
'When I begun the world,' zays he,
'I was oblig'd to labour.'

And zo zays Farmer Tab, zays he,
' I thort that I wud honest be,
And never wrong a soul—
Ah! Lord, I quickly went to pot—
Iss, by my honesty zoon got
Into a dirty hole.

' Now, what shall I do now? quoth I—
A bit o' *roguery* let me try—
And zo I tern'd a rogue;
And got a mint o' money zoon,
Could lie abed, agosh, till noon—
A charming lazy dog.

' But, Lord, Lord, Lord, it was not long,
Poor bird, bevore I chang'd my zong;
God! I was forc'd to tridge
Vor writing 'pon a piece o' paper:
I really thort that I shud *caper*,
When brought bevore the jidge.

' But by God's marcy, and a bribe,
Deliver'd to a sartin tribe,
I sav'd my neck a rope.
Well, what, quoth I, shall I do now?
What method take to speed the plough?
Ah! Lord, I'm out o' hope.

' Not *honesty* nor *roguery* do,
Says I, Lord, looking wondrous blue—
And then I scratch'd my pate;
And fath, scratch'd in a pretty thought,
That grist to mill abundance brought,
And made a good estate.

' And zo upon a scheme I fix'd:
Roguery and honesty well mix'd
May do, says I, the feat;
And zo at once to work I went,
And mix'd mun to my heart's content,
Half honesty, half cheat.

' And now, thank God, I turn a penny,
Live creditable too as enny,
By mixin mun together—
By this, Jo, thee and thy old wife
May laugh at all the storms of life,
And ha good sunsheen weather.'

Zo end'th the tale of Farmer Tab:
But Burdett and his crew, the scab,
Treat honesty az *nort*—

And thoff they've prosper'd theeze one time,
I hope that vor zom other crime crime
The devils wull all be *cort*.

CONTENTS TO LETTER VI.

Mister Budge having finished his History of the Middlesex Election giveth a History of his Visit at Mr. Pitt's House, in Park Place; where a very curious Conversation taketh place between Mister Budge and the Servants, that sheweth what wonderful Liberties Servants take with their Masters, behind their Backs.

LETTER VI.

YOU bid me go, my lord, and quare
 Vor Mister Pitt—zo I went there
 And nack'd—and zo stapp'd in;
 Zays I, ' My lord hath zent to know,
 How Mr. Pitt doth do, and zo.'—
 Zo Thomas strok'd his chin;

And hemm'd and ha'ad—at last, says he
 ' Look, Joe—I'll tell thee what—dost zee—
 Our measter is dam bad—
 A drink'th too hard—muddleth his head,
 And not till your a goeth to bed,
 That mak'th me cursed mad.

' Measter's a toper ev'ry inch:
 Egod, I never know'dn flinch,
 Iss, measter wull die *game*;
 He'll never *run*, I'll answer vor't;
 He waan't forsake the good old port,
 And quinch his nose's flame.

' And zo what signifieth the pills,
 And trade, that a large basket vills,
 That Doctor Farq'har zends?
 Lord, Lord! why ev'ry sarvant laughs,
 To zee the bolusses and draffs,
 While measter never mends.

‘ Ere long he’ll zing another tune—
 I think we shall ha mourning zoon,
 Death wull be vor’n too cunning.
 We have rare times o’t, to be shore—
 No key upon the cellar door,
 The cock for ever running.’

‘ *Thomas*,’ quoth I, ‘ I hugely itch,
 To know if measter Pitt be rich,
 Hæ, Thomas—lean or fat:
 By many peepel I’ve be told,
 That was a to be bought and sold,
 A isn’t worth a graat.’

‘ Zo many peepel za,’ quoth Tom;
 ‘ But trust me, Joe, ’tis all a hum,
 A *trap* to take in ninnies;
 Pretending to be cruel poor,
 But az we zay here, that’s a *bore*,
 Our measter *roll’t*h in guineas.

‘ Yes, mun, he shams, and foams, and frets,
 Pretendin a caan’t pay his debts,
 To prove to all the nation,
 He doth not take their goods away,
 Stidding their int’rest ev’ry day,
 And bring about salvation.

‘ I, I,’ quoth Thomas with a wink,
 ‘ I fear my measter’s name will stink,
 Like carrion, vore ’tis long:
 Vokes make about’n now no rout—
 They all begin to ven’n out,
 And freely gee their tongue.

‘ Meend me,’ quoth Tom, ‘ the man I know—
 To Walmer Castle zoon he’ll go,
 And simm zo poor, good Lord!
 Pertendin there was nothing sterrin:
 Zo make a dinner ’pon a herrin,
 Upon an old deal board.

‘ He’ll git a box of wood or tin,
To put his zalt and pepper in,
And munch his meal at noon,
Without a rag o’ table clath;
And now shall ha a dish o’ brath,
And use a wooden spoon;

‘ Make meals on barley bread and tates,
’Pon trenchers too, instead o’ plates;
Drink nort but dead small beer;
And that too from a penny jug,
Not able to avoard a mug,
Poor man—no, that too *dear*.

‘ Old Chatham did the very same,
To git a little crumb o’ name,
The damnest eat-all glutton.
He too could live, forsooth, ’pon *leet*;
Could feast upon an ounce of meat,
And peck a bone o’ mutton.

‘ But when old Pynsant, the mad fool
(Beginning, I suppose, to *drule*),
Play’d zich a mazeg’rry trick,
And gidd’n all his fine estate;
God help the poor old fellow’s pate!
’Twas comfortably thick.

‘ How quickly chang’d old measter’s pallet!
Down his long droat, Lord, zich a wallet,
He stuff’d of vlesh and vish;
Vensun and terbot—ev’ry thing,
Fit to be put bevore the king,
With ev’ry dainty dish.

‘ Zich slaying, Lord! vrom morn to night!
The cocks and hens in zich a fright!
’Twas all *devour*, *devour*!
The pigs and poultry, ducks and geese,
And terkies worth a crown a-piece,
Cried “murder” ev’ry hour.

‘ Loads tumbled in of ev’ry kind :
 Cook laugh’d, and nearly burst her wind—
 The sarvants all stood grinnin’;
 ’Twas roast, and boil, and fry away,
 The spits were ternin all the day,
 And all **the** jacks were spinnin.

‘ Iss, iss, old Chatham dood the same,
 That made the kingdom cry out shame,
 Aye, over, mun, and over;
 And measter’s one of the old brood,
 The heart and soul, the bones and blood,
 As vur’s I can discover.

‘ He trieth to zee the king, I zay,
 Drowing his zelf zo in his way,
 To ketch a wink or nod—
 But, ah! that hacky mun waan’t smoke :
 The k—— waan’t take agen his yoke,
 No, no, a waan’t, by G—d.’

‘ The —— was hamper’d long anew,
 And now bidd’th leading strings adieu—
 Iss, bidd’th mun go to H-ll.
 Now this geeth all the world delight :
 The gentleman is in the right,
 Agosh! to please his zell.

‘ Thou zeest, Joe, that I speak my mind;
 And trust me, zoon the world will vind
 Our measter’s virtue *fudge*—
 ’Tis true, Joe, ev’ry bit, I’ll swear,
 As true, Joe, as that thee stand’st here,
 Az true’s thy name is Budge.

‘ One may zee daylight—iss, iss, faith,
 Droo a small hole, the proverb zaith;
 I neither make nor mend.
 O Lord, I daan’t tell all I know;
 But mum, I’m dumb, I’m dumb, and zo—
 Cats wink that be not blend.

‘ Zome friends call now and then to zee’n,
And little crumes o’ comfort gee’n,
And tell’n about the k——;
Then with a stare he shak’th his head,
Az much az though his mōuth had zed,
Ah, Lord! ’tis no zich thing.’

‘ Now Tom,’ quoth I, ‘ about reform—
Thee mendest the gert and merty storm,
Bevore he got in place.’
‘ Aye, aye,’ zay’d Tom, ‘ I meend the day,
When measter starm’d and fum’d away,
And put up his long face.

‘ I heer’d un often with his gang,
Aboo stairs ’pon th’ affair harrang,
And joking with the duke;
Yes, fath, I heard their conversation;
To think how nice the gudgeon nation
Got hang’d upon their hook!

‘ But, Joe, th’ Old Bailey was the worst,
Where measter gin’st his will was forc’d
To gee his davy in;
The curt at once leek’d bullocks star’d,
His friends that follow’d’n were scar’d,
His enemies ’pon the grin.

‘ The jidge, his friend, that wish’d un well,
Wish’d he would recollect his zell,
Ecod, he was near *cort*!
Zo measter hemm’d, and stettering zaid,
He thort his mem’ry was *decay’d*,
And cruel, cruel short.

‘ And zo the jidges said they thort—
And then a wink went round the curt;
And Sheridan, the thief,
Who never spar’th a man an inch—
Gid’n a dam confounded pinch,
Agosh! was in his *beef*.

‘ Joe, thee’st a zeed a paper keet
 Heigh mounted, tackle all complete,
 When, Lord, the string break’th, snap—
 Than how a wheelth! now high—now zunk;
 Dipp’th here and there, leek a man drunk,
 When down a tumbleth *zwap*.

‘ Agosh! zo our poor measter vall’d.
 Most cussedly the man was maul’d;
 Iss, iss, a zing’d dam smaall.
 ’Twas lucky too—vor, had the jidge
 Own’d a spite, or bit o’ gridge,
 T’had been a harder vaall.

‘ But all’s blow’d over now, friend Joe;
 Thee know’st that happen’d long ago—
 ’Tis now become a joke.
 But there, Joe, as vor thee and I,
 We mustn’t speak our meends—vor why?
 We must’n tich gert voke.

‘ Measter’s a greandenstone—zo rough,
 He is not complaisant enough,
 Not civil to the crown.
 And than remember the poor prince:
 Lord! how my measter mad’en wince!
 Zwinge! how a let’n down!

‘ He did behave t’un cruel hard;
 And now he meet’th with his reward—
 It is too late to flatter.
 His royal highness waan’t forgee’t:
 He lov’th un, fath, I plainly zeet’t,
 As the Dowl lov’th holy water.

‘ Holwood wull by and by be zold,
 To make a view good bits o’ gold;
 Zo he mak’th wise and frets.
 But meend, my maister dothn’t want *wit*;
 ’Ere long he wull contrive to git
 Zome fool to pay his debts.

‘ He caan’t come in agen, vokes zay—
Too menny bars be in his way :
Bezides—the people hate’n;
And could they git’n in their claws,
Ecod, they’d pound his lantern jaws,
And leek a bull they’d bait’n !

‘ Canning the school-boy lurk’d in here,
And zaftly whisper’d in his ear,
He’d git’n from disgrace;
He’d quickly tak’n by the poll,
And lug’n vrom his dirty hole,
And mak’n show his face.

‘ He zaid he had be’d sly about,
To veel the marchants pulses out,
And for subscription caall;
Vor a brass image vor the town,
To which the people must bow down,
And worship leeke old Baal.

‘ But this was laughing in his sleeve—
Contriv’d to make the king believe,
That when he turn’d out Pitt,
Off went the wisdom o’ the court—
All that remain’d was good vor nort,
It wudn’t sarve a nit.

‘ The marchants, thoose that deal’d in loans,
That fatten’d up their skins and bones,
All runn’d into the trap;
‘ An image, image,’ was the cry—
Od dam the blockheads then ! thought I—
What ! gull’d by *zich* a chap !

‘ That *zich* a boy shud take mun in !
Lord ! ev’ry mouth was on the grin,
Dree pearts of theese gert town.
‘ Iss, put the image up,’ vokes zay,
‘ Iss, put’n—and that very day
We’ll try to put’n down.’

‘ And zo they wull, except vokes race
 To Newgate vor a strong safe place,
 Or inside Bedlam walls;
 Or if the world must see his phiz,
 The image must be made to *quiz*,
 Aloft upon Saint Paul’s.

‘ Zo much vor images, friend Joe,
 But thee and I baan’t blend, dost know—
 I giss we know what’s what.
 Well, Joe, as I were zaying, hæ,
 Az no more hopes of courts I zee,
 I’m looking vor my hat.

‘ I’ve made zome hundreds in my place:
 But az my maister’s in disgrace,
 What must a body do?
 Thou zeest I speak my meend out, Joe;
 And as the maister’s *on the go*,
 The sarvant, shud go too.’

Now zich was our discoose, my lord—
 I daan’t know that I’ve miss’d a word,
 No, not a single thing;
 And if you shud think fit, or zo,
 Your lordship, if you please, may show
 My letter to the king.

—POSTKREP.

MY lord, bevore I wrote theese letter,
 I heeard the sarvants grin and chetter,
 About a thing in hand;
 ’Tis caal’d a statue for ’Squire Pitt,
 To honour’n vor his pow’rs o’ wit,
 And sense that *sar’d the land*.

They do zo laugh, and make *rich* jeers,
And d-mn mun, zo torment my ears,
And mock'n zo in print:
The cheeldish fools shud wear a *bib*—
And zee, my lord, a louzy *squib*;
I'm sure you'll zee nort in't.

THE STATUE.

'EACH good-natur'd cit
Votes a statue to Pitt,
For actions enormously evil;
'Tis suppos'd very soon,
At the full of the moon,
They will *order* a bust to the *Devil*.'

O Lord! O Lord! I'm pleas'd anew:
Is this all London wits can do?
Is this all it possesses?
I'd hang my dog up to a stake
This moment, if a didn't make
'Pon one leg better vesses.

Now this they christen London wit,
That leek a razor cutt'th 'Squire Pitt—
Aye, let mun make their bregs;
Against dree straws I'd bet my soul,
That Stephen Tag, of Nacker's Hole,
Should beat'n all to regs.

They do no longer feel the same
And I am sure, the world is not the same
And such a change is not to be denied
The character of the world is altered
And now, my friend, I leave you to
I am sure you will not be disappointed

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PITT AND HIS STATUE;

AN

EPISTLE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Stay but a little month or so,
Your fondness will be much abated;
Ev'n your own hands will overthrow
The idol that ye have created;
No more your pyramid supports its *rat*—
Your *tiger* dwindles to a *mangy cat*.

ALSO,

LORD B— AND HIS MOTIONS,

&c. &c.

You call yourself a pillar of the nation!
I fear your lordship means to *boast*:
Pray make a *trifling* alteration;
And, 'stead of *pillar*, say a *post*.

PITT AND HIS STATUE;

AN

EPITAPH TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Stay but a little month or so,
Your goodness will be much abated;
In a year or two you will overlook
The fact that I have created;
No more your pyramids support the fact—
Your eager devotion to a weary cat.

ALSO,

LORD B— AND HIS MOTIONS.

&c. &c.

You call yourself a pillar of the nation;
I fear your lordship means to desert;
For make a trifling observation;
And, 'stead of pillars, say a pest.

PITT AND HIS STATUE.

SO then, messieurs, ye men of loans,
Who eat our flesh, and gnaw our bones
Clean as a dog would pick them, all so white
With goodly gratitude ye look
To your great friend, the old state cook,
And kindly offer him your mite
To rear a *statue* to support his fame,
On crutches hobbling—rotten, lank, and lame.

'Tis very kind in ye, I'm sure,
Yet 'tis but *rouge* on an old w——,
That can't conceal the wrinkles and the scab:
The nation's eyes are vastly clear;
Their scrutinizing pow'r severe,
Discerns a vestal from a dirty dab.

What sort of statue will ye have,
To snatch his *glory* from the grave,
That seemeth in a terrible decline?
The vulgar statues to surpass,
Let it be form'd of *kindred brass*;
In *pure Corinthian* let your hero shine.

Colossal it will be no doubt,
To push his head among the gods;
Cocking his pert, imperious snout,
Much like the bully of old Rhodes.

Upon the pedestal his worth,
 And great achievements, will start forth :
 In staring capitals I mark reform,
 With Col'nel Sharman's volunteers,
 With pointed muskets, swords, and spears,
 To raise for dying liberty a storm.

There shall we see the name of war,
 That many a soldier sends, and tar,
 To sleep with their *still* fathers and *still* mothers ;
 For war, though seeming very *dread*,
 By knocking thousands on the head,
 Makes comfortable elbow-room for *others*.

In letters too, all large and fair,
 Old Bailey on the eye may stare ;
 Where Justice, with her sharpen'd shears,
 Has lopp'd off many a liar's ears.

In letters too, superb and *bold*,
 The name of income-tax be told,
 That made so many millions *blest* ;
 And *eke* of poor old penny-post,
 That gave so sweetly up the ghost,
 T' oblige the gaping treas'ry's chest.

With Colonel Sharman's volunteers.]—The letters sent to Ireland by a *noble* duke and his *associates*, in order to *force* themselves into power, would have furnished the neck of the author of such tr—on of the present day with a *halter*.

Penny-post.]—On Mr. Pitt's silly, cruel, and unproductive *imposition* on the penny-post letters, I felt for the humbler classes of society, who seem to be born with passions somewhat of the same quality with those of our *lofty* rulers, and composed a pretty little elegy, called the Tears of the Penny-Post.—The following stanzas are faithful extracts from that tender performance, which on some future day may probably be given *entire*, for the gratification of the public.—

Now tell us where ye mean to place
Your fav'rite hero's brazen face?
Ev'n at fam'd Newgate let him soar,
And swinging grace the debtor's door.

After a most pathetic *exordium*, Madam Penny-
Post thus lamenteth :

THE pensive housemaid, pensive Susan, sighs—
Susan, a soft, a sweet, and tender lass;
Susan, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
And pouting lips that might for cherries pass.
' Oh, the vile Pitt !' she cries—' poor folks to rob !
This with my humble wages won't agree !
With pleasure twice a week I wrote to Hob,
And Hob, dear youth, wrote twice a week to *me*.
' Now only once a week can we afford
To breathe our souls on paper—harmless blisses !
But what is that to *him*, the savage ?—Lord !
Who careth not three straws for woman's kisses.
' Soon as a maggot crept into my head,
I caught a stump of pen and put it down :
' What is a penny ?' to myself I said ;
So sent it Hob, a dozen miles from town.
' Unmov'd by love is Pitt ; for lo, at college,
He felt no charm in faces, feet, or hips ;
But hunted, with the proctor, to my knowledge,
Poor girls that lent young gentlemen their lips.
' And when they caught one, like a brace of bears
They gripp'd her, swearing she should *pay* for
sinning ;
And, deaf as haddocks to her squalls and tears,
Lugg'd her away, and set her to hard spinning.

Ye make *too much* of this poor man,
Stifling your creature with caresses;
A simple goose is not a swan—
Ye ought to blush at your addresses.

‘ But they were paid in their own coin again,
For clawing the poor creature—huffing, snubbing;
For, with their sticks, with all their might and main,
The good young gownsmen gave the brutes a
drubbing.

‘ Oh, gemini ! how I should like to spin
A hempen cord th’ unnatural rogues to throttle,
That give up beauty for a glass of gin,
And leave nice girls to hug a nasty bottle !

‘ But some low fellows—*wretches*, let me say
(But not my Hobby, I am proud to think),
Think eyes were only made to see their way,
And mouths for nothing else but *meat* and *drink*.

‘ The very birds their time on love employ ;
And see our pigeons how they kiss and coo,
And nod, and bill, and flap their wings for joy,
And fondly whisper, Dovey, how d’ye do ?

‘ When Hobby leaves me with a kiss and squeeze,
All brisk as bees my spirits in a minute,
I twirl my mop about with so much ease,
And scrub and sing away like any linnet.

‘ With such good will, indeed, I do my work,
Thinking of Hob’s caresses all the while,
I feel my heart a-dancing light as cork,
And feed the pigs and poultry with a *smile*.

‘ This, this I swear—Though hungry as a hound,
The *stomach* shall not steal the *bosom’s* bliss ;
True to Love’s passion shall these lips be found,
And lose ev’n *beans* and *bacon* for a *kiss*.’

‘What a great soul is William Pitt!
What mind! what energies! what wit!
Give him a statue—vote him money!
Great creature! greatest thing alive,
The lab’ring bee of our large hive:
Fill his dear throat with half the honey:
His wants are many—ease him, ease him;
Ev’n let the nation *starve*, to *please* him.’

How like Lord Froth and his dog Faddle,
Who makes his family’s head addle
With orders, cautions for his Pug!
Faddle has got a four-post bed,
With pillows for his gentle head,
Nice sheets, and comfortable rug,
With curtains of the finest chintz,
Fit for the chamber of a prince.

Faddle, the fav’rite of Lord Froth,
Is comforted with richest broth,
And victuals, too, of sweetest picking;
And while the servants of the house
Can scarcely give their plate a *mouse*,
Faddle enjoys his roasted chicken.

Is Faddle sick?—Lord! what a yelling!
Heav’ns! what a bustle in the dwelling!
Susan and Molly, turn and turn,
Watch the poor creature night and day,
And *such* solicitude display;
And sigh, and hang the head, and mourn;
And tread with cat-like step the floor,
And with such *softness* shut the door;
Such whispers, and *such* tiptoe stealings,
For fear of wounding Faddle’s *feelings*;

Lord Froth and his dog Faddle.—This dog
story is not imaginary; Portman Square knows all
about it, and enjoys its laugh.

And straw is also strew'd before the door,
That coaches may not spoil his pretty snore!

My lord, too, half his time attending,
O'er his sick fav'rite kindly bending,

Administers *himself*, his pills and potions;
Tucking with sympathizing tears,
The bed-clothes round his chin and ears,

Examining, too, all his *motions*;
For fear that Faddle's tender tripes,
Poor thing, might suffer by the gripes:

And quitting him at night, there's *such caressing*,
When, bishop-like, he leaves the dog his *blessing*.

Now tell me, ev'ry candid cit,
The difference between Pug and Pitt—

Pug and Pitt.]—I this moment am informed of the actual death of poor Faddle! The ladies are locked up in their rooms, to indulge their melancholy; a death-like silence surrounds the kitchen; not a jack flying; not a spit turning, nor a poker stirring—his lordship inconsolable, carrying about the house his lifeless companion in a box, kissing his cold black muzzle, and bathing it with tears. Cards of condolence are expected from every quarter, and the dog is to be sent, with all pomp, to W——, to be interred with due funereal honours; and to whose precious memory a monument (peradventure a *statue*, by the hand of our *female* Phidias, the honourable Mrs. Damer) is to be erected, with a suitable inscription—

*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Frothii.*

It is universally avowed, that *Faddle* was killed by *kindness*.—Mr. Pitt, the great favourite of his pensioners, placemen, and loanmen, seems to be *dying* in the very identical manner.—A parallel between the manners of Pug and Pitt may probably form the subject of a future effusion.

Now, to be serious if we can,
Speak—are ye laughing at the man?

What! to a *wolf* a statue give,
That scarce would suffer us to *live*;

Tearing, poor bleating sheep, our fleeces!
Should Honour, Glory ever stray,
And meet this statue 'midst their way,

They'd pull the *folly* all to pieces;

Exclaiming thus—'A statue! gods!
To *one* that mischief only plods;

A nation's horror—such a known defaulter;
If *something* to his fame *must* start,
Let Master Ketch employ his art,
— And weave the gentleman a h——.'

I think subscriptions will be thin,

For flatt'ring our great nation's hope:
Heav'ns! how the guineas had pour'd in,
'Stead of a statue had it been a *rope*!

Before I finish, let me sing,
Sweet nightingale, before the king;

And warbling tell him, that this fellow,
This Pitt, whose virtue d-mns a *punk*,
Though not averse to getting *drunk*,

Ev'n in his *soberest* moments *mellow*,
Wants much to mount the old *state-coach agen*,
If majesty will give his hand the rein.

D-mns a punk.]—It is a known fact, that when
at Cambridge, Pitt delighted in hunting down, with
the proctors, the poor unfortunate damsels that came
fresh from the country, who only endeavoured to sell
their lilies and roses to the young gentlemen, and
sometimes to the *graver* dons, of the university.

The man that has not *woman* in his soul,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.

Yes, much he wants to mount the old state-car,
And hear a world his highness hail—
But humbler stations suit him better far:
What think ye, sirs, of the car's *tail*?

His majesty in wisdom shone,
Soon as he brush'd him from the throne;
Just to his glory, to his kingdom just:
Yet see! the worm crawls round its feet,
Wants much to enter it to eat,
And render it a heap of rotten dust.

As for his knowledge in finance,
Not far his majesty need dance
Before he found one of a happier wit:
In this good nation may be seen,
And *felt*, state-razors full as keen
For shaving us, as Master Billy Pitt.
Pitts are as plentiful as crabs,
Or shall we say Saint Giles's *drabs*?

With nice old proverbs some old books are stor'd;
One I remember of a *fowl*—
'A man must be hard driv'n to find a *bird*,
Who offers two-pence for an owl.'

Talk of an *Irish face of brass*,
While Pitt exists! let tongues be still—
A common to a blade of grass—
An ocean to a creeping rill!

Why come again upon the heath?
Already we have lost our purses—
We've nought to give but blasting breath,
Deep sighs of poverty, and curses.

Pitt licks his lips again at pow'r,
Just like a bull-dog that has tasted *blood*—
Wants the bull's nose—ripe to devour,
And split his belly with the vital flood.
Pitt brings to mind a pupil of the gallows,
Part of whose hist'ry is as follows:

THE THIEF.

A ROGUE, by Honesty long left,
Was by Dame Justice order'd to be stripp'd,
And whipp'd,

For burglary—that is to say, a *theft*:

A work perform'd by men and boys,
Studying the *nat'ral history* of shops,

Who most ingeniously, without a noise,
Contrive to ope their unsuspecting *chops*,

Drawing forth money, watches, muslins, laces,

With other trinkets, that supply the Graces;

Assisted much by Mistress Night,

Of whom the Bow-street authors write;

A lady, who the world believes

Keeps the bad company of *thieves*.

The cat o'-nine-tails to his hide

Was most ingeniously applied,

Graving upon his mem'ry the word *shop*—

Puss, Pitt-like, *deeply* drank the *purple flood*—

But, lo! the rogue with Stoic patience stood,

As though Puss had not drank a single *drop*!

As soon as Justice had perform'd her part
Upon the rogue's unwincing hide,

He calmly turn'd his back upon the cart,
And, musing, roll'd his eyes from side to side

With a most solemn, philosophic face,

Like my Lord Eldon, on a crabbed case,

Which often comes into the Court of Chancery;

Where his *grave* lordship, and *grave* wig,

Both with the first importance *big*,

Are very often puzzled how to answer ye;

So very *undecisive* in *decision*,
 Leaving for future chancery-traps *provision*.

‘Well! what art thinking of?’ exclaim’d Jack Ketch—
 ‘Thy brain seems dev’lish hard upon the stretch.’
 ‘I’m thinking,’ quoth the thief, with sharpen’d ken,
 ‘Of gutting *that there* shop to-night agen.’

Now, gentle sirs, pray ope your eyes,
 And learn the art of being *wise*:
 Your schemes are idle wholly, wholly:
 Ye show a wondrous want of wit;
 Th’ immortal statue rais’d to Pitt,
 Immortalizeth too—*your* folly.
 Stay but a little month or so,
 Your fondness will be much abated;
 Ev’n your own hands will overthrow
 The idol that ye have created:
 No more your pyramid supports its *rat*—
 Your *tiger* dwindles to a *mangy cat*.

LORD B— AND HIS MOTIONS.



PROËMIUM.

WITH a set of *weak* timbers *most miserably* put together, with neither mast, sail, rudder, compass, nor ballast, Lord B. undauntedly ventured to launch his lugger on the surge of politics; which, as might naturally be expected, became the *sport* of every puff of wind. As the *trifling* intellect is too frequently and *unfortunately* ambitious of exhibiting its imbecility, his lordship has been often indebted to the *compassion* of the House. The star that refused him *ability* was not wanting in the gifts of *presumption*. A *stranger* to the wisdom of political debate, yet resolving to be *something* in the annals of Parliament, his lordship has of late dealt in *motions*. The principal *motion* was for a vote of thanks to Mr. Pitt, for his *great services* to his country. Lord B. places his chief glory in fighting under the banners of the *Heaven-descended* minister, *whom*, may God, of his infinite mercy, for

the interests of this empire, *take to himself again* as soon as he pleases—the *sooner the better*.

What an Herculean labour, to impose silence on petulant loquacity, and convince Folly that she possesses not talents!—Ask Lord B. his opinion of himself;—‘he shines in *discrimination*.’ It was his *profound judgment* that led him to his *golden calf* Idolatry.—Through this error of the mind, he mistakes the humming-bird for the eagle; spiritless declamation for eloquence; inanity for solidity; the mephitic and deleterious vapours of a dungeon, for the open and pure air of vitality; and the cold, greasy, wandering light of a *willow-o’-the-wisp*, for the fervour and steady radiance of a vertical sun.



GREAT Lord of Greek! it is my humble notion,
That yours was verily a *paw paw* motion;
Much like a motion by the doctor’s art
Produc’d, by jalap or by sal *cathart*,
Working for Cloacina and her maids,
In water-closets and embowering shades.

You’ve learnt to face a knock-down laugh,
And though detected in a blunder,
And though your fancied *corn* be *chaff*,
You will not keep your windmill under.
No matter *how* folks *grin*, or *what* folks *say*,
’Tis your *own* mill, and mill *shall* grind away.

Too many a goose hath deem’d itself a swan,
And many a monkey thought himself a man;

With reason, too, for 'mongst the monkey nation
I've met with many a happy imitation;
Nay, if to speak the truth compell'd,
I've seen the originals excell'd!

How many a man, because he has *two eyes*,
Thinks himself capable of *seeing*;
And finding he has motion, and *calf-size*,
Believes himself an *animated being*!

Discovering in his mouth a *tongue*;
He must not its *palaver* balk;
So keeps it running all day long,
And fancies the *red rag* can *talk*.

Your lordship tells me that I joke,
Swearing you never saw such folk:
If that's the case, upon my word,
You keep no *looking-glass*, my lord.

Numbers are fond of hearing themselves chatter,
Promising wine and giving milk and water,
Or that most mawkish mess call'd water-gruel;
This is not fair, my lord—'tis very cruel.

Most men of splendid fortunes, glittering titles,
Think that in *wisdom* they must also *shine*;
As though a house whose front is very fine
Could not want handsome furniture and victuals.

You thought a speech would be the *bladder*,
To speak more pompously, *balloon*;
Nay, let me rather say the *ladder*
To mount your lordship to the moon;

It was a fatal resolution
(Ambition oft mistakes its aim),
'Twas not the ladder of your *fame*,
Alas! but of your *execution*.

If Pitt was wonderfully great
With wisdom, wit, and fire replete,

Sublime, gigantic, half a god,
 'Tis strange he should descend to *you*
 And *yours*, so ignorant a crew—
 This is a puzzling case, and odd.

And yet we see, without surprise,
 A log of wood, a needle, nail,
 O'er the fierce lightning oft prevail,
 And lure the tyrant from his skies;
 Send him about, a poor tame thing,
 Just like a lap-dog in a string.

There is a certain and true saying
 Of animals inclin'd to *braying*;
 (My lord, I hope to be forgiv'n)
 ' An ass's voice ne'er reach'd to Heav'n.'

There lives a lady, christen'd Vanity,
 Companion often of Inanity,
 Much like a finch that feeds the bird of May,
 Call'd cuckoo—a most silly bird,
 Resembling my dear Grecian lord,
 Resembling speakers that have nought to *say*;
 For *words* are not *ideas*, although words
 Are in such plenty found with *noble* lords.

'Tis said some men may make their wills
 On their *thumb-nails*, for aught they can bestow;
 And pray, my lord, whose voice St. Stephen's fills,
 I should be very glad to know
 If all your wits and eloquence's grace
 Might not be all bequeath'd in the same space?

Had I the pow'r, my first endeavour
 Should be to stop your mouth for ever;
 And really I am pleas'd when Sherry,

With his smart stick,
 Unto your shrugging shoulders gives a lick;
 Making the pleas'd spectators merry.
 And yet in spite of Sherry's sneers,
 And my admonitory metre,
 Your eloquence *must* drown our ears,
Must flow—*labitur et labetur*.

In short, this motion said, of thanks,
 Seems one of Folly's *weakest* pranks :
 Great is Imagination's pow'r !
 Fancy boulds *bran* and thinks it *flour* ;
 And thus when Pitt was *boulded* on the nation ;
 Numbers, to superstition giv'n,
 Thought it a *meteor* dropp'd from *heav'n* ;
 Such was the effort of Imagination !
 Yet if we judge from deeds and fiery face,
 This meteor issued from a *hotter* place.

My lord, I hold your knowledges *dog-cheap* ;
 Sad work, indeed, indeed, you make ;
 You're like one ambulating in his sleep,
 That does the actions of a man awake :
 Leaps, runs, stands, listens, rides—and then
 Unconscious goes to bed agen.

‘ And am I that poor mechanism ?’ you cry.
 My lord of Greek, I say it with a sigh.
 You call yourself a *pillar* of the nation ;
 I fear your lordship means to *boast* ;
 Pray make a trifling alteration,
 And 'stead of *pillar*, say a *post*,
 You cannot make, my lord, I fear,
 A *velvet* purse of a *sow's-ear*.

I grant your life a *virtuous* life ;
 I had it from the baker's wife—
 The fascinating Muffinilla ;
 Who, visiting your lordship's villa,
 Inform'd you how the *fiend* with foot all cloven,
 And horns, and tail, and goggling eyes,
 Tried to take people by *surprise*,
 And that he lurk'd within her *Sunday's oven* ;

The baker's wife.]—Pious and pretty—residing
 in the vicinity of Milbank, much addicted to *me-*
thodism, and one of the *elect* !

Lurk'd within her Sunday's oven.]—A strict ob-
 servance of the Sabbath-day had long engrossed his

And then she begg'd your lordship's help to stop
Her oven, and drive Satan from her shop.

The tears of piety and sweet devotion
That, trickling, wash'd the roses of her cheek,
Produc'd, undoubtedly produc'd the *motion*;
What's strange, without one syllable of Greek—
A motion that most humbly hop'd
The lady's oven might be *stopp'd*.

'Tis said, moreover, that the spouse
Of this same honest Millbank baker
Has charms, has beauty, that might rouse
A smile on any undertaker.

But what of that? 'twas not the *smile*,
Nor *eyes* that might a saint beguile,
Nor Muffinilla's dimple sleek,
That *won* upon the lord of Greek.

Nor was it Muffinilla's *cheek*,
The blushing rival of the rose;
Nor swelling with desire, her *neck*,
Fair rival of the Alpine snows.

Nor was it Muffinilla's *waist*,
The throne of chastity, her pride;
Whose zone, so chaste, so very chaste,
None but the baker's *self* untied.

Nor was it Muffinilla's *arm*,
That might a cold Marchesi warm;
Nor *hand* possess'd of *such* nice *points*,
Such fingers, all so round and taper,
Whose touch would make an angel caper—
And then *such* sweetly-dimpled joints!

lordship's pious and sublime speculation. The
wicked bakehouse fell first in his way; and, had
not the *motion* been *smelt* and *smoked* by the
House, his lordship had proceeded in his triumph
to a most tremendous attack on milk and mackerel.

Nor was it Muffinilla's *foot*,
Nor ancle clean, nor tapering leg,
All near Millbank, in *high* repute;
These ne'er had made him *stir a peg*.

No! 'twas a rage for curbing evil,
And drubbing that vile dog the Devil.

No! 'twas to break the legs of Sin,
Who dances in the pie and pudding;
A bramble, hooking Christians in,
For ever blossoming and budding.

And yet the world won't give you credit;
They say it, and have boldly said it;—
'Who work for Virtue?—poh! a pretty story!
Who would not rather toil for Vice,
Her pay and pleasures great and nice?
Who fish for *haddock* that can hook *John Dory*?

'Let Virtue preach, and Beauty ogle,
To gain the soul—Lord? which will win?
A pair of minutes ends the struggle—
Poor Parson Virtue must *give in*.'

'Tis no fair bet,' the million cries;
'Pit Virtue 'gainst a pair of eyes!
A peacock and a rusty wren!
Jove's *eagle* 'gainst a *cackling hen*.

'A roguish leer from charming Phillis,
Of which th' interpretation's clear,
Viz.—'Look, sir; please to buy my lilies,
My cherries, and my roses here?'
Most archly pointing to her neck,
And pouting lips, and crimson'd cheek.
Ev'n metropolitans of London
Would find their pious efforts undone;
And *eke* the solemn saints of Canterbury
Might from their holy office slide,
Feeling of love a strong spring-tide,
And passions, bustling, running *hurry scurry*.

Nay, metropolitans of York
 Would find it an Herculean work
 To keep the imp of darkness under :
 If so, a *weak* and *carnal* lord,
 With little stock of grace on board,
 For *him* to *founder*, where's the wonder ?

Thus cries the world, my lord, all sneering ;
 On Muffinilla's beauty leering.

Now, my *good* lord, if you think fit,
 We'll leave the baker's wife for Pitt :

Some gratitude is due, I own,
 To your staunch patron, Billy Pitt ;
 He took much care of you, 'tis known ;
 A *louse* most surely loves its *nit*.

Yes, Pitt took most especial care
 To shield his stupid friends from harm ;
 And, when the day of trouble came,
 To keep them safe, and snug, and warm.
 Full oft he sav'd them from hard knocks
 Of wicked Sheridan and Fox.

Thus, when old mother hen, for food,
 Is prying, scraping, clucking, picking,
 Amidst her scudding, squeaking brood,
 The poor weak band of hungry chicken ;
 Soon as the winds begin to sing,
 Or rather *play* their *overture* to thunder,
 Immediately she spreads her wing,
 For all her trembling chicks to huddle under.

For God's sake talk no more of Pitt,
 His *taste*, his *wisdom*, or his *wit* !

A man with *music* in his soul,
 Would never keep vile *squalling* parrots,
 Nor leave a *haunch* and *salmon's* jowl,
 To dine upon *sheeps'-heads* and *carrots*,
 Whose palate wish'd to be thought *chaste*,
 And get *some* small repute for *taste*.

Yet Pitt could keep his *squalling parrets*,
And dine upon *sheeps'-heads* and *carrots*,
When *nightingales* had waited on his wish,
And every table dainty, *flesh* and *fish*.

Now why that stare, my lord? By G— 'tis true:
Ye *moths* that flutter'd in his ray,
The fav'rite *insects* of the day,
I talk of *you*, and *you*, and *you*, and *you*.
What need I *name* what all the world *supposes*?
The B—ves, W—dh-ms, G—ffords, C—ings, R—es.

My lord, I've not one grain of spite;
I only wish to set you right,
And save your future hours from folly:
Of idle vanity the slaves,
Our men of rank are food for *knaves*;
A common fact, and melan-cholly!
Keen parasites, whose cunning gains
Most plenteous crops from barren brains.

They bid you *talk*—my honest song
Bids you for ever *hold your tongue*;
Silence with *some*, is wisdom most profound;
Crack'd pipkins are discover'd by the *sound*.

Now, good Lord B———, to conclude;
Since so unmannerly, so rude,
The Dev'l is pleas'd our hearts to *harden*
Against your *state schemes* and *devotions*;
Whene'er you choose to make *more motions*,
Begin and end them in the *garden*.

PROH IMPUDENTIAM!

AN ODE.

PRETENDING *love* for his *dear* country,
 Not love for his *dear self* and *dear relation*,
 Pitt came with all the family effrontery,
 And took possession of the highest stations:
 Began of politics the game:
 Gambled and lost;
 But who must answer for the cost?
 Not *he*, indeed!—a *duck* confounded lame,
 Not *unattended*, waddling—no—the nation
 Sent after him her *warmest execration*.

How like the *gambler*!—betting *high*—
 A *thousand* on the spinning die!
 For *him*, poor dev'l, a large amount!—
 He lost—but how must he account?
 'Well!' quoth the fellow, 'Gemmen, *kick away*;
 For, curse me if I've got one doit to *pay*!

Pitt brings to mind—a father to his son:
 'Tom, you are going into trade;
 A handsome fortune may, perhaps, be won;
 Perhaps you fail—don't be dismay'd,
 And let your *modesty* ambition stifle,
 So, do not be a *bankrupt* for a *trifle*;

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

AN ODE.

FOND is the human heart of *pow'r* !
Indeed, it cannot be denied :

We see the tyrant ev'ry hour,
Stuff'd, like a *pincushion*, with pride.

Pride is a very *stubborn* evil—
Set but a *beggar* on a horse,
Lord! what will be the fellow's course ?
The knave will gallop to the *devil*.

Pitt with his green bag once *look'd small*,
Could *beg* and *pray* in yonder Hall,
Courting the *honour* of a *brief*;
Ready to plead for *any* thing,
Jacobin, traitor to his k——,
And every despicable thief.

But leaving off, at length, *brief-mumping*,
And *strangely* into *office* jumping;
Adieu, the *modest*, *asking* face!
Features assume a *diff'rent* form:
The *calm* is banish'd—and the *storm*,
With all its blust'ring insolence, takes place.

Nothing his *grandeur* could withstand!
Hustling and bullying, *such* a rout!
In short, the *noblest* of the land
Were just like foot-balls kick'd about.

How like the negro on his mule ;
Tormenting him beyond all rule ;

Beating him o'er the head and ears,
 His spurs into the creature sticking,
 Abusing, damning, cursing, kicking—
 For Blacky, like a *Christian* swears.

His *quondam* master, passing by,
 Beheld the beast with pitying eye—
 ' You scoundrel, hold!—is *murder* your design ?
 Quako turn'd round, with a broad grin,
 Not valuing the rebuke one pin—
 ' Massa, me was *your* nega—*dissy mine.*'

When Pitt is the subject, I scarcely know when to remit the lash, he is such a feast for satire. Should he be restored to that power (which, let me say, he in a manner *usurped*, and which he now *fawningly courts*), our liberties will have reason to *tremble*. The calamities of kingdoms have often been produced by the sole *ignorance* of a minister; but it is to be hoped, for the sake of humanity, that our late misfortunes arose *solely* from that pitiable source, and not from the dark, turbid bosom of *malignity* and *vengeance*.

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL;

OR,

THE SQUADS IN AN UPROAR;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF POLITICS,

OR,

EPISTLES, POETICAL AND PICTURESQUE.

WRITTEN BY TOBY SCOUT, ESQ.

A Member of the Opposition;

AND EDITED BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

Had Britain an atom of wit,
And wish'd her lost health to regain;
She would kick out the mountebank P—,
And consult her old doctor again.

Ah! silly John Bull, or John Ass,
Deserving full many a drub;
Thy long ears can with pleasure let pass
Any lie, any Tale of a Tub!

Surrounded by wolves—a gaunt pack—
With praise and fair promise they treat thee,
And so thick is thy head-piece, poor Jack,
Thou suspect'st not their plan is—to eat thee!

GREAT GRAY AND LITTLE

WOOL

THE SOUNDS IN AN UPRORAR

THE PROGRESS OF POLITICS

CRITICISM, PICTORIAL AND PICTURESQUE

WRITTEN BY TONY WOOT, ESQ.

A History of the Opposition

AND SCOTLAND BY TONY WOOT, ESQ.

Has Britain an enemy in war?
And should we not be ready to resist?
Has Britain an enemy in war?
And should we not be ready to resist?

Oh! little John Bull, or John Aue,
Dwelling still in a cave;
The long ears are with you, but the
long legs are gone!

Surrounded by noise—a faint bark—
With pants and his whistles they treat thee,
And no (like thy hand-piece, poor Jack,
Thou expect'st not that this is to eat thee!

TO MR. PITT.

SIR,

THE numerous and too successful attempts of Ministers, and their hirelings, towards the annihilation of literary genius, renders it a hazardous undertaking for an author to commit a liberal sentiment to paper.—The mousing owls of power have so often hawked at the eagle, that they have nearly killed it.—Your old *friend*, and unwearied coadjutor, Aris, governor of the Bastile, has, I am informed, been giving ‘dreadful notes of preparation’ with his hammer and files; putting his machinery into the nicest order, for the *accommodation* of the hands and legs of his *free-speaking, free-writing, and free-thinking* visitors—*Machinery* which has contracted a most *unpleasantly-looking* rust, for want of *proper exercise*, owing to the gentle spirit of Addington, rudely shouldered from his station, by a *rival* who was dismissed the public service, unaccompanied by a *sigh*, and who is, by some uncommon fatality, returned to it without one single solitary congratulation. Even his meanest parasite (and I call on Mr. C for the truth of my as-

sertion) is ashamed of an *Iö Pæan*! But '*Quo tendit hoc opus?*' you exclaim—'What is the purport of this address?'

It is, *lofty* sir, *humbly* to *implore*, that, as you have contrived, by a most refined specimen of political jockeyship, to snatch the reins from the hands of your competitors, and vault into the seat of the old state coach, you will not, in the *fury* of your career, *drive over* Mr. Scout and his Editor, from a mistaken conception, that a *smile* at man John, or man Will, must be a *sanguinary libel* at man John's or man Will's master. You, sir, have been an *author*; witness your various pamphlets on the *beauty* and *necessity* of a constitutional reform, printed in St. Martin's Lane, and which you endeavoured, by the most indefatigable industry, to *suppress*, as soon as you arrived at the summit of your *modest* ambition. As your present *reign* forebodes rather a transient existence, it is probable that you may, in your *zeal* for *expiring* liberty, resume the *goose-quill*, and, forgetting the traps laid for poor thoughtless scribblers, may *yourself* become a melancholy and *blushing* prisoner.—*Nec lex est justior ulla, quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ.*

P. P.

TO N—— S——, ESQ.

—◆—
EPISTLE I.

PREPARE thy two ears, Cousin Nic;
Lo! our senses are all of employ full;
And our stomachs of poverty sick,
Will speedily sing, 'O be joyful!'

Hope peeps from a cloud on our squad,
Whose beams have been long in deep mourning:
'Tis a *lane*, let me tell ye, my lad,
Dev'lish long, that has never a *turning*.

But now for this nice bit of news—
Know, our worthy old monarch is dying!
If we mind but our P's and our Q's,
We shall quickly be roasting and frying.

Yes, Fame will soon publish aloud,
Of good eating and drinking a story;
As the sun of Pall-Mall from his cloud,
Will soon be ascending in *glory*.

Cousin Nic.]—Nicholas Scout, Esq. of the city of York, a gentleman of Fortune, and a first cousin of Toby Scout, Esq. The letters were written at the commencement of his majesty's late unfortunate indisposition.

Cousin Nicholas, credit the muse,
Who scorns to report a false tale;
That the minister shakes in his shoes—
Harpoon'd is our mighty state-whale!

How he flounders about, and makes fun,
Poor Mister Leviathan Addy!
Lo, his grandeur, so lately a *sun*,
Is sinking (sad fall!) to a *caddy*.

Yes, poor Addy, is deep in a bog;
A nice pickle, you well may suppose—
Very like, between sawyers a *log*,
His sharp-tooth'd *good friends*, and his foes.

Yes, the fellow will get a dry shave;
His chops will be held pretty fast;
And, thank God, Cousin Nic, we shall have
The loaves and the fishes at last.

Believe ev'ry sentence I speak:
Sailing orders are issued—and mind,
G——'s anchor is really *a-peak*,
Sails all set, with an excellent wind!

The Doctors, good servants of Death,
Are call'd in, and prescribing their slop!
When thou wishest to shorten thy breath,
Nic, send for pill, potion, and drop.

Yes, the quacks are call'd suddenly in—
Pepys, Heberden, Reynolds, and Millman!
Who would now for his life give a *pin*?
Four! enough, *without* fever, to kill man.

'In a number of counsellors,' Nic,
'There is wisdom'—so says the black cloth.
Yet a proverb as good we may pick,
And as old—'The more cooks the worse broth.'

On the call for the knights of the potion,
Some look pleasant, and others full sad:
All London in short is in motion,
And much on th' *alert* is our squad.

The tradesman, once proud of the *feather*,
 Now cast higher glory their eye on—
 Soap, herrings, wigs, mousetraps, and leather,
 Are all looking out for a lion.

The tailors cross-legg'd on their boards,
 Needle-arm'd, hand-extended, prepar'd
 To stab the black cloth with their *swords*,
 The instant the death is declar'd.

And likewise the milliners all,
 Arm'd with scissars and pins, on the gape;
 On the blacks with dire fury to fall,
 And cut through deep columns of crape.

Such a mob around Buckingham-house,
 Like shrimps all together they cling,
 That there's scarce room enough for a *mouse*,
 So alarm'd for the life of the king!

From the mountain, and forest, and fen,
 (What a tumult, and bellow, and roar!)
 Rush the beasts to peep into his den,
 To spy if good Leo's *no more*.

T. S.

The feather.] The crest of the prince's arms.

EPISTLE II.

THURLOW now is the Carleton-house mentor!
 You know him, Nic—bony and big,
 With a voice like the voice of a Stentor;
 His old phiz in a bushel of wig.

All the pages, and footmen, and maids,
 As his *wisdom* march'd solemnly in,
 (The impudent varlets and jades!)
 Gather'd round him with wonder and grin.

Cousin Nic, thou hast hawk'd, I'm sure,
 And witness'd a large German owl,
 Hopping forth with a visage demure,
 To attract all the nations of fowl.

At once all the birds of the air,
 Grey, and yellow, green, brown, black, and blue,
 Flock around him with chatter and stare—
 'Whence d'ye come? who the devil are *you*?'

All our laws he will sagely expound,
 Give the parson a twig by the ear;
 And to add to the *graces* of sound,
 He will teach his new pupil to *swear*.

At some of his thoughts you would wonder;
Rudely utter'd, we dare not deny;
 He resembles a loud clap of thunder,
 That frightens and *brightens* the sky.

Yet this in his praise I will say,
 That whether he's *sober* or *mellow*,
 Though as blunt as a bear in his way,
 True genius *admires* the old fellow.

'So much for old gravity!' Nic,
 Thou exclaimest, 'Oh! *tempora mutantur*?'
 Or swear'st I'm clapping a trick.—
 Cousin Nic, I'll be c-rs'd if I banter.

T. S.

EPISTLE III.

O FRIENDSHIP, thy sighs I revere !
Sweet balm on the heart that has *bled* !

O Love, what a treasure thy tear !
A rich pearl on the tomb of the dead.

How d'ye relish this *flight* ? rather *rare*,
And *sublime* for the *lead* of these days ?
And now let me talk of a fair,
Sweet object of pity and praise.

To Blackheath when the messenger came,
And announc'd the small hopes of a cure,
He expected a smile from the dame,
With a purse for his news, to be sure.

When she put her white hand to her pocket,
He thought some rare gift would appear.
Ah ! her handkerchief only !—She took it,
Sweet mourner, to hold a fond tear ;

A tear to which Friendship gave birth,
And Love, of the Passions the queen ;
Pure pearl ! had it dropp'd to the *earth*,
In treasure how *rich* it had been !

When he said that the little and great,
That kings, like their subjects, must die ;
She look'd *up* with a visage *so sweet*,
Bade *farewell*, with *so tender* a sigh ?

Her fate is uncommonly cruel—
Yet a lustre she casts on her race—
By the lord, Cousin Nic, she's a jewel,
And her *heart* is as fair as her *face*.

But Scandal has always her *mud*,
At Merit, *poor* Merit, to throw ;
Of ink has for ever a flood,
To blacken a bosom of *snow* !

Sweet stranger! from splendour withdrawn,
 On wisdom and charity bent,
 To Health, and the breeze of the lawn,
 To the cottage of Peace and Content.

Cousin Nic, with the subject I'm fir'd—

Yes! I've really drunk *deep* of the stream;
 Yet a *goose* must be really inspir'd,
 When the Virtues and Loves are the theme.

T. S.

EPISTLE IV.

I MET mother H——n in the Park;
 The dam of our *great* Master C—nn—g;
 Forth flying, as brisk as a lark,
 With her daughters perspiring and fanning!

‘ Lord bless me! my dear Mister Scout,
 I’m this moment come up in the hoy:
 I’m so glad, then, to find ye here out;
 Lord! Lord! I’m *transparent* with joy.

‘ Let’s sit down upon one of the benches—
 Tell one t’other what each of us hears:
 But first, sir, these girls are my *wenches*—
 Jolly jades, Mister Scout, for their years.

‘ I’ll sell no more *ointments*, not *me*!
 No! that would my consequence *level*!
 Great *prefarment* I quickly shall see,
 So my boxes may roll to the Devil.

I’ll sell no more ointments.]—It is called *Cos-
 tello’s Collirium*, which has experienced a most un-
 common sale, from the very fortunate circumstance
 of having *opened* the eyes of the Heaven-born mini-
 ster, who, to exhibit to the world a rich specimen
 of *disinterested* gratitude, saddled the nation with
 pensions on Madam H——n, the Miss H——ns, *alias*
 C—nn—gs, *alias* Reddishes; a pension on her hus-
 band, Mr. Richard H——n; a place in the West In-
 dies for *one* Master Reddish, and military promotion
 in the East for the *other*; and to crown the whole, a
 pension for poor Uncle Tommy, the tinker of Somers

You have heard, Mister Scout, I suppose,
 How I got my *nice* little *appointment* :
 Mister Pitt, sir, whom *ev'ry one knows*—
 I open'd his winkers *with ointment* !

' So raw and so swelled was each eye,
 He could not peep out of a *hole* :
 Sir, it is not a bit of a lie,
 The man was as *blind* as a *mole* !

' Sir, administration is weak ;
Water-gruel ! no more, Mister Scout.
 We shall soon hear the minister squeak ;
 We shall hear him for mercy cry out.

' You remember, Lord North, the great ox,
 How he ran in a frightened condition,
 And bellow'd to Portland and Fox,
 And so form'd the *fine* fam'd coalition.

' This will happen agen, if *we please* !
 Yes, yes, and the thing shall be *done* ;
 And Addington crawl on his knees,
 And bellow to Pitt and *my son*.

' We shall get out the statue at *last* !
 It *shall* be brought forward—it *must*—
 Yes, yes, we'll make up for the *past* :
 I'll kick up a dev'l of a *dust*.

' Mister Scout, we can now muster strong—
 This day will I go to the grocer's,
 And give him a spice of my tongue,
 And call them great fat-headed *dozers*.

Town. What a beautiful nest of *caterpillars*, or-
 dained by the Heaven-born *æconomical* minister to
 devour the few remaining leaves of the old oak !

THE EDITOR.

‘ I’ll have Pitt, in nice gingerbread, too,
 Finely gilt, with the anchor of Hope;
 And thus will expose him to view,
 In the baker’s and pastry-cook’s shop.

‘ There are numbers of methods, no doubt,
 By which popularity’s made,
 And I know them all, Master Scout;
 I think I’m no fool in that trade.

‘ I would take forth an owl from his hole,
 (Now I don’t mean a sarcasm on Pitt);
 And I’d put the grave bird on a pole,
 And the nation should kneel to tee-whit.

‘ You have heard of his marriage, I guess—
 Nice match! oh, a very nice match!
 Half a million of money! not less!
 O Lord! ’twas a *beautiful catch*!

‘ Yet how *mortally proud* they all be!
 Three days, sir, before the grand wedding,
Bundled off were my daughters and me;
 Pack’d off in the mail, bed and bedding.

‘ For we wern’t of importance enough,
 Our court to *great people* to pay;
 And so we were all *order’d off*,
 For fear of *disgracing* the day!

‘ But the pride of the Scots was so hurt,
 When they found we sold *bobbin* and *inkle*!
 O Lord! ’twas *descending* to dirt;
 It was coupling a whale with a *winkle*.

‘ I dare swear, if I sat by her side,
 Her elbow away she would twitch,
 For fear of her elegant *hide*—
 I might *probably* give her the *itch*!

‘ Proud ma’am need not *toss up* her nose,
 Who, *perhaps*, owes her fortune to *jobbin*:
 A shop is no *sin*, I suppose.
 And *jobbin*’s no better than *bobbin*.

‘ I could whisper a word to a *Scot*,
That amongst the *great munchers* of *currie*,
That *lacks* are not easily got,
Not *honestly* made in a *hurry*.

‘ ‘Slife! what’s all her money to *me*,
That *I’m* to be clapp’d on the shelf?
Thank Heav’n, I’m as wholesome as *she*,
And a Christian as good as herself.

‘ What signify riches and titles?
What signifies richness of blood?
Or what ev’n the nicest of victuals,
If a body ben’t *vartuous* and good?

‘ Pray had Adam and Eve an estate,
Poor souls, when they dropp’d from the moon?
No! they had not a knife nor a plate,
Not a table, nor dish, nor a spoon.

‘ Does she think I ha’n’t *larn’d* to behave?
Does she think I *caan’t* sit to a table?
That my parents good *scholarship* gave,
To eat hay with a horse in a stable?

‘ That my meat, like a hound, I should *tug*;
That, hog-like, my grinders would work?
Does she think I should *cough* in the mug,
And pick all my teeth with a fork?

‘ Or snuffle and grunt in my broth,
Then *whisk* out a mouthful of *wind*;
Lick my plate, *for* to save the clean cloth,
And drink healths to the fellows behind?

‘ Does she think I was born to be *dumb*?
Of my tongue, that I have not the *use*?
Made to listen, and stare, and be *mum*,
And cannot say, ‘ Boh!’ to a *goose*?

Munchers of currie.]—General Scott, the father of Mrs. Canning, made an immense fortune in the East Indies, by his profession, and a *lucky throw* of the dice.

' She thinks I'm a *heathen*, no doubt,
Some *outlandish beast*—that I *howl*!
I waan't born, no, indeed, Mister Scout,
In a wood, to be *scar'd* by an *owl*!

' *Ups* and *downs* we all see, Master Scout—
This world makes a terrible *touse*;
Here and there, sir—some *in*, and some *out*;
Now a *man*, and next minute a *mouse*.

' Son C-nn—g shall start up a lord!
Great speaker! a wonderful thinker!
A *staff* for my boy of the *sword*;
Rank for Richard, and Tommy the tinker.

' My girls will so *blaze* on the town,
Their chariots and phaetons sporting;
Billet-*douxing* with bucks, derry down!
Such a kettle of fish! such a courting!

' Lord St. Vincent must go—he *shall* go—
His anchor's *a-peak*, never doubt it—
For the man for *his* office, you know,
Is the man who *knows nothing about it*.

' Lord! what has he done worth admiring?
No *huge mighty* matters, depend on't!
A little hard fighting and firing,
And boarding, and so there's an end on't!

' Well! Heav'ns bless ye! call soon on me, pray,
To settle th' affairs of the nation—
I now can *afford* to be *gay*;
And we'll have a nice *jollification*.'

Thus ended this nightingale's song!
What a *bore*, Cousin Nic! what a clack!
What a cock-and-bull tale, what a tongue!
Zounds! 'twould distance the fly of a jack!

EPISTLE VII.

CORINNA talks *loud* in her airs!

‘ I *will* have what I’ve fix’d my delight on—
A fig for some people! *who* cares?

Nothing less than the Duchess of Brighton!

‘ Ye dames all so *pure* and so *chaste*,
Who have *blink’d* me, I’ll handsomely *swinge*!
Of the cup of Contempt ye shall taste,
Or I ne’er knew the sweets of *revenge*!

‘ With *envy* your pride shall be kill’d—
To *my* circles ye shall not be beckon’d;
With princes *my* rooms shall be fill’d;
And my name shall be Ninon the Second.

‘ I *know* who dar’d *squint* at my routs!
I *know* who ne’er ask’d me to *theirs*,
Who turn’d up their impudent *snouts*;
For their *honour*, Lord! fill’d with *such fears*!

‘ I’ve a catalogue fair of *nice* dames—
A pretty black list of each *chit*:
And if Vengeance, dear Vengeance, have flames,
The *torch* shall be speedily lit!

‘ Too long have I acted the *dove*:
I will soon play the part of the *viper*;
I will rant like the mistress of Jove!
I shall *dance*, and the —— *pay the piper*.’

The lady is clever and pleasant;
Much a fav’rite, of *yore*, with the *men*;
Nice picking about her—a pheasant!
Now tasteless and tough—an old hen!

Though the Loves are all fled, the young elves,
With the actions of youth *she will bore us—*
Time always *stands still* with ourselves!
We think the world *grows old before us!*

Toad-eaters rush in like a tide,
To their *int'rest* most *lovingly steady*;
And to *tickle* the *trout* of her *pride*,
She's *be-grac'd* and *be-duchess'd* already!

Is she *beautiful*? so much the better:
By this magic thy business is done;
One half of a word, or a letter,
Is enough—'tis the *sine quâ non*.

O Beauty, how form'd to *beguile*!
Thy *charm* will for ever endure;
Lo, the *loftiest*, seduc'd by thy smile,
Descend, like the hawk, to the lure!

Thy *pride*, I suppose, may be *hurt*—
But the world is a dev'lish queer *stick*.
Dost thou wish for the smiles of a court?
Make love to a petticoat, Nic.

EPISTLE VIII.

COUSIN Nic, couldst thou see *some* court faces!
 Most rueful indeed! a yard long—
 Gone, gone are the smiles and the graces;
 Most capital subjects for song!

I've just met with *some* of the crew :
 Bull-head C-rd—n, dead in the dumps;
 Salisb'ry, looking confoundedly *blue*,
 And his countess as *blue* as poor Numps.

Maids of honour, all wand'ring about,
 Are seen with a sorrowful air—
 With their lily-white handkerchiefs out—
 Sad flags, cousin Nic, of despair!

Old Liver—you know who I mean—
 Old Jenk—of the closet old rats—
 Will feel his bones cracking, I ween,
 (Heav'n grant it!) by one of *our* cats!

Smart lads in the council will shine,
 Instead of the stupid and tubbish;
 Choice spirits, instead of dull swine;
Bright Jewels, instead of *old rubbish*.

The bed-chamber lords are in dudgeon;
 And cropsick the grooms and the pages,
 As if struck on the head with a bludgeon,
 Seem to say, 'Farewell honour and wages!'

The cooks, in a pitiful stew,
 The scullions, half out of their wits—
 'Adieu to the platters! Adieu
 To the dripping-pans, sauce-pans, and spits!'

Lord Salisb'ry's *poor* butler and groom,
 With other young knights of the mews,
 And other young knights of the broom,
 For their places all shake in their shoes.

As a whisper is current abroad,
 When the prince shall arrive at the *throne*,
 Farewell to the farce of an *ode*;
 Thus the 'Black's occupation is gone.'

Or *should* this same ode be in *vogue*,
 Musicians will come from that class
 Which know the sweet *lark* from a *hog*;
 Braham's voice from the bray of an ass!

Pitt is just like a fox for a hen,
 Slily squinting and creeping about,
 Snuffing wildly the wind—but what then,
 If Dame Partlet refuse to come out?

How *cut down*!—from the *line* to a *lugger*!—
 The grocers observe him at Dover,
 And *may* send him a pound of brown *sugar*;
 But as to the statue, 'tis *over*.

Ah! Lucifer, son of the morning,
 How fall'n! ah! how lost all thy light!
 No longer the heavens *adorning*!—
 Poor planet—good night t'ye—good night!

And yet—though the fellow I hate,
 I still must acknowledge his merit;
 Though his *quack'ries* and insolent state
 I despise, let me honour his *spirit*.

Musicians will come.]—Unfortunately for the credit of his majesty's band of music, it is not composed of musicians, but of people of mean occupations, who receive the salaries; and hire, for a trifling sum, performers to *fiddle* for them.—Lord Salisbury knows *all about it*.

Retir'd, from political battle,
 To his castle to learn to be *wary*,
 He *astonies* the fields and the cattle,
 With tactics *yclep'd* mili-tary!
 He has got all the *technicals*, pat—
 Studying Saxe and Vauban, night and day;
 And already has kill'd one ram cat,
 Three magpies, two owls, and a jay!
 Over hedges and ditches and quags,
 Huge feats he is seen to perform!
 He has torn a poor dunghill to rags,
 And taken a bog-house by *storm*!
 To Pitt, are all weapons alike:—
 With his bayonet he stabb'd an old sow;
 He pierc'd a large calf with a pike,
 And slew with a broad-sword the cow.
 Many rams has he tumbled about,
 And crack'd of some yearlings the skull;
 Put of oxen a score to the rout,
 And leap'd on the back of the bull!
 For his tutor, he takes Gen'ral Moore,
 As great in a battle his skill is;
 And thus a fit Chiron, I'm sure,
 For instructing his pupil Achilles.
 Together for glory they run!
 If a *hedge-hog* they meet, he is dead!
 If a *squirrel*—*bounce*, off goes a gun!
 If a *mushroom*—*smack*, off goes his head!
 Is a stump of a tree in their way?
 With a fury heroic they rend it!
 Is a mole-hill? in battle array,
 In *column*, they march to defend it!
 On counterscarps, curtains, and ravelins,
 Mines, sausages, bridges, and ditches;
 Pikes, bayonets, and ramrods, and javelins,
 Palisadoes, and guns, and their breeches—

They so talk! *such* a hist'ry of wars!
 Ev'n at meal-times untir'd is the tongue;
 When, lo! with the voice of a Mars,
 They sing of proud triumph the song.

INVITATION TO BONAPARTE:

A DUET,

By Mr. Pitt and General Moore.

BONAPARTE, come over:
 We will meet thee at Dover;
 And the generals our forces commanding
 Will salute thy *two* ears
 With *three* excellent cheers,
 And a warm *Cornish* hug, at thy landing.
 Louis, Jerome, and Jo,
 Let us see too, and know,
 With thy uncles and aunts—a *brave* band:
 Bring likewise thy cousins,
 Of whom thou hast dozens—
 And bring the old fox, Talleyrand.
 Thou'lt be frighten'd to see
 How brisk we shall be,
 To bestow ev'ry thing in our pow'r:
 Most excellent air;
 Nice *lodgings* to spare;
 Ev'n the *best* to be found in the Tower.
 As *French* manners are thine,
 And so *very* divine!
 Thou never wilt fail of delight;
 As the monkeys by day
 Will chatter away;
 And the *tigers* howl music at *night*!

As thou oft did protest,
That a *fight* is a *feast* ;
And as no man, indeed, can be *thinner* ;
Thou shalt have—not a *pullet*,
But a dainty hot *bullet*,
And a *pike* for thy *teeth*, after dinner !

Come the Consul whenever he will—
And he means it, when Neptune is calmer—
Pitt will send him a d-mn'd bitter pill
From his fortress, the castle of Walmer !

T. S.

EPISTLE IX.

LAST night I dropp'd in on a club;
 The *great* Mister Squibb in the chair—
 Who became a *grand bear*, from a *cub*—
 Important in *look* as lord may'r:

Or a certain law lord of our days,
 A great *un*-deciding decider;
 Very rarely a subject of *praise*;
 But oft of a wicked derider!

Who *hems* with *much wisdom*, and *ha's*—
 And seldom concludes in a *minute*:
 And whose *wig* might as well in a cause
 Be employ'd, as the *head* that is in it!

Thou hast witness'd, full many a time,
 The *magic* that waits upon place—
 Where the note of the owl is *sublime*,
 And sheer *grease* a fine sample of grace!—

From the coal and the smoke of his shop
 To the bench let black *Mulciber* move;
 Lo! his tools into consequence hop,
 And his *sledge* is the *sceptre* of *Jove*!

Squibb now with much gravity rose—
 A most solemn and sanctified look!
 'Pray inform us all, what you suppose
 Is our s-v—gn's complaint, Mister Puke!'

Puke answer'd— 'Indeed, Mister Squibb,
 Of opinions, I'm not a *free* giyer;
 But, I think, that a child with a *bib*
 Must pronounce the disease in the *liver*!'

Now Gripe started up, in his pride,
 Whom no death of a *patient* affrights:
 'Mister Puke, you and I differ *wide*—
 'Tis no more in the *liver* than *lights*.'

Puke, nettled, now answer'd and said,
 'Though your *wisdom* was never *suspected*;
 If I know any thing of my *trade*,
 Mister Gripe, 'tis the *liver's* affected.'

Sir, I dont think you *do*,' answer'd Gripe,
 With a smile, and a squint, and a leer—
 Now Puke, in a rage at this *wipe*,
 Thought of dealing a box on the *ear*!

But sagely suspecting *return*,
 And possessing some love for his *hide*,
 He was forc'd in his bowels to *burn*,
 And submit, to Dame Prudence, Miss Pride.

How few boast the wisdom of Puke—
 A present, not *ev'ry* man's lot!—
 How *easier* to bear a *rebuke*,
 Than a sword in the heart or a shot!

Honour likes to *shoot*, *stab*, and *slice*,
 When *affronted*—wild, panting for *blood*!
 Very strange, that a lady so *nice*
 Should prefer *such indelicate food*!

'Well,' quoth Puke, 'thou shalt have thy own way,
 Master Gripe, or to *prate* or to *kill*;—
 Allow me the freedom to say—
 Thou art *vox et præterea nil*!'

'Well,' quoth Gripe, 'what hast thou been *a saying*?
 Master Puke, that redounds to thy glory?
 Goose gabbling—a jack-ass's braying!—
 To talk Latin—mere *nugæ canoræ*!'

To high words now the disputants rose,
 Indeed, words not in flattery *rich*—
 Gripe talk'd loudly of pulling a *nose*;
 Master Puke talk'd of kicking a *breech*!

‘Thy physic,’ quoth Gripe, ‘is all *slop*!
 Not fig for a pig, or a porter:
 Could I catch thee but once in my shop,
 I would pound thee to dust in my mortar.’—

‘With *such fellows*,’ quoth Puke, in disdain,
 ‘I scorn, like a blackguard to *wrestle*;
 Yet, Gripe, had thy head any brain,
 I would dash it all out with my *pestle*!’

The company now interfer’d,
 To set those hot matters to rights—
 They drank friends—and no longer was heard—
 The dispute between liver and lights.—

And, as now, cousin Nic, I beg leave
 (As *labour* and I don’t agree)
 To my pen a small respite to give—
 And indulge in a pinch of rappee.

Peace now being happily made,
 Up rose, on his legs, Master Sly:
 And thus to the chairman he said—
 Whilst ‘*Hear him! hear! hear!*’ was the cry.

‘Sir! administration is *weak*!
 Very feeble—*exceedingly*, sir—
 It has not a *man* that can *speak*—
 Not a tongue on a topic to *stir*!

‘The premier, I grant *very good*—
 Fit to join with his *wife* in *debate*;
 Prescribe a child’s *physic* and *food*—
 But he should not *prescribe* for a *state*.

‘His judgment on *mutton* and *beef*,
 I allow him without *hesitation*—
 And of *tea*, too, it is my belief,
 There is no *sounder judge* in the nation

- ‘ In a boarding-school, too, he might *shine*,
 And make a most excellent *teacher*;
 Nay *more*—make a *decent* divine,
 And, *per-haps*—prove a *popular preacher*!
- ‘ But we want, sir, a *man* of *deep thought*,
 Of political, sharp, penetrations—
 In the school of experience, sir, taught;
 Well vers’d in the int’rests of nations:
- ‘ The man from intrigue who refrains;
 Scorns to creep, spaniel-like, to disgrace;
 Who, firm in his virtue, disdains
 To enrich an old cat, for his *place*.
- ‘ The man who would *die* for the state—
 Of freedom, the glorious defender;
 Not a fellow of *infinite prate*—
 Not a noisy and bullying pretender.
- ‘ Not the man who encourages *spies*;
 For poor liberty laying the *snare*;
 Affected no more by her cries,
 Than a poacher, by squeaks of a *hare*.
- ‘ Not a childish, vindictive, poor fool,
 Against men who may *smile* at his name,
 Who fancies the praise of each *tool*
 Nothing less than the *plaudit* of Fame.
- ‘ ’Tis the man who, sublime, for the *state*
 His neck to the axe would submit,
 To *bless* it—to snatch it from fate;
 And *that* man!—is the great William Pitt!
- ‘ Great man! who ev’n *kings* would resist,
 And pawn for the realm his *last shirt*;
 Too *virtuous* to make civil list
 The *fount* of corruption and dirt!—
- ‘ Great man! so sublime in his station!
 The pilot who weather’d the storm!
 Good man! who ne’er *promis’d* the nation
 A *thing* which he did *not* perform!—

‘ How *nobly* from office he went!

Great man!—not a doit in his fob!

Great man, with his *conscience* content,

Retiring as poor as poor Job!—

‘ He wish’d not to *burthen* the nation—

He wish’d not for mountains of *pelf*!

He wish’d for his country’s salvation—

He never once thought of *himself*!

‘ Other barks on the ocean of time

Shall be lost! into atoms shall split!

While, tow’ring in triumph sublime,

Through the foam, moves the *great* William Pitt!

‘ Of sweet woman he courts not the smile—

Of Venus, *ne’er* seen in the school—

An *animal*, *rare* in our isle—

Heav’n grant that he mayn’t be a *mule*!

Having finish’d his splendid oration,

Down solemnly sat Master Sly;

When lo! of a diff’rent persuasion,

Up rose, in much form, Dicky Dry:—

‘ Mister Chairman, the very *neat* speech

Just deliver’d by good Mister Sly,

Demonstrates how well he can *preach*—

His *assumptions*, I beg to deny.

‘ Sir, ’tis no very difficult matter

To be *florid*, and *roundly* assert—

With *irony*, names to bespatter;

And characters cover with *dirt*.

‘ I allow his oration is neat—

Full of point, sir, I freely admit;

But, sir, the distinction is great,

Very great, between *wisdom* and *wit*!

A mule..]—I do not allude to the proverbial quality of that animal, but to his well-known inability of perpetuating his species.

- ‘ Mister Sly must be surely in *sport*,
 So ill is the character suited;
 Mister Sly may have found out his port—
 Not the talents and virtues *imputed*.
- ‘ Survey him in Westminster-Hall—
 Poor youth! not a brief in his bag!
 There he look’d very small—very small!
 Not a client to make his tongue wag!
- ‘ Next behold him in league with a duke,
 Busy then as the Devil in a storm,
 Attempting poor *gudgeons* to hook
 With a bait—a fine bait, call’d *reform*!
- ‘ *Pretty* doctrines they scatter’d around!
 Pretty letters to Sharman they wrote!
 Sir, I quickly should visit Lob’s pound,
 Should I dare ev’n a passage to quote!
- ‘ Master Aris and I, very soon,
 Should be trying of handcuffs a pair;
 When his honour would teach me a tune—
Bread and water—a fav’rite old air.
- ‘ Well! at length Master Billy got *in*—
 Arriv’d at the summit of power;
 What’s reform?—Oh! a *d—nable sin*—
 A *dæmon*, from that very hour.
- ‘ Now terrier, cur, spaniel, and hound
 (No matter, rain, sun-shine, or storm),
 Were to hunt, and, whenever they *found*,
 To strangle *that vermin* reform!
- ‘ Now trace him in administration:
 Take a peep at his pretty vagaries—
 His *rare engines* for calming the nation—
 Messieurs Reeves and *mild* Governor Aris!
- ‘ Of kindness so full, the *sweet* saint;
 So ready some *comfort* to give us;
 When we *open’d* our mouths with *complaint*,
 His gaols open’d *theirs* to receive us!

- ‘ Next at Newgate behold the *great* man !
Sad scene of *sad-ir*-recollection—
Where tongues with much *liberty* ran,
And dealt in most saucy *reflection*.
- ‘ What a pity that mem’ry should *fail*—
Great pity, indeed !—I repeat it,
That a *yesterday’s* action or tale,
To day, one should *cleanly* forget it !—
- ‘ What a day of dire mortification !
What a day of proud triumph for *foes* !
How *nimbly* the *gem* reputation
Was going, that day, to the *crows* !
- ‘ Mister Sly says his *hero* was *poor*,
Which a deal to his glory redounds—
If the *hunter* was *lean*, we are sure
The *lean* Nimrod well *fatten’d* his *hounds* !
- ‘ Mister Sly says his *hero*, so *pure*,
Never courted the smiles of the ladies—
Sweet Joseph ! not woman allure !—
What a comical sort of a blade ’tis !
- ‘ That Pitt from the ladies should fly,
Is rather an odd sort of whim ;
But I never should wonder, not I,
If the women all scamper’d from *him* !
- ‘ From his *credit*, I scorn’d to detract,
For candour I always revere—
And if Fame ever mention’d *one* act ;
’Twas in *whispers* no mortal could *hear* !
- ‘ Civil list, sir, ’s a dangerous affair :
On *this* head he had better been *mum* ;
Wisdom looks on *that* list with a *stare* !—
But no more on *that* subject, sir—*hum* !
- ‘ *Great* man !’ said the *great* Mister Drake—
Whose *virtues* and talents *surprise* !
Not of *wretched* mortality’s *make* ;
But sent us, *express* from the *skies* !—

274 GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

' If P— was sent down from on high,
The world, in *opinion*, must join;
And pronounce, with one voice, that the *sky*,
Like Houndsditch, pass'd *counterfeit coin*!

T. S.

AN
INSTRUCTIVE EPISTLE

TO
JOHN PERRING, ESQ.

Lord Mayor of London ;

*On the Proposal of an Address of Thanks to the
Right Hon. Henry Addington,*

FOR
His great and upright Conduct when Prime Minister.



— *Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*

HOR.

Sublime, who sacred holds his word;
Lov'd by the Virtues, Wisdom, Wit;
By Freedom's friends caress'd, ador'd—
Muse, send this character to Pitt !

INSTRUCTIVE EPISTLE

JOHN PERRING, ESQ.

Esq. Mayor of London:

On the Proposal of an Address of Thanks to the
Right Hon. Henry Addington,

FOR

His great and upright Conduct when Prime Minister.



— Julian of Norwich proposed when —

1801.

Richard, who acted bold his work;
— Led by the Virtue, William, 1711;
— My friends' friends' career, and —
— How, and this character is full!

EPISTLE

TO THE

WORSHIPFUL THE LORD MAYOR.



BELIEVE the bard, my good lord may'r,
That we have been upon the *stare*,
For your address, for *just* administration;
Which brought the premier so much fame,
With peerless lustre crown'd his name,
And spread a smile of pleasure o'er the nation!
Wild Expectation, on her toe,
Has been a month, at least, I know,
Looking for this fair tribute of your thanks.
Perchance some *dæmon*, secret, sly,
Has mark'd th' affair with *jealous* eye,
And, deep in dark intrigue, been playing pranks:
Some Pittite, mad, vindictive, crost,
Because the *statue* has been *lost*,
Has *tamper'd* with some aldermen, I fear;
And, men of common-council greeting,
In sad unguarded hour of *eating*,
Mix'd *ministerial* poison with their beer.
Poor *iron dust*, through playful fate
Attracted by the *magnet-state*!

Or let us rather call them *straws*—
 Whirl'd from their dirt, their native sphere,
 By sudden gusts—aloft, here, there—
 Of *babes* the wonder and *applause*!—

I've seen *that* dæmon's cloven foot;
 In spite of mobbing, damning hoot,
 The daring imp has learn'd to stand his ground;
 Well steel'd his heart, and bronz'd his face,
 He cocks his nose upon *disgrace*,
 And hunts his game—a persevering *hound*.

And now, lord may'r, I shall suppose,
 That Addington's invet'rate foes
 Impede this honest scheme of thine.
 Then take this *minikin* of mine.

ADDRESS

To the Right Hon. Henry Addington.

YOUR good, your mild administration—
 An epoch in this happy nation—

Our grateful thanks demands:
 And let us here express our grief,
 That Fate, at times an artful thief,
 Should tear you from our hands.

Though dæmons may in league unite
 To blur thy star's illustrious light,
 That brightens now the age;
 Lo! Hist'ry, with her golden pen,
 To give thy name to *future* men,
 Shall fill with thee her page.

Oh, may the men, who *seize* thy place,
 Their country's glory ne'er disgrace,
 By little, base, intriguing arts!
 Instead of conqu'ring by their crimes,
 Our sacred liberties and limbs,
 Subdue, by *noble deeds*, our *hearts*!

Something like this, lord may'r, I want;
 This is no *parasitic* cant—
 Thou know'st of Addington the merit:
 Let Calumny her venom spit,
 And Envy hiss,—and tools of Pitt
 Employ their cruel coal-black spirit.

Without disguise, that Pitt I *hate*,
 Despise his mind, and parrot prate;
 His minions!—with disdain I see 'em!—
 And would the king (my wish devout!)
 Make all the *motley pack* turn out,
 I'd seek Saint Paul's, and sing *Te Deum*!

DEAR Perring, we are *Devonshire-born*,
 Where Plenty fills her golden horn—
 And, whether sober, sir, or mellow,
 Old Devon *certainly* contains,
 Now, as of yore, some splendid brains,
 And many a brave and honest fellow.

Then let us not disgrace her name,
 But give her star a brighter flame—

Exalt, if possible, her credit;
 Yes!—*boldly* act, and write, and think,
 And *mind*!—my *horn's last drop of ink*,
 To raise her glory—lo, I'll *shed* it.

Thy planet led thee to the east,
 To fill with precious gems thy chest,
 And *eke* with precious ointment:
Mine westward order'd me to roam,
 And, after years, come loaded home
 With *sterling* disappointment!

And yet I'm not a *broken* spirit;
 The public has observ'd my merit,
 As well as India *thine*;
 To which kind public, low I bow—
 Its *candour* and its *taste* allow;
 For gratitude is mine.

Now to the point—Exert thy might,
 And separate the *day* from *night*;—
 Discern good friends from foes;
 For thou hast brethren, dark and deep—
 Amid thy flock, some *scabby* sheep,
 Aye, *many* a one, God knows!

Yet should an alderman *demur*,
 Strait strip him of his gown and fur—
 That gown of vivid scarlet!
 And should the counsel dare refuse
 To sign th' Address—*stain'd* be the *blues*
 Of every gravy-gulping varlet.

I fear *that* linen-draper's* jaw,
 Which gives to liv'rymen the law—

* Mr. Waithman, a great city orator, a son of Liberty and Opposition, and *élève* of John Wilkes, of volcano immortality; who, from his *great* and *cheap* shop in Bridge-street, Black-Friars, facing the *noble* monument called Obelisk, raised and dedicated to

Forsaking *trade*, in hour most evil,
Lawn, *cotton*, *dimity*, and *muslin*,
The *pates* of common-council puzzling—
Has lately play'd the very devil!

Of *such*—O, may the sav'ry haunch
Ne'er enter the unhallow'd paunch;
Great rival of a *bag*:
Before their mouths, may brawn advance,
And turtles fat, and turbots dance,
And balk each well-worn *snag*!

Down their plump cheeks, may custards stream—
Rich trifle, syllabubs, ice-cream;
And may they writhe and grin,
And spread their tantaliz'd poor chops,
To catch the luscious sugar'd drops—
And not *one* drop get in!

Nay, more! may giants of Guildhall,
Whom mortals, Gog and Magog call,
Leap down on ev'ry head,
When next they meet on Lord Mayor's Day,
Their vows to Gluttony to pay,
And crush each scone of lead.

Oh! strain each nerve, my good lord may'r—
Merit like Addington's is rare—
To *leave him*, what a pity!
The thunder of *my* muse's lays
Shall shake Parnassus with his praise,
And *thou* shalt shake the city.

his glorious patron, draws *patriotic inspiration* for
his *motions* and *speeches*.

Forwarding friends, in your most
Aston, cotton, oil, and iron
The power of cotton is still
The power of iron is still
Of much—O, my, the very hand
He is even the universal
Great rival of a
Before their minds, they have a
And for the sake of the
And for the sake of the
Down their plump cheeks, my friends
This is the, perhaps, the
And may they with me and
And spread their little
To each the power of
And not one drop
Way, more! my friends of
We have, perhaps, the
I am down as to the
It has been they have
Their view to the
And thus each power of
Let each power of
About like a
To know the
The power of
And thus each power of
his glorious power, they are
his nation and

THE
HORRORS OF BRIBERY;

A
PENITENTIAL EPISTLE,

FROM

Philip Hamlin, Tinman, to the Right Honourable
Henry Addington, Prime Minister.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A POSTSCRIPT;

CONTAINING

*Sensible Animadversions on Judge Grose's solemn
and serious Address to the unfortunate Tinman.*

————— *Omnia Romæ*
Cum pretio —————

JUVENAL.

Poor Hamlin, hammering in his tin-shop, thought
That ministers, like saucepans, might be bought ;
That courtiers, like a fish-kettle or platter,
Were made of very *malleable matter*.

THE
HORRORS OF SLAVERY;

SENTIMENTAL EPISTLE,

FROM

Philip Henslow, Student, to the Right Honourable
Henry Addington, Prime Minister.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A POSTSCRIPT;

CONTAINING

General Observations on the Slave Trade, and
and on the Abolition of the African Trade.



— (LONDON: 1794.) —

— (LONDON: 1794.) —

— (LONDON: 1794.) —



From the Author, who has been in the shop, the
first edition, the second, and the third, in London;
that country, the first edition of the
first edition of every new edition.

A

PENITENTIAL EPISTLE.

FROM those hard walls, amidst whose awful round,
The ear with horror feels the clanking chain;
Where sighs from hollow vaults unpitied sound,
And tears of bitterest anguish stream in vain;

Where, faint and fasten'd to th' unfeeling floor,
The wretch desponding mourns amid his gloom;
Expecting Death's dread hand t' unbolt his door,
And lead him half alive into the tomb;

From those hard walls poor Hamlin pour'd his sighs,
Much marv'ling how he came to *such a place*,
And, lifting his two melancholy eyes,
Address'd the author of his sad disgrace:

'An't please your worship, hear me, sir, I pray—
Hear me a bit—Lord! Lord! I thort no harm;
No more, please God! than of my dying day—
I ne'er once thort of making zich a starm.

'I thort that voakes were brib'd in Lenden too,
Az well az in the country—zo thort I;
I caan't but zay I look'd confounded *blue*,
To hear the terney-general's *grievous* cry.

‘ Lord! half the corporations, zo I’ve heard,
 Look ’pon a bribe no more than bites o’ vleas,
 And zwallow oaths, Lord! not one crume afear’d,
 Az glibly az they clunk their bread and cheese.

‘ I never thort that ’twas a sin or shame;
 Vor az vor squeamishness I never vound,
 I caan’t zay that I thort myself to blame, [pound.
 That voakes wud quarl way two good thousand

‘ I know the last election Plymouth votes,
 Aye, many, many look’d confounded grum:
 They thort of *something* vor to buy mun coats,
 Fath! happy to have got but *half* the sum.

‘ Gert voakes have slipp’d a purse into my *hand*,
 Guineas—zometimes ’twas eight and zometimes
 And zo I thort, with maney at command, [ten—
 To give a *dowzer* to gert voak agen.

‘ And simply thus I thort, that I might do,
 Lord! never dreaming of a jail, d’ye zee;
 But thort that az my *bettors did* zo too,
 It never could be *wickedness* in *me*.

‘ *Zomebody*’ll have the place, I do suppose—
 A Plymouth man, I make no sort of doubt;
 A *vote* too—but, that God-Almighty knows;
 I really think that things wull zo turn out.

‘ Then why not *me*?—a tinker, very true.
 But there’s ’Squire Canning’s brother hath a place:
 He was a crock and kittle-mender too;
 But had good friends to hoist him from disgrace.

‘ I own I wanted wisdom for my guide—
 Indeed ’twas foolish, out so *plain* to plump it;
 And then, methought, so great indeed my pride,
 ’Twas handsomer to *buy* a thing than *mump* it.

‘ Lord! sir, I kept a reputable shop;
 Liv’d well, as any body may suppose:
 But so disgrac’d, what have I now to hope?
 My goods will stink in ev’ry body’s nose.

‘A Newgate bird liv’th there,’ the voakes will cry,
Spit *’pon* my goods as they pass by my door;
‘A jailbird!’ will they hoot as they go by,
And never buy a spoon or save-all more.

‘Nort else had I to offer, sir, indeed,
Had I a vote, ’thad beed another case;
Or had the town of Plymouth beed my own,
Shure, sir, you shud a had it vor the place.

‘Zoon as old Andrew Hill had slipp’d his breath,
My neighbour Tap, the landlord, com’d to *me*;
Says he, ‘Leave tinkering—there’s a charming *death*;
Hamlin, an angel of a death!’ quoth he.

‘Zounds! what a noghead and a fool!’ says Tap,
‘To mend old crocks, and candlesticks, and kittles—
Thy hammer always going, rap, rap, rap—
And all to git, forseth, a *bit o’ vittels*!’

‘Thy road is now as plain to wealth, my lad,
Plain az from Frankfort-Gate to Plimmoth-Dock,
Then mind thy P’s and Q’s, and daan’t be *mad*,
And think no more of kittles or a crock.’

‘Quoth I, ‘How, neighbour Tap?’—Zo then Tap zed,
‘Thee now mayst git a *birth* all warm and snug.’
And then he tould me Andrew Hill was dead—
Zo he and I together drink’d a mug.

‘Lord! Hamlin,’ quoth a, ‘what a beast thee art,
When thou mayst be a gentleman complete;
To stand here hammering in a stinking shart,
Moiling as black’s the dowl with mucks and sweat!’

‘Zo, sir, ’twas not *my* fault, your honour zees;
’Twas landlord Tap, you vind, that made me do’t:
The fellow mus’d me with a hundred lees,
And I was fool enough to hearken to’t.

‘Hamlin,’ quoth Tap, and wink’d—‘*I know* gert voak;
They be no better than their neighbours, mun:
At curts, Lord! Lord! mun, honesty’s a joke, [fun.
Froth leeke my fresh draad beer—Lord! downrert

‘ Offer the minister at once the *bait*,
 Thou’lt find a *gudgeon*—zee if I’m not right;
 Now daan’t take squeamish scruples in thy pate:
Snap is the word at court—I know he’ll *bite*.’

‘ And zo zays I again to landlord Tap,
 ‘ Art sartain that he’s hungry, Tap, and poor?’
 ‘ Try—*sniggle* for’n,’ quoth he, ‘ I know he’ll snap.’
Snap with the devil to’t, it is, I’m shore.

‘ There’s Pitt,’ quoth Tap, ‘ as poor az a charch
 Without a dish or plate upon his shelf; [mouze,
 Trying to git again into the Howze,
 And make a little *something* for his zelf.’

‘ Zo did I trust to Tap—and, leek a fool,
 Believ’d the minister was leek a *vish*;
 Thort leek a poor weak boy that goesh to school,
 And leek a blockhead thort to *bread my dish*.

‘ I know mun all,’ quoth Tap, ‘ I know mun well—
 Iss, Hamlin, iss, I know mun well anew:
 I’ve had mun at my howze, both gert and smaall—
 With all their grandeur ’tis a dam queer crew.’

‘ And is it zo?’ zaid I. ‘ It is,’ zaid he;
 ‘ I tell thee, Hamlin, no man know’th mun better.’
 ‘ Then Tap,’ zaid I, in answer to’n, ‘ dost zee,
 I’ll do’t—I’ll zend the chancellor a letter.’

‘ And zo I zet me down at once, and wrote
 The letter that did give zo much offence;
 I guess that you can zay it all by rote,
 Which show’d, I must confess, my want of *sense*.

‘ God know’th my heart, I never thort of harm:
 Your conscience, Lord! I didn’t mean to shock it;
 Two thousand pound, I thort, wud keep ye *warm*,
 Nor thort it was a *crime* to fill *your pocket*.

‘ ’Tis cruel hard for to be put to jail,
 Vor doing what gert voakes do ev’ry day:
 I thort I might come down upon the *nail*,
 And tern a penny in an honest way.

‘ I do assure ye, sir, that I’m a *vote*—

Had many a guinea slipt into my hand;
And thort at any time that I might do’t,
And thort it was the way of all the land.

‘ The gert voakes shak’d our hands as blest as grigs,
And with King George’s image made mun *burn*.
Az gert voak buy *us* leek a lot of pigs,
Why not *we* buy the gert voak in return?

‘ Tap bid me write and *gauge* the servants all,
And bid me try your worship’s maid and man;
But, leek a blockhead, I forgot it all,
And wrote to *measter*, ’stead of Joan and Jan.

‘ I must zay this for Tap, he bid me *squint*,
And zee how things were manag’d in your houze;
If *covetous* leek *some voakes* * in the law,
Not only starv’d theirselves, but ev’ry mouze.

‘ I’ve heerd, sir, a fine lady †, zome time dead,
Did keep a shop vor titles, and got rich;
And sold mun just as bakers sell their bread,
Or as a porkman sellth a ham or fitch.

‘ Upjump’d Sir Jan, Sir James, Sir George, Sir Will;
Up with his star and garters rose my lord:
This was the case, I hear, and may be still;
And places too she sold, to make a *hoard*.

‘ Now there’s Lord Rolle, that I remember well,
When simple Mister Rolle—not one crumb more;
What mad’n a great lord? Lord! *I* can tell—
’Twas Pitt, and Devonshire int’rest, to be shore.

‘ Lord bless us! I remember that as how
He was a *simple* ’squire, upon my soul!
And meen’d, too, that his *wife*, my lady *now*,
Call’d’n nort else but Janny, Janny Rolle.

* The late Lord Kenyon, of miserable memory,
and a *present great* law lord.

† Madam Schwellenberg.

‘ Now by God’s marcy, and your kindness, sir,
 If ever from this hell * I should escape;
 From home I shall be zo asham’d to stir,
 There’ll be such talk, and laugh, and grin, and gape!

‘ I never now shall have my pretty rambles,
 Afeard of ev’ry butcher, ev’ry drab;
 Ne’er go for beef and mutton to the shambles,
 Nor to the fish-stalls, for a plaice or crab.

‘ I ne’er must put my nose upon the Hoe †,
 The people’s jeers wud give me zuch a shock;
 And slily by Mill-Prison I must go,
 To sell my pots and dripping-pans in Dock.

‘ The world’s too bad, I speak it to their shame;
 When a man vall’th, the meanest rogue will bang
 Zo with a dog too—give un a *bad* name, [un:
 And ev’ry body hath a rope to hang un.

‘ Voakes will point at me as I go along;
 The very boys will hold me by the *tail*,
 And crack their jokes, and zing a jeering song,
 And whoop, ‘ Here’s Mister Hamlin come from
 jail!’

‘ I thought of high preferment, I declare;
 But that, I fear, will never come to pass;
 That I should be one day our Plymouth *mare*,
 But, Lord! my lot’s to be a Plymouth *ass*.

‘ Instead of marching proudly through our town,
 Amidst the town-voakes, all with wondering faces;
 Deck’d all in scarlet, Lord! a fine fur gown,
 Just leek a king, behind the silver maces.

* It is asserted, and from very respectable authority, that this pathetic elegy was sent to the minister before the sentence took place, and produced a most fortunate *peripætia* in this Newgate drama.

† A most delightful walk for the Plymouthians, now totally neglected on account of its *comatability* beauty.

‘ Lord! Lord! to be confin’d in theese dark place,
And have a *rope*—for zo it may befall!
Ah me! it is a very different case
Between a room in Newgate, and Guildhall.

‘ Shore! sir, I’ve drink’d your health a hundred
times,
And never dream’d that you could be *uncivil*;
Have wish’d *zome vokes* the gallows for their crimes,
And wish’d the *warhoop* fellows to the devil.

‘ Indeed, sir, you’re a favourite with us,
Thort mild and *human*; yes, indeed you are,
But Pitt, and all his dirty gang, we *cuss*;
Though Dock and Plymouth git zo much by *war*.

‘ We hate the Grenville faction, hate mun all,
A pack of hungry hounds, just like *starvation*;
That snarl and quarl, and grin, and bark, and bawl,
Wanting to burst their guts, upon the nation.

‘ I love his majesty—deny’t who can?
True to his government and ev’ry thing.
Whene’er he dyeth, Heaven bless the gentleman!
I daan’t think we shall git a *better* king.

‘ Now, sir, be please to let a body know,
And let me zee the end of all my cares;
That if I’m to be *hang’d*, that I may go,
And make my peace with God, and zay my pray’rs.’

Such are the tinman’s tuneful sighs,
That from his gloomy mansion rise,
Something like song from dying swans of old:
Then Addington, thy rigour quit,
Nor boast the iron heart of P—;
But show that *thine* was form’d in Mercy’s mould.

Yes, let the culprit be forgiv'n—
 No *actual rape* took place, thank Heav'n!
 He wish'd to *buy* thine Honour's pure embraces.
 I own with *awkwardness* he strove—
 A country bumpkin in his love—
 A simple Cymon, 'midst the polish'd Graces.
 Then smile, and put the bumpkin out of pain,
 And send him *whistling* * to his *shop* agen.

* ' And whistled as he went, for want of thought.'

Cymon and Iphigene.

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE the Penitential Epistle could come from the press, the awful sentence was pronounced upon my *simple* countryman, who has, I find, been *agreeably* disappointed, in not being *ordered* for *execution*. This case of an attempt at political simony having been most impartially and fairly weighed in the scales of *political justice*, it has been determined that three months' further habitation in a gaol, and the payment of one hundred pounds, will be the precise *quantum* of punishment due to the enormity of the offence.

The learned judge (Grose), with the usual *professional solemnity*, in an eloquent and impressive address to the poor trembling tinman, informed him, amongst other important matters, that, for a first minister to receive a bribe with a view of securing a preference in the appointment to any office where merit *alone* should be *consulted*, would be a high misdemeanor and a breach of trust.—‘It must, therefore,’ continued the learned judge, ‘be considered as *no small misdemeanor*, for any individual

to attempt to *overturn* this *corner-stone* of the constitution.

‘Men in *all times*,’ continued the learned judge, ‘have held such attempts in *abhorrence*; and more *convincing proofs* cannot be given, than the *few instances* on record of persons being accused of similar offences.—It was a practice,’ continued the learned judge, ‘which, if *countenanced*, would lead to mischief incalculable; as in every office, *civil* and *military*, men of *ability* must give place to the idle, the ignorant, and the corrupt.’

With every deference to the learned judge, I must beg the indulgence of a trifling comment on this part of his lordship’s *solemn* address to the tinman. That a prime minister should be superior to a bribe, in order that merit alone should receive the *meed* of her labours, may readily be admitted;—but had the learned judge observed the transactions of the world, and more particularly the *political* world, he would have discovered that few, *very few*, have founded their pretensions to high honours and lucrative appointments on the basis of such an *unfashionable* and *solitary* claim as *merit*. The pedestals on which the most *conspicuous figures* of this kingdom are elevated, are composed of the *stained* and *rotten stone*, instead of the *unsullied, solid, nay, immortal marble*. Was it Merit that pleaded for the ‘heaven-born minister*?’—God mend the poor an-

* So sublimely denominated by one Mister Drake, in a parliamentary oration.

gels he left behind, if formed of *similar materials*! —Was it Merit that created him Chancellor of the Exchequer? Was it Merit that introduced his brother, of *sleepy* and *yawning* memory, to the first situation in the naval department? Was it the merit of his most *disinterested* associates that procured themselves such a handsome provision, on their various resignations?—Had there been a single blush in the skin of a Pitt, it must have appeared on that occasion. Was it Merit that raised the *humble* bellows-blower of the late huge organ of St. Stephen's chapel, *videlicet*, Master Canning; placed him on the back of that lean tame *jack-ass* the nation, with Mother Hun and her daughters from the country theatrical barns; brother Tom the tinker, from Pentonville, and brother Bob, a common soldier, from Botany-Bay? —Such is the *respectable* and *motley* group worthy the pencil of some modern Hogarth! Such was the *heaven-born* minister's *laudable remuneration* of *virtuous labours*, and such his *boasted* political œconomy!—Was it the modest voice of Merit that pleaded for Lord Grenville and his *poor* wife?—But I am tired of putting questions that raise a smile at the instant they are proposed.

The assertion of the learned judge, that men in all times have held bribes in abhorrence, wants *confirmation*; and that the few accusations of the commission of the crime on record are convincing proofs of such abhorrence, is certainly fallacious. Thus do I deny both *premises* and *conclusion*.—That bribery is *not* held in *universal abhorrence*, I appeal to

every man that can *see* and *hear*, as well as to *thousands* that *taste* and *feel*—and I assert, that the *paucity* of accusations for bribery which appear on record, is more owing to the *love* and *acceptance* of the *bribe*, than the *abhorrence*. Such is my humble sentiment of the present state of *political corruption*, so diametrically opposite to those of the judge, who, I am inclined to think, argues from *particulars* to *universals*, and, from the purity of *his own* heart, infers the virtue of the million! which strongly induces me to believe that the learned judge is, in *politics*, more of a *simple* Parson Adams* than an artful and unprincipled Machiavel.

So universal is this *terrible* vice, that even the *sacred* region of Parnassus is not exempt from its taint. Mr. Francis Rivington, lately a *great* commander in the Bridewell Volunteers, and a *great* bookseller to boot; and Mr. Charles Rivington, *great* among the saints of methodism, and eke *great* in partnership with his brother Francis; also the Reverend Mr. Nares, *great* in evangelical *children*, called sermons, poor still-born brats; moreover, the Reverend Mr. Beloe, *great* in literary children, long since *dead*, named *translations*, *poems*, &c. the aforesaid two reverend gentlemen being now the two great spinning Jennys† of the Rivington manufacture of

* A character drawn by Fielding, in that excellent novel Joseph Andrews.

† The two parsons who labour in the critical vineyard called the British Critic, are the principal workmen.—They sit at the right hand of the Rivingtons

monthly criticism—these, I say, sit on the *apex* of Parnassus, and *dispose* of *places* to literary ladies and gentlemen, who sigh for a niche in the temple of Immortality.—As criticism is considered by the aforesaid gentlemen in the light of a *trade*, like *bookselling* and *preaching*, they naturally endeavour to make the *most* of it. So much for hypocrisy.

To conclude my commentary—let me inform the learned judge, that, by extending his scale of information, he will find that public virtue, so far from being in its *bloom*, is in a most lamentable *decline*, and that, if the minutest wheels of the political machine are not smeared with the oil of corruption, the *whole* will be at a *stand-still*; or, to use the more energetic language of Dr. Johnson, of *sesquipedalia*

at every critical dinner, and are looked up to with *reverence* by the inferior *literary scalpers* that are invited to the Rivington table, to exhibit their *scalps* and receive the wages of their *execution*. To be somewhat serious; I would advise these two reviewing *parsons*, who pretend to piety and morals, not to damn a little amatory line in *one* author, and recommend in a strain of panegyric a work that would have defied the prurient powers of the famous Lord Rochester to surpass. A pair of divines, preaching piety in their pulpits, and recommending (even by quotation) the *lewdest songs* that ever were sung at the orgies of the Cyprian goddess! The *Bible* and *B—dry* issuing from the *same* shop!—for shame, parsons! The altars of Christ and Venus should never be attended by the *same high priests*.

verba memory, it would resemble the pyrotechnic wheel, which, for want of more of the *sulphureo-nitrato-carbonic* particles of explosive animation, experiences annihilated effulgence, and, submitting to the *vis inertiae*, becomes destitute of the rotatory circumglration.

at every critical moment, and are looked up to with
 reverence by the student, literary aspirants and
 invited to the Livingston table, to exhibit their
 essays and receive the wages of their exertions.
 To be somewhat serious, I would advise these two
 interesting persons, who pretend to pity and
 pity, not to dwell in this country like in one another,
 and recommend in a strain of panegyric a work
 that would have added the present powers of the
 friends from the West to the East. A pair of the
 whole, presenting many in their pulpit, and recom-
 mended (even by quotation) the latest essays
 that ever were sent in the name of the Christian
 author. The first and second essays being from the
 same pen, for shame, persons! The claim of
 the first and second essays should never be attended by the
 same high praise.

TRISTIA;

OR,

THE SORROWS OF PETER.

ELEGIES

TO

THE KING, LORDS GRENVILLE, PETTY,
ERSKINE, THE BISHOP OF LONDON,
MESSRS. FOX, SHERIDAN,

&c. &c.



*Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis.*—————

HORACE.

In cold neglect is Genius heard to sigh;
And Virtue lifts in vain the languid eye.

THE SORROWS OF PETER.

THE KING, LORDS GRANTVILLE, PETTY,
FURNISHING, THE BISHOP OF LONDON,
MESSRS. FOX, SHERIDAN,
&c. &c.

PROLOGUE.

A SAGE, whose name I don't at present know
(And 'tis no mighty matter, I confess),
Says, if he wish'd to curse his bitterest foe,
How would he do it?—curse him with *success*.

'Curse *me*,' cries every one who reads my book,
'If I don't wish that formidable evil:
On *me*, let Fortune ever smiling look,
I'll run the risk of going to the Devil.'

I fear I'm one of those, and wish to meet
Dame Fortune always smiling—in my pow'r;
Adversity one can't with pleasure greet—
Too much a cross old maid—so very sour.

T'enjoy Life's comforts be my lucky lot:
Some let me have, dear Life, however *small*—
'A mouse' (the proverb tells us) 'in the pot
Is always better than no meat at all.'

Few are the treasures that Parnassus yields,
Its hills and dales, of very little price,
Abounding *more* in rocks than golden fields;
And less in sheep and cows, than rats and mice.

The streams of Helicon are deem'd *divine*,
Yet quench not thirst of bards like British ale;
Envy must own its founts are vastly fine,
Yet poets oft prefer the *tubs* of Thrale.

Poets are ever treading upon stars,
Sublimely walking arm in arm with gods,
Neglecting thus all sublunary cares—
Good solid beef for shadows, songs, and odes.

Mild is the mien of Merit—ah ! how meek—
All diffidence, she looks with downcast eye—
A blush, a crimson blush o'erspreads her cheek—
And fear of censure gives her soul a sigh.

From tumult, far she loves to wander—far—
A simple, pensive, silent, thoughtful maid,
All lonely shining, like the evening star
That sparkles on the solitary shade.

She pants not for the splendor of a name,
To praise, to flatt'ry, wishing to be deaf;
Trembling, she steals herself away from Fame,—
A blushing strawb'rry hid beneath a leaf.

Sweet though her song, she hopes not to be heard :
In groves, the melting softness shuns the light—
In secret warbling, like the tuneful bird
That, shaded, charms the list'ning ear of night.

How timidly she tapp'd at Grandeur's door !
Afraid to wound the ear with slightest pain—
Where Gruff the porter bade her, with a roar,
Go to the Devil with her canting strain.

There, Folly rushes with his dirty boots,
Tattoos, and nearly thunders down the dwelling,
Loaded from Drummond's, Mordecai's, or Coutts',
Hark ! like his hounds—tempestuous, howling,
yelling.

Lo, Gruff, his hand for ever on the watch,
With many a piece of silver has been crown'd—
Proud, a round oath, or friendly damn to catch,
' Hopes that his honour's well,' and bows to
ground.

‘Where dwells this blushful beauty of our isle?’
 Exclaims the world—‘this Merit, let us see,’
 That world (an unbelieving Jew) will *smile*,
 When I inform him, that she *dwells* with me.

Yes, let me own I’ve nurs’d the infant Hope;
 Expecting presents from the Lord’s *anointed*—
 ‘Bless’d is the man who *nought* expects,’ says Pope,
 For, lo, that man shall not be *disappointed*.

'Where dwells the faithful beauty of our life?
 Exclaim the world—this death, let us see,
 That world (an unbellying Jew) will smile,
 When I inform him that the world is with me.
 Yes, let me own I've nurs'd the infant Hope;
 Expecting presents from the Lord's banquet—
 'Bless'd is the man who nurtur'd hope,
 For, lo, that man shall not be disappointed.'

'And now, my friends, let us begin our tale,
 And let us see how the world will smile,
 When I inform him that the world is with me.
 Yes, let me own I've nurs'd the infant Hope;

Expecting presents from the Lord's banquet—
 'Bless'd is the man who nurtur'd hope,
 For, lo, that man shall not be disappointed.'

'And now, my friends, let us begin our tale,
 And let us see how the world will smile,
 When I inform him that the world is with me.
 Yes, let me own I've nurs'd the infant Hope;

Expecting presents from the Lord's banquet—
 'Bless'd is the man who nurtur'd hope,
 For, lo, that man shall not be disappointed.'

'And now, my friends, let us begin our tale,
 And let us see how the world will smile,
 When I inform him that the world is with me.
 Yes, let me own I've nurs'd the infant Hope;

Expecting presents from the Lord's banquet—
 'Bless'd is the man who nurtur'd hope,
 For, lo, that man shall not be disappointed.'

'And now, my friends, let us begin our tale,
 And let us see how the world will smile,
 When I inform him that the world is with me.
 Yes, let me own I've nurs'd the infant Hope;

TRISTIA;

OR,

THE SORROWS OF PETER.



ELEGY TO THE KING.

The Poet informs his Majesty of a Rumour of great things having been done for him at Court, and of his awkward Situation in Consequence of that Rumour arising from the teasing Visits of Friends and Creditors; and supplicates his Majesty's gracious Attention to the Subject, and to relieve his Anxiety.

O KING! the wondrous changes in the state
Engage these curious eyes of mine, to see
If Madam Fortune means to *change my* fate;
That is, if ministers have thought of me.

Soon as the post arrives, I seize the papers;
As much for *place* my appetite is whetted—
In vain! and then I fall into the vapours,
And think it hard my name is not gazetted.

Friends have pour'd in—'Ah! Peter, my old boy!
 The old jade Fortune has been kind at last—
 Joy! joy!—*Pindaricus*—we give thee joy—
 Well, well, the loaves and fishes come at *last*.'

In vain I tell them, that 'tis no such thing,
 And represent it as an idle rumour:—
 'Poh! Peter, thou art joking, our good king
 Forgives a jest, and loves a bit of humour.'

'Sirs! what d'ye mean? I've nought, upon my soul'—
 'What! not a hint? no message? ah! no letter?
 Soon shall we hear thy coach's thunder roll—
Credat Judæus! Peter, we know better!'

The mad ex-courtiers cry, 'thou old black sheep,
 Thy rhiming sins will never be forgiv'n:
 In peace in *this* world ne'er expect to sleep;
 Nay more, expect not to make peace with Heav'n!'

Bonfires have also blaz'd, lit up by people,
 Whose patience, almost lost, for years has tarried;
 The bells too, nearly cracking the old steeple,
 Pealing as though the poet were just married.

The marrow-bones and cleavers have been here,
 To pay a compliment upon my pension:
 'Ah! butchers,' I have whisper'd in their ear,
 'Fudge! downright fudge! mere humbug—sheer
 invention.'

The cook too, with his *petit soupé* bills,
 For some *dear Lais*, fond of pretty picking;
 Who, fair as Hebe, just like Hebe *fills*,
 So fond of oyster sauce and a broild chicken.

The pot-boy soon, and tailor too, I fear,
 Will pay their court: the barber too, the prig,
 I make no doubt, will presently appear,
 Inquiring how I lik'd my last new wig.

And, ah! the cobbler too has sought my room,
 To compliment the poet and his muse,
 Quite dissipated all his former gloom,
 With smiles presenting 'a small bill for shoes.'

The little robins, seldom seen before,
Seem twittering gratulation to the poet;
Wagtails and sparrows too, surround my door,
Chirp pleasure, and the cocks in concert crow it.

Ev'n from its hole, beside my straw-stuff'd bed,
A poor starv'd mouse, who hears these sounds of
Babel,

Pokes forth, with seeming joy, his little head,
To spy if any thing is on the table!

'Poor mouse,' I sigh, 'thy face must still be lean,
Like mine, since nothing has been done *for me* :
How canst thou, though thy appetite be keen,
Expect that something should be done for thee '

Thus has this diabolical report,
Plung'd your poor poet in a sea of trouble;
Thus have the fancied honours of the court,
Deceiv'd and got me in a horrid hobble.

Dread sir, your bard's ambition soars not high,
To take Pitt's place, or join the privy-council;
But yet a warbling goldfinch, such as I,
Might peck *some* hemp-seed—taste a *little*
groundsel.

Yes, sire, this mortifies and makes me sad,
Pleas'd should I be to meet your high commands;
Beyond a doubt I should be vastly glad,
To join the royal circles, and *kiss hands*.

Then, sir, permit the bard t' approach the throne,
To ask if this intelligence be true;
The world proclaims it with the firmest tone,
Yet none can tell his fortune sir, like you.

ELEGY TO THE SAME.

The Poet remarks the Change of Sentiments in favour of three principal Patriots, Fox, Sheridan, and Burdett, &c.—The Poet being one of the Sheep, in the List of the proscribed, wishes his Fleece to be whitened by the Sunshine of a Court-smile, but apprehends that fortunate Epocha to be at some Distance—He hints to his Majesty that he has no Disinclination to accept of something handsome; relates a mortifying Circumstance in the Life of poor Maynard, a French Poet, and mentions the Want of Hospitality in some of the Gentlemen of the Palace.

O LOOK at Sheridan, Burdett, and Fox,
Such terrors once—such bugbears to the crown;
Lo, nothing now in either patriot shocks!

The palace marks their forms without a frown!

Pages and maids of honour, at their names,
No longer pale and trembling keep aloof!
Demons no more—their mouths emit no flame—
No tails they wear—nor carry horns and hoofs.

‘Heav’ns! Mister Fox is quite a charming man,
So placid, and so generous in his nature;
And then agen for Mister Sheridan,
So lively, clever, Lord! so great a creature.

‘ So sensible, indeed—so full of wit,
So pleasant, so good-humour’d, sober, mellow;
Lord; without meat a fortnight one could sit,
To hear him talk—he’s such a pleasant fellow.

‘ Full of his fun, and always something new,
O heav’ns! a nightingale to Pitt the croaker;
One, easy, as we say, as an old shoe,
The other, stiff and formal as a poker.

‘ Then there’s Sir Francis! how polite a man,
So worthy, and his character so fair is,
Pays all his debts! uncommon!—a black swan!—
Oons! down with Cold-bath Fields, and down
with Aris.

‘ So handsome, and so neat as a new pin!
So like a gentleman in every feature!
Lord! what a shame Mainwaring should come in,
A shabby, nasty, black and ugly creature!

‘ There—Pitt *has kick’d the bucket*—what a rout!
He made the people many an empty dish;
Our party were unwilling to *cry out*,
But no one, to be sure, cries “ Stinking fish.”

He’s dead—and heav’n go with him, where he goes;
Poor bees! he robb’d our hives of all the honey!
Hard are his taxes, God Almighty knows!
Like so much dung, he shovell’d off our money!

Yes, Fox and Sheridan, and poor Burdett,
Sore frighten’d all the pages, maids, and dames;
Put all the cooks and scullions in a sweat!
Wolves in their forms, and poison in their names!

Poor sheep, by Pitt call’d black, throughout our isle;
Poor lambs, that wander’d bleating to and fro,
Now, in the sunshine of the royal smile,
Behold their fleeces are as white as snow!

Oh! would *my* wool but turn a little white;
I too am *black*, and doom’d to bleat and hunger:
‘ No!’ cries my ruling star, ‘ thou still must bite
The barren rock, and wait a little longer.’

My liege, there are some very pretty places
That I could fill, at least that would fill me;
One whisper to their lordships or their graces,
Would *do*—I think we should not *disagree*.

‘ Who first an oyster eat’ was a bold dog,
So said King Charles, whom hunger seldom vexed.
But *he* (say I) who ventured on a hog,
Must think of dining on the *Devil* next!

Ah! sharp is hunger—for to feast on air
Must make the stomach look confounded *blue*;
I grant those things are formidable fare—
What will not *teeth* t’ oblige the stomach *do*?

A poet of great poverty and fame,
Maynard, address’d old Richlieu on a day;—
‘ My lord, I’m sunk in years, and blind and lame,
Ere long the debt of nature doom’d to pay:

‘ Soon as I gain the Elysian Fields, the king,
Our late good monarch, whom we all must love,
Will say, “ Monsieur Maynard, what news d’ye bring,
What are my subjects doing, pray, above?”

‘ Then will I mention the great things I see;
Report your deeds, that dazzle ev’ry eye:
Now should he ask, sir, what you did for *me*,
What to the king, my lord, must I reply?

‘ Reply!’ cried Richlieu, to him, ‘ answer *nought*.’
Oh! what an answer to so great a poet!
Thus to disgrace the cardinal was brought,
And Hist’ry’s blushing page will ever show it.

Dread sir, your palace gate I often pass,
Kneel at your door at times, and scent your meat;
But neither *cook* nor page comes out, alas!
And kindly crieth, ‘ Peter, rise and eat.’

ELEGY TO THE SAME.

He moralizes on Virtue and Money; mentions the Neglect of celebrated Authors; and triumphs in the Idea of the Honours he should receive from Napoleon, could he be conveyed to Paris, and gives a noble Speech of the Emperor on the Occasion—The Poet concludes with dropping another Hint to his Majesty about Merit and Places, which last he very probably will discover to be purely Utopian.

‘WHAT’S virtue, without fortune to support it?’

Says Horace—‘viler than the vilest weed.’

What genius, grant sublime, yet who will court it?

The world inquires not who can write or read.

But he who gives a splendid ball or rout,

Like Thelluson, a breakfast or a dinner;

Him, him, the world endeavours to find out;

Makes wits of fools, and sanctifies a sinner!

The gentle Ovid, whom the graces love,

Charm’d with his plaintive lyre the hills of Thrace;

No tears could melt, no supplication move;

The exile pin’d, and perish’d in disgrace.

Yet all the world—one universal cry,

Condemns the rancour of the emp’ror’s soul;

That frown’d, unmov’d by Pity’s melting sigh,

The abject slave of Passion’s proud control.

Old Homer: that sublime, immortal name!
Poor bard! sung ballads thro' the streets of Greece,
To save himself from famine—what a shame;
And sold them for *one half-penny apiece*!

Our Milton too, with equal spirit fir'd,
No patron found, his talents to requite;
And, pining, from a barb'rous world retir'd,
Sunk *darkling*, like the tuneful bird of night.

The plaintive Otway perish'd through hard need,
While rhiming Dulness batten'd at her ease;
And Dryden, on *ambrosia* form'd to feed,
Just like a rat, has din'd on bread and *cheese*!

Much did King Charles our Butler's works admire,
Read them and quoted them from morn to night;
Yet saw the bard in penury expire,
Whose wit had yielded him so much delight.

And you, my liege, if Fame the truth report,
In reading verses oft employ your leisure;
And often, from the tumults of a court,
Read *certain odes* too, with uncommon pleasure.

Eternal scandal to this barb'rous age:
In piteous penury Savedra pin'd;
In piteous penury lay poor Le Sage;
Oh! what a stinging satire on mankind.

Yet let one action of the day shine forth,—
(And Candour loves to dwell upon my tongue),
Thurlow could see a Cowper's modest worth,
And crown with fair reward his moral song.

Dame Fortune never asks me what I wish,
Tho' bold my flights, that raise the eyes of kings;
They ne'er exclaim, 'thou wondrous flying fish
'Amidst our seas of claret wet thy wings.'

O would the angel to my room repair,
Who rais'd good Habakkuk, and lift *my* crown
(No matter by the wig or by the hair),
And then in Paris gently set me down;

Soon at my lodgings would arrive a card,
 From him, whose deeds a world with wonder fill;
 'The emp'ror's compliments—requests the bard
 Would eat his mutton with him *en famille*.'

Then as the bottle *jovially* we push,
 The Gallic Alexander roars with spirit,
 'Great Monsieur Peter, I shall beat *the bush*,
 For some nice place to *crown* your matchless merit.'

Then will he say to Monsieur Talleyrand,
 'I honour genius, and of bard the name;
 So take this charming poet by the hand,
 And cover yon ungrateful isle with shame.'

Behold me then on Fortune's wheel, in short,
 High fix'd, a seeming hero of romance!
 Kiss'd by the ladies of Napoleon's court,
 And visited by all the wits of France!

Such is the picture Fancy loves to paint;
 A scene, perhaps, that sober Wisdom scorns.
 Sick is my soul! with disappointment faint,—
 'Curs'd cows,' reports the proverb, 'have short
 horns.'

Tell not in Gath nor Askelon such things,
 And furnish Scandal's tongue with defamation;
 No! let her never cry, 'the *best* of kings
 'Neglected the *best* poet of his nation.'

Pleas'd, on his tombstone, couldst thou read these
 words?

'Here lies the bard of humour, wit, and whim,
 Who, though he *sweetly* smil'd on earth's great lords,
 Did ne'er bestow a single smile on him.'

ELEGY TO LORD GRENVILLE.

The Poet accuses the Delusions of Hope, who had promised him a Number of good Things ; sings with much Pathos of the Treasury, and a Stranger called Money ; and concludes with a handsome Compliment to Lord Grenville, hoping for the Honour of his lordship's Acquaintance.

HOPE whisper'd that my market would be made,
 If one day Pitt should go upon his travels ;
 Lo ! Pitt is off, yet Fortune lags, a jade,—
 This, please your lordship, the poor poet gravels.

Hope whisper'd me that Calumny's black breath
 Would cease, and that the howling imp would die ;
 Yet, in the winds I hear the fiend of death,—
 This steals a sorrow from your poet's eye.

Hope flatter'd—but her pleasure is to cheat,
 She loves to chouse the feeble-sighted mole ;
 Her mansion forms the idiot's last retreat,
 Her glittering beams the moonshine of the soul.

O Grenville ! who hast felt the furious storm,
 And bellowing thunders of the gloomy main ;
 Trac'd too with boldness, Danger's giant form,
 In port, at anchor, thou art snug again.

While now, amid thy fleet, with tow'ring pride,
 Safe moor'd, secure from rocks, and winds, and fog ;
 Admit my little cutter along side,
 And ask its master to a glass of grog.

The Treasury's golden door to many a man
Opes wide! ah! shut on me, the bright abode;
These shoes have tramp'd from *Beersheba* to *Dan*,
Nor found a small brass farthing on the road.

A guinea's lovely face I never see,
Though strong my passion, wishing to be *billing*;
Ev'n little sixpence prudish is to *me*,
And coyer too her elder sister, shilling.

With thee the beggar is no longer poor,
The blackest sinner whitewash'd soon and *sainted*,
Regeneration then within thy door;
Oh! what a pity, we are not *acquainted*!

ELEGY TO LORD H. PETTY.

The Poet addresseth Lord H. Petty on those important Objects called Meat and Drink; disclaims the Vanities of Ambition, his highest being to sing in a snug Corner and eat.

O PETTY! of whose talents, virtues—Fame
Is with a trumpet pleas'd to talk a deal;
O listen if thou lov'st a poet's name,
To what concerns a poet much—a meal.

To me has Nature bountifully giv'n
A handsome stomach and discerning palate:
Forgetting to complete my earthly heav'n,
To put a little something in my wallet.

I wish not to be minister—not I;
I put not up my prayers for Petty's place;
Nor Fox, nor Sheridan produce a sigh;
To Ireland goes unenvied Bedford's Grace.

Too often Fortune, on her cloud-capp'd tow'r,
Shall place a gentleman, and then, uncivil,
Shall bid the thunder roar, and torrents pour,
And wash and blow his honours to the D-v-l.

Survey *gude* Melville and his *gude* friend Trotter,
Who drove the world before them in high glee!
Amphibious Melville! yes, a kind of otter,
That liv'd on flesh and fish by land and sea.

Be somewhat mine, but far from bustling men,
In stillness be the gentle poet blest!
In secret solitude a humble wren,
To hop and peck, and twitter near my nest.

Form'd with œconomy, in Wisdom's school,
What government may give I will not squander;
And imitate the Prodigal, the fool,
Eat grains in hog-sties, and a vagrant wander.

The gay Hilario liv'd in style—in state;
A palace for his mansion—din'd with dukes;
Enjoy'd his carpets, sofas, pictures, plate,
Dogs, horses, music, mistresses, and cooks.

Pale Envy mark'd with wishful eye the scene—
How long? ah! soon did Fortune turn her back,
Revok'd her smiles, and show'd an alter'd mien,
Refusing *farthings* where she gave a *lack*.

Behold him meagre, wan, in mean attire,
Doom'd ever, in a prison's cell, to pine;
Now cooking, at a little hungry fire,
A pound of tainted mutton on a twine!

Much should I like to see a joint of meat,
Instead of one poor solitary *chop*;
Afford my friends, at times, a little treat,
The fiddler call, and give their heels a hop.

My mansion too, I would enlarge, I own,
Increase my tables, knives and forks, and pottery;
Now this, my lord, could easily be done,
Would Fortune ask me to attend the *lottery*.

One word from Petty makes the goddess kind,
Which thus a pretty little place secures:
My lord, though to *my* merits always blind,
Her eyes were open'd to discover *yours*.

ELEGY TO LORD SIDMOUTH.

The Poet exhibits a Sort of Claim on Lord Sidmouth's Attentions, founded on the various and dangerous Battles he fought in Support of his Administration: he freely acknowledges his Smile on his Lordship's prudery, that resisted with so much Violence the Bribe of the silly unthinking Manufacturer.—He gives a pathetic History of the Tinman's declining Health, his Swan-like Soliloquy before his Death, his Epitaph; and makes up all Matters with Lord Sidmouth by a small Sarcasm on his own Muse, and a handsome Compliment to the noble Lord.

O SIDMOUTH! *alias* Addington, on high,
 I mark thee basking in the royal smile,
 Where honours thick as hops, and pensions lie,
 That spread a lustre o'er our happy isle.

So high in favour, and so near the throne,
 Say, canst thou not, *by ways and means*, contrive
 To gratify a harmless, humming drone
 With some small honey from the court's huge hive?

Oft have I dwelt with pleasure on thy name,
 And fought thy battles in the wars of wit;
 And oft, the tuneful stentor of thy fame,
 I took thy part against the Janus Pitt.

Now charg'd with ode, the muse with much renown,
 Has fir'd from newspapers a deadly gun,
 Knock'd many an imp of opposition down,
 Now with a red-hot satire, now a pun.

Such are the services perform'd with spirit;
 Then ponder on the labours of the muse;
 Think of a something to reward her merit—
 The dame would thank thee for a pair of shoes.

Hark! hark! I hear the voice of hundreds cry,
 'Thy muse has covered him with ridicule;'
 This allegation let me not deny;
 But Sidmouth should have *smil'd* upon the fool.

Muse, on the Tinman let us drop a tear,
 And breathe a gentle sigh upon his fate;
 Who took to heart his destiny severe,
 And never after made a spoon or plate.

Ne'er solder'd stew-pan, sauce-pan, or a kettle:
 Made not extinguisher, nor pair of snuffers;
 In short, ne'er meddled with one bit of metal—
 So much a wounded delicacy suffers!

'Lone in his parlour, just behind his shop,
 Poor man! in solitude he sat and sigh'd;
 Tears from his eyes, like peas, were seen to drop,
 When thus, in sorrow sunk, the tinman cried:—

'Farewell my dripping-pans, tin-jacks, farewell!
 Skimmers, and syringes, and toasting-forks,
 Tin pint and shaving-pot, and scallop-shell,
 Farewell my shop, with all its shining works!

'Farewell my hopes that whisper'd a fur gown,
 That to the windows brings all Plymouth faces;
 No may'r! in glory to parade the town,
 Before my aldermen,—*behind* my maces.

'Since Newgate held me, I am lost, forlorn;
 My strength decays, in speech I daily falter,
 Hourly I wish I never had been born,
 For every thing around me *smells of halter!*'

Thus mourn'd the man of tin, and spoke no more:
I saw him carried to the churchyard's gloom;
I sought his grave at evening's stilly hour,
And sympathising—thus inscrib'd his tomb:

' Here lies a tinman, who to wisdom lost,
Tried hard to bribe a minister of state;
Who knew not, when a man obtains a post,
That all the virtues on his worship wait.

' Poor man! he knew not that the great were good,
Inflexible, in honour vastly nice;
That virtue ever mingled with high blood;
That lofty lords, like cobblers, *have their price.*'

Yes, Sidmouth, though thy talents I admir'd,
And lov'd thy virtues, thou couldst not escape;
By laughing subjects is the muse inspir'd,
And mine's a little saucy, grinning ape.

And where is all the mighty harm, I wonder!
What is it all, when all is said and done?
The bard, to kill a midge-fly, pours a thunder,
And spares no blemish, though 'tis in the *sun.*

ELEGY TO LORD ERSKINE.

The Poet addresses a just Eulogium to the Lord Chancellor—He thinks that he has taken now and then a poetical Liberty with a certain Peer of the Realm; also with the modest and disinterested Mr. George Rose—recites a Speech of the exalted Earl of Liverpool; and complains of the false Opinions of the World, concerning him.

O ERSKINE! on whose head, whose blameless head,

The muse of eloquence has plac'd her crown;
Where Malice has her venom vainly shed,
And Envy, the foul fiend, has fix'd her frown.

Such is thine honour's fairness, a pure snow;
And such thy talents as must charm a nation:
Blest change! the cygnet for the croaking crow,
Long-wish'd amends for one late *elevation*.

Though far from courts, a culprit in disgrace,
In dreary solitude my merits shine;
Though near a throne, I dare not show my face,
I'm glad to see the monarch smile on thine.

I think I've call'd Lord C***** a f***,
And were I king, that lord should be displac'd;
Heav'ns! can the liver of a saint be cool,
When *such* on Fortune's pinnacle are plac'd?

I own I never could expect George Rose,
Wishing him *captain's clerk* or *purser* still;
Not roll in treasure, which God only knows,
An ocean roaring from a *creeping rill*.

‘ Hoot !’ cries old Liverpool, ‘ ye rhiming rogue,
Ye mun na laugh at people of high station;
Ye that have neither stocking, shoe, nor brogue,
Yur lugs should suffer for yer defamation.

‘ Ye thenk becaze yer head has some wee brain,
And thenk becaze that ye can speel yer letters;
That ye may show’r your squebs as theck as rain,
And take domn’d leeberties wee all yer betters.’

Rave on ! no trophies I to *Dullness* raise,
Too proud, though poor, to call foul weather *fair*,
Proclaim a dirty cloud the solar blaze,
And substance yield to castles in the air.

Full oft I laugh (to burst with rage is vain)
To see what false ideas mortals form;
A cloud of darkness drear they paint my brain,
With thunder, lightning stuff’d, and floods and
storm.

Ah ! more like Luna from her eastern bow’r,
That issues forth in radiant robe array’d,
Steals sadness from the solitary hour,
And gilds the horrors of the midnight shade.

Or, sweet Arcadian nymph, whose smiles adorn,
Some region that in savages delights;
Or lark, the little syren of the morn,
’Midst magpies, owls, and jays, and screaming
kites.

ELEGY.

*The Poet sympathizes with the disgraced State of
Knighthood at Windsor; and gives the Conver-
sation that took place in St. George's Chapel at
Midnight, between a Pair of noble Spectres.*

YET not alone is poetry despis'd,
The noble knighthood also feel disgraces;
At scornful Windsor, is the order priz'd?
The knights, poor fellows, blush to show their faces!
Where is the spirit of our ancient sires?
Tares flourish, where should grow the golden wheat?
Instead of glory, grovelling gain inspires:
How rarely merit and preferment meet.
Where are the noble military knights,
In Windsor's sacred stalls that ought to shine?
Men, for their country that have bled in fights,
And, glorious, cast a lustre on their line?
Alas! the men who now the honours gain,
Provoke from sober justice e'en a laugh;
Lo! by those heroes, sheep are only slain,
Geese, turkeys, rabbits, or a hog, or calf.
There was a time when Honour was in fashion;
There was a time when Glory was ador'd;
When Merit was the idol of a nation;
When Valour edg'd the fury of the sword.
Knights who ne'er kill'd a foe, except a flea,
Whom garter, mantle, waving, plumes adorn;
Poor knights of Windsor with disdain survey,
Look down upon them with the squint of scorn!

'Twas at the midnight hour, when walk the dead,
 Saint George met Edward in the sacred fane;
 When thus the saint bespoke the king—' Ah! Ned,
 Alas! poor Honour now is in her *wane*.'

' Dear George, 'tis very true,' replied the king,
 ' Poor Honour is just come upon the *parish*;
 Merit may tramp the streets, and ballads sing:
 My new-made *knights* can boast of nothing *war-*
rish.

' Shall Stitch, the cross-legg'd rascal, to this fane
 Hop from his board and hell to be a knight;
 Th' immortal glory of the order stain;
 What! to the lordly lion mount a *mite*?

' Shall Harry Haunch, Dick Duck, and Toby Pigtail,
 Be knights, because his lordship cannot *pay* 'em?
 Sam Sledge, Bob Boots, Ben Broadcloth, and Will
 Wigtail,

Because his debts are such he can't defray 'em?

' O must Tom Turbot, Tart, and Matthew Mustard,
 Enjoy the lofty honours of the stall?
 And on that cream-fac'd animal, Kit Custard,
 The glories of an installation fall?

' On market days, alas! how dread the sound,
 From butcher knights, a most disgraceful cry—
 Beef, mutton, fourpence farthing, ma'am, a pound;
 Nice pork, ma'am; veal, ma'am; pray, ma'am,
 what d'ye buy?

' Ere long the brazen barrow drab, Bet Bundle,
 Shall come and bully with her bill, my lord;
 Bet ceases in a trice, her wheel to trundle,
 To kneel beneath the splendors of the sword.'

Now crow'd the cock, the eye of orient day,
 Peep'd on the noble ghosts, each other greeting:
 ' B'ye, Ned, I'll give,' St. George was heard to say,
 ' The hist'ry of *my* knights at our next meeting.'

ELEGY TO J. DONITHORNE, ESQ.

The Poet, in a Series of happy and illustrative Comparisons, bewails the Cruelty of his Fate.

HEAV'NS! what a world we live in! oh! how sad!
To this thy long experience will agree—
Half fill'd with fools—be-devil'd, drunk, or mad—
How blest, dear Donithorne, were all like thee!

Patient as men upon the river's side,
Who for a dinner throw the worm or fly,
So patient I Preferment's fish have ey'd,
But cannot hook one, or to boil or fry.

Patient as hunters in an eastern wind,
Ungracious wind! for running hares unfit;
I seek Preferment's hare, but cannot find—
In perfect stillness sleeps the rusty spit!

The smiles of kings, who court the trump of fame,
No *little* partialities should know;
On merit, wheresoe'er it springs, the same,
Like heav'n's kind showers on ev'ry plant that flow.

Or like the sun's bright orb that beams on all,
Disdaining winds and elemental strife,
Bids on the lane's poor pool its kisses fall,
And bids it, like the ocean, teem with life.

Patient as blushing virgins of sixteen,
Whose ears have heard a lover's piteous prayer;
If those same lovers are not constant seen,
Or, faithless, mean to fly to other fair;

Patient as *widows* in their mournful weeds,
 When no kind second husband comes to sigh,
 Or *heir*, that cannot to th' estate succeed,
 Because his father chooses not to die.

Patient as cats before the mouse's hole,
 Winking and nurs'd with sanguine hope the while,
 To nab the little animal, poor soul!
 These eyes have sharply *mous'd* for Fortune's
 smile.

ELEGY.

The Poet complains of the unequal Distributions of Fortune; of the Countenance given by the Great to a vile Catgut-scraper and Canvass-dauber, in Preference to the sublime Bard; and concludes with a beautiful Apostrophe to his Divinity, Independence.

WHILE others sink in seas of rosy wine,
Where rosy Pitt resign'd his bousing breath;
No drowning oceans of the grape are mine—
I can't afford to put myself to death.

While others, stuffing, chok'd on dainty fare,
Like London aldermen undaunted die;
To Heav'n with turtle in their mouths repair—
I can't afford to choke myself—not I!

I cannot make a larder of my throat;
Nor of my stomach form a purple well;
Good claret by the *sight* alone, I note,
And judge of ven'son only by the *smell*.

Now on a bench I ponder in the Park, [ner!
Near some frail nymph as hungry, beauteous sin-
And now, alone, voracious as a shark,
Dream of a feast, or count the *trees* for dinner.

Behold the catgut-scraper with his *crowd*,
Commands at will the house of hospitality,
Sits by the peer, not Lucifer more proud,
And *hobs or nobs* it with the man of quality.

And now, behold a *bellowing* calf *knocks in*,
He thunders, and no porter dares oppose—
Jokes with his lordship, fills himself to *chin*,
Where the poor poet dares not show his *nose*.

Behold the canvass-dauber, he can draw
My lady's cat's-face, or her pug, or parrot,
Shall range at large the mansion, and give law,—
But where's the *modest* poet?—in his garret!

Such is the bard's sad fate of *modern days*,
To gain Life's comforts by his art, unable—
A man despis'd! the long-ear'd beast that *brays*,
Finds in his manger a *superior table*.

O! Independence, to thy name I kneel!
Yes, with idolatry I bend the knee;
If aught of pride, aspiring pride, I feel,
Sweet *nymph* of freedom, 'tis to live with thee.

Then sorrow never would my heart invade;
Then let us in some rural mansion dwell;
Content will join us there, the simple maid,
And to a little heav'n convert our cell.

Content gives freshness to the fields of air,
With every sweet the breath of Zephyr fills;
Can make our common viands dainty fare,
And yield a flavour to the fountain's rills.

Thus will we pass in silent ease the day,
Each hour shall carry sunshine on its wings;
Nor envy Salisb'ry's glory at the play,
Five hours a *stake* behind the chair of kings.

ELEGY.

*He bewails the World's Want of Candour and
Discernment in hearkening to one of the Ri-
vington Reviewers, and paltry Paragraph
Spinner, to his (the Poet's) Disadvantage.*

TOO poor am I, alas! to pay for praise;
I cannot visit a reviewer's shop:
And well I know how much a dinner sways!
A pot of porter and a mutton chop.

To gaunt reviewers, paragraph inditers,
Each trembling door is ever open found;
Who dares affront such formidable writers?
Snakes, whose sharp fangs inflict a mortal wound!

Puff call'd on Daub one morning—'My dear fellow,
How much improv'd in colouring and grace!
So chaste the contour, and the tints so mellow;
Not *thou*, but Titian, finish'd up that face!

'To these, are Raphael, Titian, feeble souls;
Daub, o'er the town its merits shall be spread!"
'Dear Puff, wife waits with coffee and hot rolls,'
Puff, like a bull-dog, breakfasts on the head.

Just before dinner Puff pops in agen—
'Daub, I *must* see the *progress* of thy art;
O, like thy glowing pencil were my pen!
'Sblood! all alive—the figure makes one *start*.

'Exhibit Daub—success is sure—don't doubt it;
The charming piece will ravish all beholders—
Springs from the canvass—murders all about it!"
Thus dineth Puff upon the *neck* and *shoulders*.

‘ Daub, what a gem ! the *finish I must see,*
 With not *one* flaw, with lustre so replete :’
 Thus Puff upon the *body* drinks his *tea,*
 And makes a supper on the *hands* and *feet.*

Yet not alone on Daub he plays his art,
 The play’rs too must contribute, beg, and bow :
 Or woe to Romeo’s, woe to Juliet’s part—
 He like a lubber dies, and she a sow.

The singers too must humble, must *come down,*
 Or, lo ! the *pen* destroys them at a stroke :
 ‘ Bad—shocking stuff—an insult on the town,
Crack’d, out of tune the voice, the raven’s *croak.*’

Poor Tweedledum must also taxes pay,
 Must bend to Puff, or woe to Tweedledum !
 ‘ The fellow has no bow, no tone—he play !—
 Zounds ! to the dancing dogs unfit to *strum.*’

But Puff possesses still a wider sphere ;
 For Puff the advertising taylor stitches ;
 A scrap of *Latin* wins the public ear,
 And gives to Puff a handsome coat and breeches.

The man of pork who wishes for a name,
 Approaches with a joint, or dainty chop ;
 His hogs at once a laurel gain from Fame,
 And, lo ! all London crowds to Griskin’s shop.

Has Block the barber got a son and heir,
 Puff pens a paragraph as quick as thought ;
 ‘ Quite well the lady and the child appear ;’ [*nought.*
 Puff joins the christ’ning, and gets shav’d for

Is Crispin married ? Fame must tell the town ;
 Puff hails th’ event, informs the world the news :
 Behold perfection the *fair* lady crown ;
 Puff gets his bridecake, and a pair of shoes !

Is Mistress Tripe the butcher’s lady dead ?
 Out flames a paragraph of pretty penship ;
 ‘ Resign’d and pious tears in plenty shed,
 By all that had the *honour* of her friendship.

' She left three children to lament her fate,
 And worthy Mister Tripe to join their grief :'
 Rich land !—in gratitude to Puff ! the plate
 Receives a handsome tribute of roast beef !

Yet more than this can Puff, ah ! happy Puff ;
 In fate, how much superior to the bard !
 Besides, this fellow calls my poems stuff ;
 Though form'd by labour hard, ah ! very hard.

Shield sets my song, and Incledon may sing ;
 But if the pen of Puff shall chance to damn it,
 Alas ! how little will the ballad bring !
 Too soon the grocer's spice and sugar cram it.

ELEGY TO MR. FOX.

The Poet addresses Mr. Fox and Poverty in a tender and pathetic Strain, and accuses the late Minister of a most infamous Duplicity.

O FOX! thy talents Envy's self must own—
 I saw not all thine actions with a *smile*;
 In days of yore my face confess'd a frown,
 Some acts indeed disturb'd the *muse's bile*.

The hours of youth are light—those hours are past;
 But truce!—a sweet forgiveness shall be *mine*;
 A summer sun is sometimes overcast—
 Well pleas'd, I see thee now with lustre shine.

If right I guess—if Fame reporteth true,
 Who very often deals in downright *fibs*;
 Fortune has made thee look a little blue,
 And of some pounds of fat has robb'd *thy ribs*.

Thou then wilt pity a poor brother *bard*,
 As courtiers call'd me, 'an old rhiming sinner';
 Who playing, with such want of skill, my card,
 I cannot get a herring for my dinner.

Amid the scramble for the loaves and fishes,
 Ye gods! I fear me, I am come *too late*—
 Such legs and noble sirloins in the dishes,
 'Tis hard that *I* should find an empty *plate*.

Like Belisarius have I fought and bled,
 Attack'd the tyrant Pitt with all my art;
 What my reward? a bludgeon on the head,
 Whips on my back, and daggers through my heart.

Pitt's hungry blood-hounds constant watch'd my
walk,

When, like the babe, sweet innocence was I;
In coffee-houses listen'd to my talk,
And forg'd, to blast my fame, the treason'd lie.

What gave that Pitt, that *patriot* Pitt, his pow'r,
For which old Chatham taught his heart to hanker;
Ask R——d, Cartwright, who in evil hour,
Join'd their dark counsels at the Crown and
Anchor.

To fire and sword the flaming patriot flew,
To cut down all the plants of opposition;
Plants from his own infernal seed that grew,
Nurs'd in the hothouse of his own sedition.

Rewards and statues, now the r**** requir'd
To give to immortality his name—
With d—n'd combustibles the house he fir'd,
Then sought our thanks, for putting out the flame.

Ah! Charles, amid the toil for loaves and fishes,
I see no change of colour in *my* fate;
Though *full* my heart of thee, and *warm* its wishes,
Not *one* my stomach *fills*, or *warms* my plate.

Go, for I'm pleas'd to see old Nic as soon;
Go, Poverty, and never see me more:
Who takest knife and fork, and dish and spoon,
And turn'st the sad inhabitant to door.

Thy hag-like form and melancholy tones,
Sharp nose, and pale cold cheek, and beamless eye;
And shrivell'd skin that scarcely veils thy bones,
Spreads terror o'er my soul and wakes the sigh.

'Tis said, that thou some years ago wert seen
With Rose and Jenkinson, on Scotia's plain;
Then leave, O! leave me with thy haggard mien,
And visit Rose and Jenkinson again.

ELEGY.

The Poet confesses his utter dislike of Pitt's Administration; describes his own uncommon Intrepidity, and relates an apposite Story of a Brother Bard and a rhiming King of Sicily.

FOND of the marvellous are mortals all!
 And love sublimely of *themselves* to talk:—
 From Paul's church-yard, upon the dome of Paul,
I ne'er could see a fly, nor hear him walk.

Yet some have *wondrous* ears and *wondrous* eyes!
 Drake, ere he came, beheld his idol Pitt;
 Beheld his angel form amid the skies,
 And heard his wisdom, eloquence, and wit!

Too oft Credulity entraps the soul!
 She lies in wait for Idiotism and youth—
 List'neth to tales baptized *rigmarol*,
 And makes them pass for oracles of truth.

What thousands thought, with marv'ling Master
 Drake,
 That Billy Pitt descended from the skies—
 I own I stood not staring like a stake—
 Pitt blaz'd no *meteor* on the poet's eyes.

Yes, I detested Pitt and all his measures,
 And wrote *Will-ippics* on administration,
 For treating just like dirt the public treasures,
 And forcing to the workhouse a great nation.

Pitt swore he'd hang me—order'd out his thieves
To seize the gentle poet by the throat!
But, lo! the poet laugh'd at Mister Reeves—
Still with *Will-ippics* swell'd his daily note.

'Thy measures are all vile,' I boldly said;
Then vow'd he horrid penalty and pain:
'Thy measures are all bad, all bad, all bad!'
Fearless of punishment, I roar'd again.

A certain king of Sicily made verses—
Sends for the poet laureat, Mister Bays—
Bays enters, and the rhiming king rehearses—
Expecting from his poet peals of praise.

Deeming them gems from the Parnassian mines—
'Well, how d'ye like my verses, Mister Bays?'
'Bad lines,' quoth Bays, 'most execrable lines;
I never heard such stuff in all my days.'

Black look'd the tyrant—but pursued his rhimes—
'Well! now what think ye?'—'Worse, my liege,
and worse!

Don't publish them, O king! and damn the times!'
Then Bays's taste the king began to curse.

The disappointed monarch, in a rage,
Loud by his crown and by his sceptre swore,
If thus he judg'd, he'd put him in a cage,
Or chain him all his life-time to the oar.

The king read on—but, ah! in vain he read—
The same untuneful lines, the same dull sallies—
'Speak now, Bays!'—the poor poet shook his head—
'Worse still, and worse—oons! send me to the
gallies!'

ELEGY TO MR. SHERIDAN.

He compliments Mr. Sheridan, confesses that he has been a Literary Reviewer, but of the most consummate Candour—he complains of the Illiberality of Mankind; condemns literary Impostures, and wonders at the Want of Discrimination in the World, which so often mistakes a trifling Capacity, with a little Schoolboy Learning, for Genius.

O SHERIDAN! amidst thy walks of wit,
Success has crown'd thee—ev'ry Muse has
smil'd;

While Peter, thanks to dullness and to Pitt,
Finds Pindus a most melancholy wild;

Oft am I term'd a *niggard* of applause;
And that I do not justice to the times:
Alas! the world complains without a cause:
Display the virtue, and I'll find the rhimes.

I own I've squeez'd some miserable souls,
And made them of their folly somewhat sick;
Show'd to a grinning world their phiz, like moles
'Midst fields they ravag'd, in a cloven stick.

I own (with candour too) that I *review'd*—
Unstain'd like Rivington's black tribes, my tongue;
Merit, with *tomahawks* I ne'er pursu'd,
Spar'd hooting owls, and kill'd the birds of song.

I spar'd not puppies, though they bore a star;
 I spar'd not blockheads, though they wore *lawn*
sleeves;

On vile impostors rush'd my angry war,
 Rogues in saints' masks, and literary thieves.

A hound, *mute* hound, in cold contempt they call me,
 That never to fair merit *gave my tongue*;
 With ev'ry weapon of offence they maul me,
 Poor Orpheus! 'midst the Bacchanalian throng.

Much have I suffer'd, and my Lady Muse—
 Bullets, like hailstones, pelting at our head—
 From mud-forts fir'd, call'd Rivington's Reviews,
 Ah me! incessant show'rs of brass and lead.

Where, cloth'd, well fed, warm quarters, handsome
 Enough to put old Satan in a *sweat*— [pay
 Four Parsons, hir'd like Swiss, to wound and slay,
 Are peeping, aiming, from the parapet.

Muse, tell their names, at whom Religion stares,
 Like scavengers that labour in the kennel—
 Maurice and Beloe, all-devouring Nares,
 And supple, fawning, crawling Parson R——l!

O Genius! thou fair flow'r of rich perfume,
 What stinking weeds have stole thy sacred name;
 Display'd their tawdry colours, for thy bloom,
 Till blushing Folly's self has cried out 'shame!'

Possess'd of mem'ry, Nature's gift to fools,
 Thus coxcombs read and learn the thoughts of
 others;

And swell'd with lexicons and grammar rules,
 Scare with Greek-thunder their old aunts and
 mothers.

Of *such* I could a manufact'ry make—
 With such *sad things* the groaning world en-
 cumber;

From town and country *any* orders take,
 And send, at shortest notice, any number.

Grosses of Rennels I could quickly send,
Of cobbler Giffords, and such *cobbling* fellows—
Of Fus'lies, numbers, numbers, without end !
Thousands of Nares, and Maurices, and Beloes.

O Sheridan ! once more to thee I turn ;
Say, is there nothing that my taste would hit ?
In vain I fear me for the gift I mourn ;
Lo ! every wit would *kill* a brother wit.

Thus, when two clouds of fire sublimely meet,
Immediately are heard most serious matters ;
The gloomy foes in sounds of thunder greet,
And, rushing, tear each other into tatters.

ELEGY.

He complains of the abusive Language of the Courts, and of the Hostility of Lord Puzzle the Lawyer towards him—gives a Portrait of Old Puzzle ad vivum.

BY courts I'm call'd a dev'lish saucy fellow;
The monkeys chatter, and the tigers growl!
The calves of quality, offended, bellow;
The hounds of calumny with fury howl.

Lord Puzzle wish'd, alas! with horrid jaws,
The pretty *lamb* of poetry to kill!
For what enormity of crime! because
I sought the Muse's mount, to taste its rill.

Most lustily indeed Old Puzzle swore,
I roam'd a demon, and would eat the state;
And that my bleatings were the lion's roar;
That Ellenborough's club should give me fate.

Perchance the muse has smil'd on poor Old Puzzle;
For poor Old Puzzle is conceited, proud:
'Tis hard indeed the Muse's mouth to muzzle,
While others at Old Puzzle laugh so loud.

I dare not Puzzle praise in verse or prose,
Puzzle, the dark'ning ink-fish of the law;
His mud of doubts around, unsparing throws,
And of a fly's foot makes a tiger's paw.

Yet this deciding, *undeciding* man,
 Contriv'd that Fame should stuff him in her
 trumpet;
 But Fame, what Pity! since the world began,
 Has oft been found a fawning, lying strumpet
 Heav'n keep me from Old Puzzle and his court,
 Full of *wig* wisdom in his solemn hour;
 Full of *deep doubts*—and ev'n of clerks the sport—
 Uncertain if that two and two make four!
 To mention him with Bacon, or with Hyde,
 Would make poor Hist'ry sick—we won't say *vo-*
mit;
 Heav'ns! what a tarnish on her page of pride!
 A feeble, winking rushlight, and a comet!

ELEGY TO NARCISSA.

He confesses the Folly of his Youth in pursuing Fortune, who never could be induced to notice him—her Daughter, however, Miss Fortune, was of easy Access, or rather too importunate, addressing him even at the Hazard of his Life. The Poet recollects past Times and Narcissa, with a sigh; and even in the Autumn of his Days, would dare whisper soft Things in her Ear would Dame Fortune with a few kind Looks prove favourable to his Wishes.

WHEN youth was mine, I envied Fortune's store;
With envy gaz'd upon her splendid dome;
Knock'd, with assurance, at the lady's door,
And, though I saw her—'nobody at home!'

My thoughts by day, by night my happy dreams;
To Afric's roasting climates did I roam;
I sought her mansion near the golden streams,
And knock'd (poor Peter!) 'nobody at home!'

Still went I on, where great Columbus found her,
'Midst thunder, tempests, and the ocean's foam—
Saw on her isle a thousand slaves surround her—
Again I knock'd, but 'nobody at home.'

'Ungrateful dame,' I cried, 'not see the bard,
The Philomel of Britain's polish'd isle?
Not see the poet who has toil'd so hard,
To gain adm'ssion for a single smile?'

Griev'd to the soul, to London I return'd,
And set me down in Duke's Street, Portland Place;
In sackcloth and in ashes there I mourn'd,
And curs'd my star that kept me from her Grace.

Yet, though the *mother* I could never greet,
Her daughter wish'd to see me and my *books*—
Miss Fortune—oft I saw her in the street
With Bow-street runners—men of horrid looks.

The damsel swore she lov'd me and my wit!
'Twas difficult to keep the girl in check;
For, lo! near Newgate, in the reign of Pitt,
Rudely she strove to hug me *round the neck*.

Like Captain Potiphar's bold wife of yore,
Who seiz'd the *gentle* Joseph, she provok'd me;
And had I not display'd a giant's pow'r,
I verily believe the jade had *chok'd* me.

Yet for *myself* I wish'd not wealth alone—
For thee, Narcissa, was the wish, in part;
I thought thy beauties once would be my own—
And sigh'd to give thee *more* than my poor heart.

With *thee* I hop'd to live in rural ease,
Far from the tumults of the world withdrawn,
Where health would meet us with her fragrant breeze,
Lead to the hills, and join us on the lawn:

Now prune the vine, and now the various tree,
With pleasure view the blossoms of perfume,
Now in the blushing fruit (and cull'd for thee),
Behold the tempting rivals of thy bloom.

With thee to tread the dews at early day,
And meet young morning on the orient hill;
Pleas'd, as the brooks in murmurs wind away,
And learn some moral lesson from the rill.

With thee I hop'd, in Summer's golden hour,
To wander, arm in arm, the glade along;
To touch the lyre of love amid the bow'r—
And thou the blushing subject of the song.

When Winter ravag'd in his stormy rage,
With thee I hop'd t' enjoy the cheerful fire;
With thee converse, or read th' instructive page
Or mingle with thy sweeter voice the lyre.

Now for the tuneful tenants of the grove,
That sue for pity, strew with grain the ground;
Poor beggars, the sweet objects of thy love,
That flocking chirp their gratitude around.

With thee I wish'd to raise the tender flow'r,
And in thy presence dig the grateful soil;
With thee the nursing rill, Narcissa, pour,
And deck at last thy bosom with my toil.

And when, at midnight, through the vast of shade,
The tempest whelm'd the world with wild alarms;
Then to my bosom press a timid maid,
And lose its thunder in Narcissa's arms.

Such were my wishes! yet thou still art *fair*;
And I, though lost some blushes of my cheek,
By Time's rude hand, would Fortune grant my pray'r,
With Love's sweet whispers, would thy cottage
seek.

But grant that beauty were no longer thine—
Narcissa's converse would the hours *beguile*—
Ev'n in old age would happiness be mine;
Time leaves a treasure if he leaves thy *smile*.

ELEGY TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Poet supplicates his Brother Poet, the good Bishop of London, and one of the great Guardians of the British Museum, to dislodge the Parsons that are got into that Dwelling, thinking it more in Character for a pious Divine to attend rather to the Souls of his Parishioners, than to lousy Birds, Quadrupeds, and musty Manuscripts; and supplicates for himself the Post of a Curator.

O PORTEUS! hear a poet's humble pray'r;
For Porteus, thou hast been a poet too
Of yore—like me of golden trappings bare—
Like me, with scarce a stocking or a shoe.

No friends have I, alas! on Fortune's wheel;
No patron kind to help me at a pinch:
But happier thou! when wanting a good meal,
Sweet smil'd upon thee Lady Charlotte F****.

Sweet were the smiles, indeed of Lady Charlotte;
For, lo! 'twas she as all the world believes,
So good, so chaste (abhorrent of the harlot),
Who heard thy pray'r, and gave thee thy lawn
sleeves.

Say, Porteus (for thou ought'st to love a poet),
Why can't I get to Montague's great house?
As well as can thy parsons, I can show it,
And keep from nits the elephant or mouse.

Three parsons now are keeping cock and hen :
 From preying worms, the weasel and the rat;
 The tribe of ostrich, and the tribe of wren—
 The tribe of goose and cuckoo—tribe of gnat !

Moths in old books, and parchments too they scout,
 Though great the toil ! and hundreds worth a
 This arm, I trust, can put them to the rout— [year—
 With equal fire attack their front and rear.

An't please your lordship, well I know the art
 Of snatching from perdition fish and fowl—
 Can bid mortality from snakes depart ;
 Preserve a crocodile, and stuff an owl.

As brave as Maurice, brave as parson Nares,
 These hands the leathern forts of moth can storm ;
 And, sharp as sportsmen, foxes chase and hares :
 Through all his various winding hunt the worm.

Then pray now send each parson to his parish,
 Where Sin the cradle of each infant rocks ;
 And since with nitty tribes so wondrous *warrish*,
 O bid them slay the maggots of their *flocks* !

ELEGY.

*The Poet is addressed by the Goddess Wisdom,
who reads his Fortune, very severe and very
disheartening, but nevertheless administers
good Counsel.*

WHO is that form, which cometh cloth'd in
light!

With step of speechless grace and front sublime!
Whose eye can pierce Futurity's deep night,
And view the shadowy scenes of distant Time?

Immortal Wisdom! hear her voice divine!

' O Peter! I respect thy tuneful rage;
I quote thee oft, and many a golden line
Instructs, illumines, and adorns my page.

' Know too my pupils all thy odes rehearse,
And dwell with constant rapture on thy name;
Yet will foul Slander's venom seek thy verse,
Pale Envy's fang too fasten on thy fame.

' But, lo! the cedar on the hills that tow'rs [stroke;
Must face the storm and meet the lightning's
The drone will buzz around the fairest flow'rs—
The caterpillar crawls on ev'ry oak.

' The royal eagle in his airy sweep,
By rooks and crows is pester'd beyond measure;
And, lo! the mighty monarch of the deep
Too often feels the sword-fish and the thresher.

‘ Sweet are the melodies that leave thy *lyre* !
 Rich in invention, fancy, fire, and spirit ;
 Yet know, though Taste and Genius may *admire*,
 Nor place nor pension will reward their *merit* !

‘ High on Parnassus, thou canst claim a *seat* ;
 A sure election ! yet, O man of sorrow !
 If mortal-like thy mind be fix’d on *meat* ;
 Go, keep a vote-shop in a Cornish borough.’

ELEGY TO CYNTHIA.

*He marvels at the unfair Representations of the
World in regard to his Muse, and candidly
avows a stronger Penchant for Praise and the
tender Passion, than for Satire.*

WHAT are my dire offences, what my crimes,
That I can never, never be forgiv'n?
It seems as if all Hell was in my rhimes;
Shut on my nose each avenue to Heaven!

No rude, no savage satirist am I;
Arm'd with a sledge to knock poor Folly down,
A gentle biting blister I apply!
And with a *gliding* razor shave her crown.

I rush not on the world with scorpion whips—
Beneath their fury none are heard to screech;
Touch'd by my toe alone a culprit skips;
Shoe-leather application to his breech.

Yet, hark! they all are crying, 'Murther! murther!
A Turk, a Saracen is come among us!
No massacre was ever carried further—
His weapons scalp and flea, and stab and prong us.'

How dreaded, though of courtesy the pink,
Mercy and I walk arm in arm together!
Such are the horrors at a *drop of ink*!
Such are the clamours at a goose's feather!

Smiles at court follies are a *venial* thing;
That I have *laugh'd* at times is very true;
Laugh'd at the lordly minions of a king, [who,
Lord Owl, Lord Vulture, and the Lord knows

But, ah ! how happier, happier far the hours
 Of Love and Cynthia that indulge the dream—
 Then, then her song the muse with *rapture* pours,
 When Beauty and the Virtues are the theme.

But, Cynthia, dear variety invites—

In quest of *this*, the muse at times will stray ;
 And though thy converse and thy bloom delights,
 Perpetual roses must not strew her way.

ELEGY TO THE BEE.

He most pathetically addresses the Bee, on the Ingratitude of the World towards him; and prophesies of himself a Fate equally cruel.

SWEET labourer! midst the summer's golden
 Full oft I trace thy little busy flight— [hour,
 With pleasure see thee perch from flow'r to flow'r;
 On violets, woodbines, roses, lilies light.

Yet what to thee is summer's golden smile?
 And what to thee the flow'r-enamell'd plain?
 Will gratitude reward thy daily toil?—
 No! no! thou workest for reward in vain.

Not long the hive of treasure will be thine—
 Rapacity will force thy little door:
 Those treasures with thy life must thou resign,
 A breathless victim on the fragrant store.

O base return! to lose thy precious breath—
 And I, ye gods! as basely shall be serv'd;
 Thou for thy treasure wilt be smok'd to death—
 And I the honey'd poet shall be starv'd.

ELEGY TO SCOTLAND.

He drops a Tear for the supposed Death of Simplicity; but, recollecting himself, finds her alive and in good Health at the Seat of the Duke Roxburgh.

DEAD is Simplicity! long dead! ah me!
Of yore, hard work'd Earl Thomas and his spouse—

Earl Thomas sweating in the field, while she
Help'd Nan the dairymaid, and milk'd her cows.

No sparkling jewels held my lady's neck fast;
No silks embrac'd her bosom and her crupper;
Beer and salt herrings form'd her simple breakfast;
Her dinner beef, and bread and cheese her supper.

Coaches were scarcely known, and if they had one,
'Twas for conveniency toward the weather—
Not gilt and varnished! no, a very sad one—
A poor alliance between *wood* and *leather*!

Then was the minstrel's harp with rapture heard;
The song of ancient days gave huge delight;
With pleasure too did wag the minstrels beard,
For Plenty courted him to *drink* and *bite*.

The poet now no longer is carest;
Sweet bird, he hops and flutters to and fro!
With ragged plumage, and without a nest,
Half starv'd, he sings in Pater-noster Row.

Of yore, our *gentry* held not honour *cheap*;
A man would hang the head that left a jail;
How like a pointer that has chok'd a sheep,
And steals off with a squint, and drops his tail,

The earth, with terror cloth'd, the bailiff trod !
Like Jove, th' important fellow walk'd the land ;
His awful voice, the thunder of the god ;
Jove's sceptre the dread tipstaff in his hand.

No more he frightens—now the man of debt,
With philosophic calmness walks the town ;
No more a scarecrow, Newgate starts a sweat,
Despis'd his ruffian grasp and mock'd his frown !

Yet let the muse be candid—Fame reports
That sweet Simplicity in Scotia reigns ;
That many a man of birth the minstrel courts,
With bacon feeds, and stuffs with peas and beans.

Thrice happy Scotia, blest by Ossian's birth,
And grac'd by *her* * who every heart allures ;
Invite me to that pleasant spot of earth,
And happy let me touch the lyre at Fleurs !

I heed not Johnson's sarcasms of rude thunder,
Who trod a greeting soil, yet scorn'd to thank it—
Where was the genius of the land, I wonder,
It did not toss the cynic in a blanket.

* The Duchess of Roxburgh.

ELEGY.

*He continues to wish that he had been so happy
as to have been a Vote in a Cornish Borough;
and, with Tears in his Eyes, enumerates the
Pleasures and Honours he has lost.*

URGANDA, if a favourite cat lies in,
Invites her friends to caudle and rich cake:
But when my muse is brought to bed, no din,
No how d'ye visits my cool neighbours make!

Or is the monkey sick, he takes *his* bed,
Old Slop is sent for to prescribe for Pug—
Complains the muse on what shall rest her head?
What soul will send a pillow or a rug?

O had I been a *vote, a borough vote!*
Then Fortune would have squeez'd me by the hand;
Then would my back have worn a different coat—
Shirts, stockings, shoes, had been at my command.

Then with his lofty lordship I had din'd
With other votes, a numerous band at table;
Had drank his health, receiv'd his smiles so kind,
'Midst clattering knives and forks, and sounds of
Babel.

Then had I mark'd the wonders of his face,
Gap'd at his speech and swallow'd ev'ry word;
Then had I got the promise of a *place*—
For promises are frequent with a lord.

Then had I touch'd his lordship's hand or cuff,
 And measur'd him all over, inch by inch;
 Mark'd how his lordship gracefully took snuff,
 And *possibly* been honour'd with a pinch!

Then had I heard of boys the joyous yells—
 To praise the Lord, the cannon's loud endeavour,
 And guns of marrow-bones, and jingling bells,
 Mix'd with sublime huzzas, ' My lord for ever!'

Then with his lordship I had march'd the town,
 With may'r and aldermen, a pompous band—
 To enter the votes' houses up and down,
 And seen him shake Tom Stirrup by the hand.

And now Ben Block the barber, now Sam Sledge,
 Now Stitch the tailor, now the mason Shovel;
 Old Scrape the scavenger, the woodman Wedge;
 In short, each happy *wight* that own'd a hovel.

Then had I seen the lord and grannies greet,
 Seen the old dames their mouths for kisses wipe—
 Heard the loud smacks of busses, all so sweet,
 And seen his lordship smoke their stumps of pipe!

Then had I seen his lordship to his chaise;
 Take leave, with may'r and aldermen, in sorrow;
 Hop'd weather would be fine, and good the ways,
 And that he soon again would bless the borough.

No matter who the *bidders*—all's the same;
 The man that hard for Cloacina* labours,
 With *gold* is welcome to the good old dame—
 Ship-brokers, or ship-breakers, or ship-swabbers.

* An old electioneering *lady*, known in Cornwall
 by the name of the Dame of the West—the fair
 subject of many a pleasant song.

ELEGY TO MR. ROWLANDSON.

The Poet wishes for the Pencil of Rowlandson to make an Exhibition of the Rivingtons' Reviewing Parsons.

AH! Rowlandson, in vain are all my toils;
The muse's ordeal the vile priests despise;
In vain she roasts them, carbonades, and broils;
The spit and gridiron the dark band defies.

O did I boast thy pencil's happy pow'r!
Parnassus should the black impostors show;
High on a pill'ry should the culprits tow'r—
And make wry faces to the mob below.

There, while their ears sore writhe beneath the nail,
And each poor piteous priest for mercy begs,
With tune Apollo should those ears regale—
And all the Muses send them rotten eggs.

While, sad below Hypocrisy should mourn
The British Critic, dropping from her hand
Its leaden leaves, by taste and genius torn,
Old Aristarchus should survey the band.

Smiles on his cheek, and pleasure in his eye,
To see the imprison'd heads with horror stare,
'Lo!' (pointing with contempt) the sage will cry,
'The foes of learning who have stol'n my chair.'

ELEGY TO A FRIEND.

The Poet describes his small Library, and the cheap Manner of obtaining the Lucubrations of it, the ingenious Authors of whom he speaks of with all the Reverence due to their Merits, and expresses a Hope of enlarging his Collection by the Assistance of Hucksters, Grocers, Porksellers, &c., well known Encouragers of modern Literature.

SMALL is the poet's library, God knows,
 Small is the praise, the candid bard can utter:
 Leaves of light wisdom! but in scraps it flows,
 Instructing, and in fond embrace with butter.

Subscribing to a chandler's shop for cheese,
 I gain the labours of celestial thought—
 Sermons of Nares my eye with wonder sees,
 And reads his British Critic all for nought.

But now, in higher walk t' employ his time,
 Behold our Aristarchus, Parson Nares,
 Steals ev'ry day an hour from prose and rhyme,
 To wait on snakes, stuff'd monkeys, owls and hares.

Far from his parish, and the toil of praying,
 Far from the drudgery of *soul-salvation*,
 To *save* old Egypt's mummies fast decaying—
 The precious *stink* and *treasure* of the nation.

To *save* the bird's nest, butterfly and bat,
 The tribe of squirrel, and the tribe of mouse;
 The race of weasel, and the race of rat,
 Whose glories grace of Montague the house:

Where Maurice too and Beloe, grave divines,
Fled from soul-slavery—what an easy fate—
Make *new* antiquities and *new* old lines,
And pension'd show the toy-shop of the state.

Yes, sir, my library is rather small—
In comes Matthias, hugging many a slop;
And Parson Rennel from the huckster's stall—
And kissing sugar from the grocer's shop.

And, lo! the labours too of Mister Knight,
Leaves fond of fish and oft with mustard taken;
Leaves that in candles also take delight,
A chop of mutton and a slice of bacon.

Soon too I'm promis'd Mister Fuseli's work,
His Shakespeare, Milton, by the man of pickles;
Discourses—also by the man of pork;
The labours of the *wonderful* John Nichols.

And now, embracing sugar, christ'ned brown,
Leaves from the works of Cobbler Gifford's Muse
Stepp'd from her stall, at Ashburton, to town,
Where oft she whistled to old boots and shoes.

Ere long, the huckster promises me more;
Lives of the brother Rivingtons—great men!
Great traders in the literary lore—
Encouragers of paper, ink and pen.

In Paul's Church-yard, the Bible and the Key,
This wondrous pair is always to be seen—
Somewhat the worse for wear—a little grey,
One like a *saint*, and one with Cæsar's mien.

Fat are the hounds of Rivingtons' known pack,
Fat on the ven'son of the *nation's* park—
Much like the devil's hell hounds too, and black,
And hunt, like them, their victims in the dark,

ELEGY.

The Poet remarks the different Treatment of Bards of the present, and that of past Ages; and complains of not meeting as much Encouragement for his Verses as Organ Grinders, Exhibitors of Bears, Camels, dancing Dogs, and Punch.

IN days of yore, the golden days of rhyme,
The mighty monarch to his minstrel bow'd;
But what is now the character, sublime?
A blind old ballad singer and his crowd!

Kings too were poets—David to his lyre
Sung sweetest elegy—and David's son
Sung to the harp with all his father's fire,
And all the virgins of Judea won.

And thou, Isaiah, too didst deal in song;
Born, let me say, a gentleman, and bred
In satire, let me tell thee, rather strong,
That broke the Babylonian monarch's head.

Had I said half as bad of George the Third,
As thou of Babylon's imperious king;
My fate had been far different, take my word—
My just reward, the pill'ry or the string!

The organ-grinding girl, whose discords kill,
Is beckon'd by our dames of highest quality;
And grist she gaineth to her screaming mill—
And court'sying, thanks them for their hospitality.

To me no lover of the Muses cries,
‘ Out with thy wallet—let us hear thy odes—
Then *George’s image* shall delight thine eyes—
Behold a sixpence for the song of Gods.’

No nymph of quality on Peter calls;
No Lesbia fond of sparrows and the dove;
And bid me make them melting madrigals,
And say, ‘ Sweet Peter, sing us songs of love !’

The man who carries punch about the street,
His scolding wife, the baker, and the devil;
With fair rewards from all spectators meet,
And to his poverty each purse is civil.

The man who leads his camel up and down,
Where sports a grinning monkey on his hump;
Dines princely, such the favour of the town,
And never mourns like me in doleful dump.

The man who leads about a dancing bear,
Or dancing dogs, *good living* never lack,
While *I*, who lead the Muses (fate severe !)
Can neither treat my belly nor my back.

The clowns of thirty pounds a year (no more)
Laugh at the sons of song, and scornful pass us;
‘ One little *rood* of dirty land,’ they roar,
‘ Is worth a *thousand acres* of Parnassus.’

ELEGY TO MR. R. GOUGH.

The Poet addresses Mr. Richard Gough, the Enfield Antiquarian, on the Subject of the Arrival of a Couple of invaluable Curiosities from Egypt, but of whose Nature our British Antiquarians seem totally ignorant. He predicts a future Batch of Invaluables for our National Museum; and concludes with a Wish that Mr. Gough would contrive to keep the three Parsons awake, who are the grand Curators of the Contents of our British Ark.

O Richard Gough! amid thy Enfield dwelling;
Now o'er a *mummy's* precious leg or loin,
Devoutly tasting and devoutly smelling,
Now licking an old dish and now a coin;—

O Richard! amidst locks and rusty nails,
Now blinking o'er old farthings, blue and green:
And trumpery, that every month regales
The readers of the *Gemman's Magazine*;—

Why keepest thou from London far away,
While various wonders of the Nile approach!
O! come and view a treasure then, and say,
'What greets our eyes—a scorpion or cock roach?'

And haste to view another wonder, Gough,
With rapture are the virtuosi giddy—
Fam'd Alexander's coffin, or a trough
For Egypt's pigs, or Cleopatra's biddy.

To meet each marvel, Antiquarian haste,
Proclaim its quality, that none may doubt it;
With rich sagacity of smell and taste,
To London come, and tell us all about it.

Sir Joseph and his virtuoso friends,
 Stun with their loud rejoicings, our Museum;
 Archbishop, bishop to the wonder bends,
 And mean, 'tis said, to order a *Te Deum*.

Old Nilus writes us, he will search his flood,
 And send us his drown'd rarities with pleasure;
 Probe ev'ry hole, and shovel up his mud,
 To load our happy isle with tons of treasure.

I see, I see arrive from Egypt's lands,
 Gods of old times, and godlins, green and blue;
 Ribs of its ancient kings, and legs, and hands,
 To ravish all the lovers of *virtu*.

Precious, through time, I view a vermin vile,
 That crawl'd on Pharaoh's back—the very louse;
 And eke the little croaker of the Nile,
 The *very* frog that hopp'd about his house.

Fingers of Lady Potiphar of note,
 Which fix'd on Joseph to her charms to bind him;
 And, lo! an actual rag of that torn coat
 Which, struggling, modest Joseph left behind him.

Come too, and shake the parsons from their snore*,
 Or snakes, and toads, and weasels steal from sight;
 The moths and butterflies will wing to door,
 And owls, and bats, and eagles take their flight.

* During the profound and mid-day sleep of the three divine curators of the British Museum, many of the most valuable articles in the same dormitory, taking advantage of this comfortable nap, contrived lately *to make their escape*; so that, if a proper person be not appointed with a *flapper*, to keep their eyes open, the three Levites will soon be the only remaining curiosities of Montague House.

ELEGY.

He mourns at the Discovery of Gold, as a Demon of Destruction, expresses modest Wishes, and pays a small but just Tribute of Applause to our amiable Princesses.

BLEST were the days when gold was yet unknown ;
The man who drew it from the secret earth,
Forc'd from its bosom an eternal groan,
And, luckless, gave a fatal demon birth.

The burning soil of Afric I have trod,
And seen the shining mischief in the sands—
Then, sighing, said, ' Behold the world's vain God,
Our Baal, that rank idolatry commands !'

And golden Mexico these eyes have seen,
And from the splendid wonder turn'd aside,
Where Vanity extends her boundless reign,
And loads the shrines of Luxury and Pride.

I sigh not for a waggon load of gold ;
For wild Ambition never fir'd my wishes ;
Some modest little place I hope to hold,
And taste a morsel of the loaves and fishes.

Who court the glittering gems of Fortune's mine,
Court frequent ruin—thus upon the thorn,
The spider spins by night his silken line,
That catch, and break beneath the drops of morn.

I hate not courts, and all that courts contain,
A thousand beauties may to courts belong;
Lo! George's daughters have inspir'd my strain,
Sweet subjects also of some future song.

I mark not Grandeur with an envious eye;
But, when those nymphs of merit I behold,
I own I see their virtues with a *sigh*,
And envy them their goodness, not their *gold*.

A *bleating* lamb, for verdant hill and vale,
Alas! I wish to leave my barren rock!
A *cooing* dove, that tells his plaintive tale,
To build a nest amid the great state oak.

Or ev'n a spider on the cloud-capp'd tree,
I wish to weave, for wand'ring flies my net;
Nay, a poor pismire—smaller can I be?
Run on its ribs, and pick my daily meat.

I never wish'd to pull a monarch down,
Nor close in hard *fraternal* hugs, not I;
'Th' *equality* I sought was, near the crown,
To *hob* or *nob* in sack, with Mister Pye,

ELEGY TO A FRIEND.

The Poet mentions a Part of the Furniture of his Room—grieves that he was never married—supplicates the Vengeance of Venus on the mercenary Beauty—compliments his own Merit, and makes no Doubt of an exalted Situation in the Temple of Fame.

ALAS! I boast not Fortune's glittering heap,
 Few are the decorations of my room—
 Hung with some tapestry, indeed, but *cheap*,
 The *gratis* labours of the spider's loom.

Too poor, I never could afford a wife—
 Ye gods! of all misfortunes, most *distressing*;
 My stars refused *that* comfort of man's life,
 Deeming the prize, perhaps, *too great a blessing*.

For many a Phillis did I pen the song—
 Knelt to her beauty, with most saint-like eyes;
 In vain my verse, in vain my wooing tongue
 The *venal* fair one wanted *more than sighs*.

Must beauty be *an article of trade*?
 Like cherries must the balmy lip be sold?
 The soft and swelling bosom of the maid,
 Just like a rabbit's skin be giv'n for gold!

Forbid it, Venus! from the *venal* fair
 Snatch ev'ry charm—to hay convert her locks;
 Pug up her nose, and pug-like make her *stare*,
 And pit her pimpled visage with small pox.

Red make her eyes, and turn her teeth to jet;
 For balm, O! taint her breath with rotten eggs;
 Corkscrew her shape, and elephant her feet—
 Raise a high hump, and give two tankard legs.

And if she seek for public praise by *song*
 And *novel* writing, sink her to the dirt—
 O! be for ever out of tune her tongue,
 And may the novel ev'n disgrace Dame Flirt.

Such be the punishment of nymphs who sell
 (What *love* and *love* alone should bless) their
 charms;

Then *billet doux*, and sighing swains farewell,
 The eye's fond dotage and the soul's alarms.

Merit and I, sad exiles, hand in hand,
 Just like the children in the wood, poor worms,
Unnotic'd, crawl a most ungrateful land;
 Save by sharp hunger and the howling storms!

Yet will some comfort to our souls remain!
 When Time shall tear our frames—each beam
 and rafter—

Though *here*, for this world's good, we sing in vain,
 Our songs with glory will be crown'd *hereafter*.

Why with the milder virtues was I born,
 'Midst a rude world, where Vice is in her bloom!
 Why with a heart, by tempests to be torn,
 Lin'd with the tender cygnet's softest plume?

Amid those scenes of villany and art,
 Where havoc, murder, depredation dwell—
 Instead of such a softly feather'd heart—
 A rugged grinding stone had done as well.

While Pope and Churchill, with envenom'd rage,
 Attack the vice and folly of our isle,
 No war, envenom'd, with the world I wage;
 Sweet Pity sighs, or yields perhaps a *smile*.

The man who brings into the world a mind,
 With milk of human kindness beyond measure—
 Will, in himself, with small reflection, find,
 He brought to this our world, a *world of treasure*.

ELEGY TO THE BAT.

The Poet addresses the Bat with much Acrimony; discovers a strong Similarity of Feature in Bat's Face and the Faces of Rivingtons' Critics—he, however, acquits Bat, but condemns their pampered literary Mohawks.

DAY's golden orb has sunk beneath the skies,
 And silence steals upon the world of shade:
 The little playful humming host of flies,
 With gambols wild, the fields of air invade.

Vile Imp of darkness! from thy dirty hole,
 I see thee start in wickedness away,
 Fierce as a mighty lord of the control,
 With harmless insects making horrid fray.

In thine I mark the phiz of Parson Nares,
 The cynic features of ill-nature fill it,
 Who, when young Genius his light wing prepares,
 Leaps from the shop of Rivington to kill it.

In thine too I behold the phiz of Beloe,
 Poor rhiming priest, and *eke* the phiz of Rennell,
 Sad wights, and *eke* that limping cobbling fellow,
 Lab'ers in Defamation's filthy kennel.

For where is one of Rivingtons' Reviews,
 Like eastern winds, that doth not cast a blight;
 That does not try to murder ev'ry muse,
 And cloud her merits with oblivious night?

Yet, little imp of horror, I forgive
Thy depredation on the insect host:
Thou crackest all their tiny bones to *live*,
And bats *must* eat, though lives of flies be lost.

But, lo ! the cobbler and the pamper'd priest,
For *luxury* their scrawling pens employ;
Abuse supplies them with a monthly feast;
The palate prompts their poison to destroy.

In vain for praise is Candour heard to pray;
Beg on fair Merit smiles of commendation :
Tush ! havoc is the order of the day ;
Critics, like demons, thrive upon *damnation*.

ELEGY.

*The Poet condemns the present general Taste, and
foretels the Return of the Ages of Barbarism.*

THE world seems tir'd (the idiot) with good things!
Adieu! adieu! to all that is sublime!

Disgusted Taste for flight prepares her wings,
And curses Music, Playing, Paint, and Rhime.

Barbaric ages shall again return;
The Goth and Vandal now are on the way;
Ev'n now I hear the voice of Wisdom mourn,
As darkness blots the beams of orient day.

O say, was Phœbus and each Muse asleep,
When Master Betty murder'd Shakespeare's page?
Or when Miss Mudie, by her lofty leap,
Shook off her leading-strings to *lead* the age?

Where was the Muse of poetry to suffer?
Pig-boys to quit their troughs to print bombast;
And tempt poor Wyndham too to be their puffer,
Who gravely tells us Thomson is surpast?

And where wert thou, O goddess of the *brush*?
On whom the voice of Taste in thunder calls;
That to th' Academy thou didst not rush,
And dash the daubs of Dulness from the walls.

Or where wert thou, O goddess of the *fiddle*?
To suffer Air to join with Goosy Gander,
Cock Robin, Horner, and High-diddle diddle;
And turn a tuneful prostituted pander.

O Muse of Eloquence ! how canst thou bear
 Poor Canning's voice, that humbly apes thine art ?
 Vast is the difference to the judging ear—
 Heav'n's awful thunder to a brewer's cart !

And, nymph of Sculpture too, the bard demands,
 How thou, with patience, with uncursing breath,
 Couldst see Saint Paul, by hard unhallow'd hands,
Ston'd, ston'd, poor saint, a second time to death ?

In vain I preach—in vain in scorn I smile—
 In vain my pen the giant Vice assails ;
 Herculean labour to reclaim an isle,
 Where Rapture dotes on Mother Hubbard's Tales.

ELEGY.

THE SPEECH OF PRUDENCE.

- ‘**T**OO much of freedom in thy stanza dwells,
 A free-thinker and free-speaker is thy muse,’
 Prim Prudence cries, who keeps a shop and sells,
 With one sweet smile to Christians and to Jews.
- ‘Truth is a dangerous acquaintance, mind—
 Struck by her voice, the world is in alarm,’
 Continues Prudence, ‘go and Flattery find,
 Thine idol, goddess, does a deal of harm.
- ‘In days of yore, when first thy song began,
 How suppliant thou didst beg one laurel sprig!
 So full of meek humility the man;
 One *little leaf* to stick about his wig;
- ‘But soon as Fame a civil word bestow’d,
 Puss *show’d her tail*—of *daring*, what display!
 Out rush’d thy Pegasus upon the road,
 Heels up! and kick’d down all that cross’d his way!
- ‘How ting’d with blushes was thy muse’s morn!
 Tones in the *minor key*, so sweet—so *under*;
 The linnet’s melting warble from the thorn,
 Soon chang’d to fury, tempest, flame, and thunder.
- ‘Thy wanton hawk each fearful bird pursued—
 How couldst thou laugh at bishops and reviewers?
 Thus, in their anger, wert thou *barbecued*;
 Their stake thy body pierc’d, thine eyes their
 skewers.

‘ With lawless fury didst thou drive thy car,
O’er hill and dale, indeed without a fear—
Vainly thou deem’dst thyself a man of war :
Reviewers deem thee a poor *privateer*.

‘ Ah ! Peter thou hast made the court thy foe—
Thy persecution then can be no *riddle* ;
It hates to caper to thy tune, I know,
And wish’d a thousand times to break thy *fiddle*.

‘ Most dangerous is th’ attempt at *reformation*—
Why to the people wilt thou tell their *sins* ?
Ev’n let the boobies work their own *salvation* ;
Why push into their consciences *thy pins* ?

‘ The bard who begs his alms from door to door,
Must never dare expose the fool or cheat ;
The rhimer should remember he is *poor*—
Parnassus dealeth more in *air than meat*.

‘ Dread is the satirist ! a name of fear !
Beast of a thousand heads ! a horrid creature !
The world’s afraid to see him, or come near !
Noli me tangere in ev’ry feature !

‘ How couldst thou dream of mocking courts of kings ?
Of laughing at the fav’rites of a throne ?
Cutting of quality, the stars and strings ?
And tying, dog-like, to their *tails*, a *bone* ?

‘ By Reason’s curb thy mouth has never bled :
Go, wear it, bear it—use will make thee *able* ;
And if a *truth must* get into thy head,
Know knaves and blockheads keep the nicest table.

‘ Woe to the foolish man, and fit for nought,
Who cannot shut his eyes against the light !
Woe to the man that dares to speak his thought ;
And *woe to him* who swears not black is white.’

I own that I have suffer’d for *opinion* :
A liberty of thought was ever mine :
My soul abhorr’d Hypocrisy’s dominion ;
And scorn’d to yield for pelf a *golden line*.

Well then—since poets, though divine, must *munch*,
Dame Prudence, songs of praise shall store my
wallet—

Here—waiter, bring me a beef-steak and punch—
Conscience, go make thy humble bow to Palate.

Stars, garters, ribbons, reds and greens and blues,
Enjoy your splendor—be with flatt'ry fed—
Ev'n Br-d——l's self shall smile upon the muse,
And find to gold and silver chang'd, his *lead*!

Breakfasts and dinners, routs and masquerades ;
Lo! crown'd with garlands, ye shall pass along—
Apollo's self, with all th' Aonian maids,
Shall join the jovial crew with harp and song.

And weeping ladies, should a lap-dog die,
His mem'ry shall not want the tuneful shell ;
And should a breathless monkey want a sigh,
The bard has praises and a sigh to sell.

TO BELLA.

AH! tell me not that I am old,
And bid me quit the billing dove;
Though many years have o'er me roll'd,
My heart is still alive to love.

Then tell me not that I am old.

When Beauty's blush delights no more,
And Beauty's smile and sparkling eye;
When these no longer I adore,
Then Pity yield the bard *a sigh*.
I will not quarrel to be told,
Son of Apollo, thou art old.

ON THE DEATH
OF A
CELEBRATED MUSICIAN.

ADIEU to the song of the grove!
Our Philomel warbles no more!
The loss of his carols of love,
The shepherds will ever deplore.

And sweet to the nymphs of the vale
Were his lays—what delight on the ear!
Whenever he melted the gale,
How the virgins would hasten to hear!

Where is Echo, so fond of his voice,
 So pleas'd on each accent to dwell?
 Poor Echo no more will rejoice!
 But silently sleep in his cell.

Though doom'd from the world to depart,
 From remembrance he cannot remove;
 While tenderness reigns in the heart,
 For his song was the language of love.

Though sever'd by Death from our plains,
 Thou charmest no longer the sphere:
 Sweet warbler! thy spirit remains,
 For thy carols will live in our ear!

LINES TO LORD NELSON,

*With his Lordship's Night-cap, that caught Fire
 on the Poet's Head at a Candle, as he was read-
 ing in Bed at Merton.*

TAKE your night-cap again, my good lord, I de-
 For I wish not to keep it a minute; [sire,
 What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there's a fire,
 Is sure to be instantly in it.

TO CHLOE.

AH! tell me not that I grow old,
That love but ill becomes my tongue;
Chloe, by me, thou ne'er wert told,
Sweet damsel! that thou wert *too young*.

A SONG.

THE smile of the maid I adore,
I have sought, but have sought it in vain;
Hope, lull me with flatt'ry no more—
Fate dooms me to sigh and complain.

When she meets me, the radiance of morn
Breaks forth and enlivens my eye:
When she leaves me, I wander forlorn,
And Night's shadows descend on my sigh.

O Venus! how cruel thine art,
That bids us such beauty behold!
In thee, how unkind to impart,
To such beauty, a heart that is *cold*.

Why fill'd is her eye with thy fire?
Why giv'n was the voice of thy dove;
The bosom and lip of desire,
That will frown on the kisses of Love?

VERSES

*Found in a Bower at Merton, on Lord Nelson's
taking the Command of the British Fleet off
Cadiz.*

FROM Merton's pleasing shades, again
To give new wonders to the main,
The hero seeks the Gaul—
But, ah ! what lost in Fancy's eye—
I see him bleed, and hear the sigh,
That mourns, ah ! mourns his fall.

Yet will his genius haunt the grove,
And Britons, who their country love,
Shall here with ardour glow ;
Drink inspiration from his name,
And, emulous to join his fame,
Shall pant to meet the foe.

And Beauty too will wander here,
To give to Merton's stream a tear,
And pensive mark her bow'rs:
For what, though glory charm'd his heart ;
The softer graces claim'd a part,
And sooth'd his peaceful hours.

TO HELEN IN TOWN.

SWEET Helen! the dews of the morn
Our steps to the valley invite;
The linnet, the thrush on the thorn,
Are preparing to yield thee delight.

Then haste from the town and its noise,
Health is ready to yield thee her treasure;
Then from tumult repair to our joys,
To the region of silence and pleasure.

From our cots we will wander away,
And find out the haunt of the dove,
Where he coos to his mate on the spray,
And study sweet lessons of love.

O! then we will stray to the bow'r,
Where I'll gaze on thy beautiful features;
Thy kisses of fragrance devour,
And coo like those *innocent creatures*.

Ah! I fear me, I ask her in vain,
The town will detain the dear maid,
The tongues of the beaux in her train
Are rivals to stillness and shade.

Yet, what folly to think one so fair,
Would bless with her smile a poor swain,
Be sooth'd, and be won by his pray'r,
Who can rivet a *world* in her chain!

THE INCONSTANT.

THE sigh of her heart was sincere,
When blushing, she whisper'd her love;
A sound, how divine, in my ear,
For her voice was the voice of the dove.

Ah! who could from Phillida fly?
Yet I sought other nymphs of the vale,
Forgot both her blush and her sigh,
Nay, forgot that I told her my tale.

In sorrow I wish'd to return,
And the tale of my passions renew;
'False shepherd,' she answer'd with scorn,
'False shepherd, for ever adieu!

'For thee, no more tears will I shed,
To Truth and sweet friendship I go;
The bird by a wound that has bled
Is happy to fly from his foe.'

ELEGY ON JESSICA.

TO her grave will I follow the fair,
Nor blush her pale corse to sustain
Whose graces, alas! were her snare,
Which Prudery beheld with disdain.

Her youth was the blossom of May,
Her voice was the nightingale's tune,
Her cheek the pure crimson of day,
And her mind the mild beams of the moon.

So fair and unguarded a form
Drew the lightnings of danger around;
A victim she fell to the storm,
And blush'd a sweet wreck on the ground!

By the splendor of riches and pow'r,
Sweet Innocence oft is undone—
Unguarded, too, many a flow'r
Has sunk by the rays of the sun.

I saw thee when beauty was thine,
Too rich for the poet's poor arms;
When Envy confess'd it divine,
And Wonder would gaze on its charms;

I have seen thee when lovers around,
In hope of thy favour, would stand;
And in sorrow depart, when they found
Not a smile, nor a kiss from thy hand,

And saw, when no more it inspir'd,
No longer our hearts to beguile,
From thy bosom, when Rapture retir'd,
And the loves had withdrawn from thy smile.

And when conquest, alas! was no more,
I heard thee in poverty moan,
Asking alms, but in vain, at the door
Of the mansion that once was thy own.

Unwept shall poor Jessica lie,
And neglected be scorn'd on the bier?
Though hard Virtue refuse her a sigh,
Yet Pity shall give her a tear.

A SONG TO A COQUETTE.

DEAR Phillis! thou know'st not thy charms;
That thy cheek boasts the bloom of the rose;
That thine eye by its lustre alarms;
That thy bosom surpasses the snows.

Thou know'st thou hast wit at thy will;
Yet from wit, often Prudence departs:
Thus furnish'd with weapons to kill,
Thou daily art murd'ring poor hearts.

Not safely a swain can pass by,
Thou art ready his steps to beguile;
Some lure is thrown out from thine eye,
Some lure from a song or a smile.

O learn from the minstrel of night
A lesson to govern the maid!
Though he fills every ear with delight,
He sings amid silence and shade.

LAURA, A PASTORAL SONG.

O MY heart! thou so lately wert blest,
Those days I shall ever adore—
When Pleasure alone was thy guest,
But to meet thee, ah! meet thee no more.

How dull was the grove and the bow'r,
If the maid of thy love was not nigh!
She gave bloom, she gave life to each flow'r,
But with Laura, dear Laura, they die.

Lo! the linnets, enlivening the shade,
No longer give joy to my ear—
But their carols, how sweet, when the maid,
The pride of the valley, was near!

To the gloom, near yon fount, let me go,
Indulging of Fancy the dream;
I will listen to murmurs of woe,
And hear my sad tale in the stream.

A LYRIC EPISTLE TO MYSELF.

SIR! you possess a deal of spirit,
A deal, indeed, of sterling merit;
Your head was cast in Nature's nicest mould—
Whatever meets your touch or view,
Is poetry at once—Peru—
You turn, like Midas, ev'ry thing to gold.

A block of marble, it is said,
Holds a fine statue, or fine head;
A very sage remark beyond a doubt:
The only difficulty lies
In bringing to our wond'ring eyes,
This very curious head or statue out!

Of *fiddles* too, we may declare,
Each holds a fascinating air;
But say, what *cunning* hand can touch this fiddle?
To bring out this enchanting sound,
You, sir, are fortunately found
In the good *graces* of Miss Tweedle Tweedle.

Your tuneful art at once creates!
Description on your pencil waits,
Whene'er you paint the storm or give the sigh,
The thunders of the roaring deep,
The infant's smiling harmless sleep,
The wolf's red glare, or pearl on Pity's eye.

Again—a canvass, sir, or board,
Holds pictures by the heart ador'd :
And, sir, such ingenuity is yours;
You work out very fine old heads,
And hills sublime, and flow'ry meads,
To last as long as picture's self endures.

Heav'ns, what a Proteus! now you rise—
A daring eagle to the skies,
Surveying princes on their thrones below,
Small as tomtits upon a twig,
Or simple robins on a sprig—
Not half th' importance of a rook or crow.

In short, scarce bigger than a mite,
So very little in the sight
Of this sublimely soaring sun-clad fowl,
As in Charles Fox's eye George Rose;
And that is small enough, God knows;
Or Eldon, under Thurlow's piercing scowl.

And now a turtle-making love—
Saying soft things to Mistress Dove,
Billing with quiv'ring wings, and coo, and song;
Now busy building a neat nest,
Discussing now, supremely blest,
The future education of their young.

So happily the heart to move,
You touch the tender lyre of Love;
Exciting now the tear, and now the smile.
I should not wonder, sir, (between us,
Under the Rose) if Madam Venus,
Presented you the *freedom* of her isle.

Some make you sour and supercilious,
And splenetic and atrabilious;
That is to say, an ocean of hot bile:
Now, sir, I know you are not bilious;
To coin a word, sir, rather *chylous*—
A silky milky fount of purest *chyle*.

Some paint you a mad bull, wild roaring,
Tossing folks on your horns, and goring;
This picture verily provokes my laugh:
You ar'n't that formidable creature,
Of milder elements your nature;
Your character resembles more the calf.

The ladies too, so frighten'd, fear ye,
They feel not courage to come near ye;
And yet you treat them with much love and ease:
I know your manners are so bland,
The sweetest ladies of the land,
May take whatever liberties they please.

Then, sir, your reverence for the sex;
You ne'er abuse them, never vex;
But so much love, so Ovid-like is giv'n:
So much, sir, for your soul I fear,
If charming woman was not there,
You would not, if 'twere offer'd, go to *Heav'n*.

You paint so sweetly Love's alarms;
The neat historian of their charms:
Touch with such rich luxuriance form and air.
In gratitude the sex should join,
And give you gold for ev'ry line;
Nay, make you poet laureate to the fair.

Ulysses-like, the world around,
What mines of treasure you have found;
Though not the mines that purchase *in the stocks*.
So polish'd, you return'd from travel;
Like a rough stone or lump of gravel,
That for the ocean leave their barren rocks.

When sickness sinks their spirits low,
And damps their animated glow,
Stops the poor lab'ring heart and flutt'ring breath;
The lightnings of your page illume,
The eye's wan melancholy gloom,
And ope its film again, though clos'd in death.

It is with Envy, sir, a law,
To find in every fame a flaw;
Enough, you boast for Envy's tooth, a mountain!
Pure flowing from the muses' hills,
Let Envy mud a thousand rills,
You still remain a full and beauteous fountain!

Sir, should you through the country pass,
And *put up* at the Horse, or Ass,
Blue Boar, or Magpie, Ram, or Goat, or Bear:
At once the people of the village,
Would leave their tools, and quit their tillage;
To take in wonders at the eye and ear!

Were Pidcock through our isle to go,
And, sir, present you for a *show*,
What towns, what cities, would your form amuse!
He would get money to *some tune*!
More, sir, than by his huge baboon,
His wondrous elephant, and kangaroos.

Fools, who would throw you into shade,
Declare no genius is display'd,
Nature, Originality, Sublime,
No ease, no humour, and no wit;
Sir, let fools say, what fools think fit;
Trust to that upright scrutineer, call'd Time.

Your rival brothers of the quill,
Are moles beneath their dirty hill;
That darksome labour, and the field destroy:
Or, just like beetles from the ground,
That rise, and hum, and buzz around;
And reeling, ev'ry traveller annoy.

Abhorrent of the spectred shade,
Your mighty mind for *light* was made;
You for the regions of the stars were born:
So like the lark, with liquid lay,
Impatient of the coming day;
That mounting breaks into the beams of morn.

You're a nice candle, let me say,
Burning with mild and steady ray ;
But let a saucy moth desert his hole,
And flap the flame with wanton wing ;
We hear him his own *requiem* sing,
Stretch'd 'midst the altar's fire, a shrivell'd coal !

Your soul is full of summer weather ;
A zephyr that scarce moves a feather :
But when your vengeance wakes upon your foes,
Farewell the smiling cherub mien ;
The Jove of wrath at once is seen,
Flame in your eye, and thunder on your brows.

Then, lo ! the spirit of the storm,
Wild bursting forth—a giant form ;
Lashing the surly billows to a roar ;
That heaves old Ocean from his bed,
Bids him disgorge his swallow'd dead ;
And pour his wrecks upon the foamy shore.

Sir, like a trav'ler at some stile,
That, wearied, stops to breathe awhile,
The muse one minute shall suspend her *lays* :
Or, like a miller's, sir, my wheel,
Fatigued, shall some small respite feel ;
And so I close the flood-batch of your praise.

PART II.

SEVEN cities of the Grecian world
 Pull'd wigs, pull'd caps, foul language hurl'd;
 On Homer's birth-place ! proud t' exalt their horn :
 Pray let *us* take especial care,
 Not thus to kindle up a war
 By not informing folks where *you* were born.

Cornwall and Devonshire, perhaps,
 May for *your* birth pull wigs and caps :
 Now, sir, I do not really mean to *quiz ye* ;
 Was it in Dodbrook that the light
 First enter'd on your precious sight ;
 Or, sir, at gallant Foy, or *Meragizzy* ?

Sir, I believe that I can guess !
 Your birth-place Dodbrook deign'd to bless ;
 Fam'd for white ale, and bullocks, ewes, and rams :
 'Twas in this spot your genius rare
 Did first inhale the vital air,
 And caught the tender spirit of the lambs.

Of what religion are you, pray ?
 I think, sir, I have heard you say
 The Quaker's, void of noise and ostentation ;
 And to the great, sublime, all-wise
 Creator of ten thousand skies,
 That Silence is the *highest* adoration.

Oh! would the great Longinus rise,
 And on *your* labours cast his eyes,
 Touch'd with what rapture would he read your rhyme:
 Soon would he cry, 'O men of metre,
 Hide your diminish'd heads at Peter;
 Here *burns* the bard! here tow'rs the true sublime.

'Here glows of Poetry the soul!
 Here Fancy's boundless oceans roll:
 To him, what are ye? crackers and a bomb!
 Compar'd to him, ye rhiming men—
 The bird of Jove! and humble wren;
 The pyramids! and some poor Turkish tomb.

'Of this rich gem of lucid nature,
 Ah! could ye imitate the water;
 Obtain the *mantle* of high mounting Pindar;
 Though not up near him *cheek* by *jowl*;
 Ye still might be a lump of coal,
 That flames and warms with very little cinder.'

I know that flatt'ry's apt to wound;
 There's rum, there's brandy in the sound;
 Yet not to inebriate geniuses like you;
 You, sir, are proof against this spirit;
 Yet there's a proverb upon Merit;
 Which, says the proverb, '*Give the Devil his due.*'

A little flatt'ry's right—I dare
 Tell men of genius what they are;
 A pretty *stimulus* to emulation:
 A farthing candle merits praise;
 Ev'n Canning has his tiny rays,
 Though born not to illuminate a nation.

The little dew-drops on the field
 Possess a splendour, though they yield
 To sparkling diamonds—yet they have their hour;
 They charm us with their elfin light;
 At morn the nymphs and swains invite;
 Adorn and feed the herbage and the flower.

Ah ! should I pull off a *wren's* head,
And strike the little warbler dead,
Because like Philomel not loud and clear ;
Or break Arachne's tender line,
Whose silken texture can't confine
Hyrcanian tigers, or a Russian bear ?

Ah ! when, sir, you resign your breath
(For verse has no effect on Death,
Ne'er melted his dull leaden ear by metre),
A thousand beauteous eyes in gloom,
Will drop their pearls upon your tomb,
Poor mourning pilgrims at the shrine of Peter.

Sir, sir, you never ought to die,
But, like Elijah, mount on high ;
Not like a paltry, crawling worm expire :
A bard of your transcendent fame,
If not a chariot, sure might claim
A handsome curricule, or gig of fire.

Where are the princes of the land,
And men of rank, a chosen band ?
Betting on Lewes, or on Brighton course !
Sancho, Pavilion, and 'Squire Mellish,
Have spoil'd for Pegasus all relish,
Poor Pegasus ! the Muses' fav'rite horse !

Lo ! liveries on the racer wait,
He eats, and drinks, and sleeps in state ;
So cropp'd his ears, so comb'd his tail and mane :
While Pegasus neglected lies
Upon a dunghill, shuts his eyes,
And lean and ragged grazes through a lane.

Is't possible with all your pow'rs,
With all your poetry's fine flow'rs,
That you should gain no patronage, no pension ?
'Tis strange ! 'tis *passing* strange, indeed !
This, when Posterity shall read,
What will it say ? 'Impossible!—invention.'

Amid the swallowing gulf of Time
What wrecks, alas! of prose and rhyme;
But, lo! this gulf shall not thy bark devour;
Lo! all sails set, I see it brave
The fury of the thundering wave,
Wind on the quarter, fourteen knots an hour.

Lord, sir! you don't know half your fame—
When dead a century, your name
Will, snow-ball-like, increase with rolling years;
Ev'n your worst song, which you may call
A common vulgar tune, that's all,
Will then be deem'd the music of the spheres.

Yet, with your mountain of high merit;
Yet, with your ocean of *proof spirit*,
You gain no praise, no favour from reviewers,
Who call your lucubrations *stuff*,
Not fit to wrap up cheese or snuff,
Scarce fit to travel through the common sewers.

Folks will inquire about your *size*;
Your hair or wig, your nose, your eyes;
Whether you were not taller than a steeple—
In conversation, hawk or dove;
Whether, like other men, *made love*;
Wore clothes, and eat, and drank like other people!

Excuse this tribute of fair praise,
Due, sir, to your immortal lays:
Sincere is this address, or ode, or letter;
Perchance your *modesty* may blush:
It is your *failing*, sir, but tush,
No man *admires* you more, or likes you better.

ONE MORE PEEP

AT THE

ROYAL ACADEMY;

OR,

ODES TO ACADEMICIANS,

&c. &c.



*Sunt quibus in Satyrâ videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus, &c.*

HOR.

Some folks declare (to wound my dove-like nature)
I mingle too much acid with my satire;
Too prone to smile at garters, stars, and strings,
And take strange liberties with queens and kings;
Roast on my ordeal, like an inquisition,
Peer, parson, poet, pimp, academician :
While others swear, two *bastards* of Apollo,
The bellman and Matthias *beat me hollow*.

ONE MORE PEEP

AT THE

ROYAL ACADEMY

OR

GOES TO ACADEMICIAN

THE
LORDS OF THE
TREASURY

Some folks declare (to wound my dove-like nature)
I might be much seld with my sister
Too prone to smile at parties, stave, and stave,
And take strange liberties with phrase and stave;
Honest on my word, like an indignation,
I am, pure, good, pious, and obedient;
While others swear, the conduct of a stave,
The bellman and blabber beat my hollow.

ODES
TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

The Bard, after a long Absence, saluteth the Royal Academy.—He singeth in a Strain of high Panegyric of himself—yet acknowledging the malevolent Depredations of Time on his Person.

A GAIN th' Academy I greet,
Once more, my graphic friends, we meet—
Shake hands—Ah! why the greeting hand withdraw?
Lo! by your looks ye seem to say—
'Avaunt, thou vagabond—away—
We'd sooner take the Devil by the paw!'

Well, well! once more the bard appears;
He sings, in spite of rolling years:
Time has not stol'n one atom of his fire;
The Muse, unconscious of decay,
Still pours the proud Pindaric lay,
Still strikes with equal energy the lyre.

Now cries the critic of my rhyme,
'How dar'st thou dream of the sublime,
And fancy that it e'er inspir'd thy odes?
'How dar'st thou take a Pindar's name,
To steal into the dome of Fame,
And place thy Momus by the side of Gods?'—

I own that Time, to my surprise,
 Has done some mischief to my eyes,
 And done that mischief much against my will :
 But as the bulfinch, beyond doubt,
 Sings better when his eyes are out,
 Why not the songster of th' Aonian Hill ?

Time too has chosen to efface
 The fine Apollo form and grace,
 And somewhat bent to earth my lofty head ;
 And though the knave has touch'd my hand,
 The goose-quill yet it can command,
 And o'er the snow the feather'd giant lead.

Time has made free too with my features,
 Those pretty inoffensive creatures,
 That never yet were cruel to the fair ;
 Spoil'd my poor lip and dimple sleek,
 Run his hard ploughshare o'er my cheek,
 And stol'n the blushing roses that were there.

Time too, I own, my mouth has enter'd ;
 To steal some pearl, the rogue has ventur'd,
 And giv'n a lisping to my tuneful tongue ;—
 But, thank the Muses for their care,
 And Phœbus—of his tricks aware—
 Safe is my brain—the fount of flowing song.

Th' academicians would rejoice
 If Time had also stol'n my voice ;—
 But while that voice exists, by heav'ns, I'll sing !—
 But mind me, while I pour my lays,
 To justice I my altar raise,
 Too virtuous to profane the Muses' spring.

It certainly must be confest,
 I come a most unwelcome guest,
 'Mid sheaves of corn a sort of wicked weevil :—
 As for R. A.'s I briefly tell 'em,
Fiat justitia ruat cælum,
 Although they sooner would behold the devil.

WEST.

The Bard complimenteth Mr. West on his Lord Nelson—acknowledgeth his Powers in a certain Department of the Art—but biddeth him beware of the dangers of Classic Ground.

NOW let me turn to Mister West :
 Thy Nelson, it must be confest,
 Proves that thy Muse of painting is not dead :
 'Midst works of Merit be it plac'd—
 The hero's form is not disgrac'd,
 Which adds a leaf of laurel to thy head.

At small defects I scorn to carp—
 This would be prying much too sharp—
 I think this piece will help to boil thy pot :
 And should it a good turbot gain,
 As poets are a famish'd train,
 Send the poor bard an invitation note.—

Why will not mortals be content,
 And walk the road which Nature meant,
 And not eternally with Genius war?—
 And yet 'tis passing strange, though true,
 They keep th' impossible in view,
 And bid defiance to their ruling star.

The men in miniature who shine
 Pant to extend their little line,
 And paint the forms of goddesses and gods ;
 And then, like Phæton, the fool,
 A puppy of Ambition's school,
 Disgrac'd they tumble from the bright abodes !

And 'tis in Music just the same—
 The tuneful nymph or tuneful dame,
 That in *cantabile* delights the soul,
 The sweet simplicity forsakes;
 From octave leaps, to octave takes,
 And seeks to triumph in *bravura* howl!

The lap-dog just as well might say—
 'I think I'll hunt the hare to-day,
 And in proud triumph lead the hound or beagle?'
 Or sparrow, on the chimney top,
 'I hate this life of chirp and hop,
 I'll drink the solar blaze, and mount an eagle!'

West, let me as a friend advise—
 From classic ground withdraw thine eyes;
 Nor fancy from *sublime* to gather glory:—
 Attempt not things beyond thy reach—
 The pebble on the sandy beach,
 Can ne'er expect to rise a promontory!—

FUSELI.

The Poet attacketh Mr. Fuseli for attempting sublime Subjects—also for vainly supposing he hath caught a Shred of the Mantle of Michael Angelo—He commendeth his Picture of Beaufort, but hinteth his Suspicion of its being a smuggled Affair—He wondereth that the Ghosts of Shakespeare and Milton do not leave their Tombs, to punish the Painter for the Disgrace brought upon them by the Imbecility of his Pencil.—The Poet concludeth with Advice of much Humanity.

AH, Master Fuseli ! are *you* here,
 To whom Abuse's speech is dear ;
 Whose jaundic'd eye can rarely merit see !
 Well, since thy *penchant* is a grin,
 It will not be a mortal sin
 To give the world a gentle grin at *thee*.

What dæmon put it in thy head,
 To fix on Beaufort's dying bed ?
 Was it the rage of Criticism to rouse ?—
 Speak !—was it thy ambitious hope,
 With Reynolds, of high fame, to cope,
 And envious tear the laurel from his brows !

Fuseli, thou callest Beaufort *thine*—
 Speak truth—is this thy own design ?

But *mum*—this is a very ticklish theme—
 The palsied hand, that ne'er was found
 To lift a weight beyond a pound,
 Will ne'er be thought to raise a weaver's beam.

Thy friends, or rather foes, declare,
 Thou often dost *sublimely* dare,
 And makest Michael Angelo thy model;
 Moreover, that thou dost inherit
 Large portions of that painter's spirit—
 God still their tongues, or mend each crazy noddle!

They tell thee that thou art a whale,
 Thy mind on Nature's noblest scale!—
 The *folk* who flatter thus, mean arrant mockery!
 They call thee a fine China jar—
 But this I humbly beg to bar,
 They should have said, *a pipkin of brown crockery!*

Now let not wicked people say,
 I wander far from Truth away:— [ure :
 Truth, heaven-born Truth, presides o'er ev'ry strict-
 Fuseli, indeed, I don't deny
 Thou e'er hadst Michael in thine *eye*;
 But say, thou never found'st him in thy *picture*.

How dares thy hand, that cannot hit
 The features of a poor *tom-tit*,
 Attempt the eagle's fury in its flight—
 That cannot paint a tame *tom-cat*,
 Or muzzle of a mouse, or rat,
 Attempt the lordly lion in his might?

Oh! why in colour dip thy brush,
 And, mad, upon thy ruin rush,
 And yield thy back to meet the lash of Satire?
 Thy blue and green flesh (let me say)
 No compliment to Beauty pay—
 A putrid carcase is not charming nature.

Fuseli, whose hand with Nature wars,
 Inform me, what provok'd thy stars.

To make thee serve a 'prenticeship to Paint?—
What crimes have thy forefathers done,
That thus they should condemn the son
To bid him daub the cloth with devil and saint!

Thou really wantest not discerning—
Hast gain'd a little classic learning—
And mayest in thy *proper sphere* be jogging;
And as ill-nature much is thine,
A pedagogue had been thy line,
Then, like Orbilius, thou hadst shone in *flogging*.

There are some rooms thou callest *thine**,
Replete with workmanship divine;
Of Grecian art—the connoisseurs don't doubt 'em—
Say, Fuseli, did these rare antiques
Ne'er give thee grins, and cuffs, and kicks,
For daring to inform thy boys* about 'em?

Lo, from their graves, in glory laid,
Each bard, a long-lamented shade,
Shall start with horror from his sweet repose;
The ghost of Shakespeare shall arise,
And Milton, with his darken'd eyes,
To pull the daring dauber by the nose!

Thou hast a place, both nice and snug;
Good victuals, and a good warm rug—
Let not a false ambition prompt thee further:
Then bid thy cruel labours cease,
And let the canvass sleep in peace,
Nor make it cry out 'Murther! murther! murther!

The Lord is call'd a *man of war*—
Beyond thy pow'rs how distant far!

* As keeper of the Royai Academy.

† It is in Mr. Fuseli's department to superintend
the young students of the Antique Academy.

But, shouldst thou dare attempt the form—I fear
 Thy mangling hand would make sad work;
 And, with the fierceness of a Turk,
 Cut down the Thunderer to a *privateer*!

Remark.—Mr. Fuseli should expect no lenity from the rod of Criticism, after having himself uttered the following sarcasm upon a brother-artist, Opie, at a time too when he was in *apparent* friendship with that ingenious painter—‘Dere is dat *poo-re* dogue Opee—de failow can paaynt notin but teeves an morederers—an wen de dogue paaynts a teef or a morederer, he lookes in de glass.’

LOUTHERBOURG.

*The Poet, as formerly, findeth Fault with Mr,
Loutherbours for his volcanic Landscapes—
maketh a splendid Comparison—giveth good
pecuniary Advice—complimenteth him—and
endeavourerh to beat him out of his Belief in
the Metalleity of general Nature.*

A CRITIC always should be just :
Illiberality's a rust,
Which dulls the edge and splendor of his knife ;
There should not reign a mean hostility,
But friendship, tenderness, civility,
And Art and Criticism be man and wife.

A vulgar world delights in glare,
Adores whatever makes a stare ;
The sober tints of Nature they despise :
And thus they like the pomp of Pride,
While Modesty, disdain'd, decried,
Roams some pale solitude with downcast eyes.

I bade thee, certain years ago,
In landscape no complexion show
Of warming-pan, brass candlestick, or kettle :—
My eloquence could not persuade—
As if a brazier born by trade,
We see the staring culinary metal !

The scullion, cook, and kitchen-maid,
Are vastly fond of stiff brocade,

With cabbage-roses deck'd— a gaudy train—
 This really is a vicious taste—
 And, much like theirs, is thine unchaste—
French frippery has too much engross'd thy brain

But of the stubborn world, I fear,
 In vain my counsels strike the ear;
 Proudly they treat those counsels with disdain—
 The flint and steel of Peter's wit
 Not ev'n a single spark can hit
 T' illumine their dark tinder-box of brain!

There is a mineral that bright is,
 By learned chemists call'd *pyrites*—
Mundic in *Cornwall*— which contains a store;
 The bagmen*, as they travel by,
 Survey it with a raptur'd eye,
 And fill their pockets with the treach'rous ore.

With Poetry 'tis just the same:
 How Doctor Darwin won a name,
 By glitt'ring tinsel epitheted rhyme!—
 Divine Simplicity was fled,
 Driv'n, banish'd, dar'd not show her head,
 Whose pow'rs alone support the true sublime.

Once more give ear unto a friend;
 Ev'n now 'tis not too late to mend:
 But if thou merely mean'st thy works to sell,
 Then pour thy yellows, purples, greens,
 And reds and blues, for rural scenes,
 And make thy burning skies as hot as H—.

I grant thy execution neat,
 And grant in *little* thou art *great*:

* Persons travelling for mercantile orders, commonly styled *knights of the bag*.

But take a hint—and not a hint improper;
 Learn, Loutherbours, to thy surprise,
 That grass and water, cows and skies,
 Are *things* which Nature never makes of copper.

Griev'd should I be to rouse thine ire;
 But be not so profuse of fire,
 Nor flame so furiously upon our eyes:—
 Let not thy hills be quite so hot;
 Where really one might boil a pot,
 And roast a leg of mutton at thy skies.

JOHN LANE.

The Bard exhibiteth Symptoms of Surprise and Pleasure at the Mary and Christ of Mr. Lane, a very young Artist—Evinceeth his Preference of the sublime to the humbler Branches of the Art—and concludeth with a just Satire on himself.

WHAT have we here! A charming picture
Bidding defiance to sharp stricture;
Ye farthing rush-lights, that around us wink,
Oh, hide each poor diminish'd head;
Of competition be afraid,
For verily with shame ye ought to shrink.

A youth whose years are just nineteen,
Who scarcely ought has done or seen,
And never yet beheld the gods of *Rome*—
While your small lights, as I have said,
Should hide each poor diminish'd head,
This stripling's torch illuminates the dome!

I hail thy genius—Mind thy hits—
Beyond the reach of damning wits:
To court th' historic muse, be thy ambition;
Prophetic, I aver thy line
Amid the Roman school will shine,
And not disgrace the great Carrache or Titian.

Now should our bishops drop the *saint*,
Revoke anathemas on paint,
And suffer saints and martyrs in St. Paul's,
Who for their good opinions died,
Boil'd, roasted, carbonaded, fried;
Thy hand should tell their story on the walls.

Let others search the ragged cot
For brooms, joint-stools, plate, pan, and pot—
I mean not on such genius to be bitter—
But were I free to choose a name,
I should not covet a *Dutch* fame,
That hunts for immortality in *litter*.

To move a mennow, who would wish—
In paltry brooks a paltry fish—
While Nature offers him to roll a whale!—
Unmatch'd, with mighty fins to sweep
The boundless region of the deep,
And sport amid the thunders of the gale?

And this to me may be applied—
The world will cry—'Where is *thy* pride,
To put thy muse on Academic Odes;—
When, if she chose it, she might sport
Amidst the grandeur of a court,
And strike the lyre to goddesses and gods?'

TO WILKIE.

The Poet congratulateth Mr. Wilkie (a very young Artist) on his Performances—but adviseth him to exert his Genius in a higher Sphere of the Art.

WILKIE, an honour to thy nation,
 Accept the muse's admiration—
 Thou giv'st to Johnson's envious tongue the lie,
 Proclaiming that on Scottish ground
 No plant of genius will be found—
 Which, *totis viribus*, I dare deny.

I think thou mayst a Hogarth shine;
 That wit and humour both are thine—
 No common present from the Delian god:
 Then try thy wing—exert thy pow'r;
 Below thee leave Teniers and Brouwer,
 And prove a prophet in the man of ode.

TO TURNER.

The Bard maketh a Bow to the Genius of Mr. Turner, and expresseth Wonder at the Absence of his Landscapes.

TURNER, whatever strikes thy mind,
Is painted well, and well design'd;
Thy rural scenes our plaudit must obtain—
Though Nature (and where lies the harm?)
Has giv'n thee not a giant *form*,
The dame has plac'd the giant in thy *brain*.

Say, why are not thy landscapes here—
Landscapes where truth and taste appear;
That prove thy pencil's pow'rs, and grasp of mind?
Who nobly canst exalt thine head?
Who, like Eclipse*, canst take the lead,
And leave with ease thy rivals far behind.

* A celebrated race-horse.

TO BACON.

The Poet informeth Mr. Bacon of his Progress in the Art of Sculpture—Adviseth him to be expeditious in his Improvements, on account of the rapid Strides of an elderly Gentleman called Time—He lamenteth the Want of Patronage to Sculpture—and sigheth for the Return of Athenian Days.

BACON, I think thou dost improve:

But, prithee, somewhat faster move:—
These works display more fire and spirit in ye:
Time flies—accelerate thy pace,
Although thou catch not in the race
Phidias, Praxiteles, or ev'n Bernini!—

Shame!—that in this our wealthy isle,
Poor Sculpture is not seen to smile;
Forc'd, nearly forc'd to beg her humble bread—
While ev'ry *face-maker* can feast—
Quaff with his lordship wines the best,
Whose art can scarce pourtray a poor calf's head!

Oh, when will ancient Greece revive,
Where Sculpture taught her forms to live?—
(Poor dame, in *Britain*, put upon the shelf)—
Where hero, demi-god, and god,
Full often, as the streets they trod,
Scarce knew th' ingenious marble from *himself*.

TO GARRARD.

The Poet uttereth very handsome Things of Mr. Garrard—and adviseth him to support his proper Dignity, and despise the academic Honours.

GARRARD, thou Myron of the age,
 Whose works the eye of Taste engage,
 Where is thy cattle, that delight affords?—
 What, none!—Now, Garrard, to be free,
 More pleas'd, indeed, am I to see
 A *thinking* bull's head than a *thoughtless* lord's!

Refus'd the academic crown,
 Thou lovest nothing of renown:—
 Trust to true genius, which thou dost inherit—
 Beyond the reach of Envy's breath,
 The cold, the chilling blast of Death,
 For ever warring with the blooms of Merit.

Th' Academy (ah! fie upon her!)
 Can now confer no crown of honour;
 She asks submission mean, and oaths most hearty—
 She hunts not for ingenious *folk*—
 The pencil's pow'rs are now a joke—
 She only wants a tool to serve a party.

In vain thou knockest at the door;
 Knock at th' Academy no more,
 And to such *small* ambition bid adieu:—
 Who on a *mouse*' spaltry hole
 Would fix the wishes of his soul,
 While Fame's fair temple opens to his view?

TO NOLLEKENS.

The Bard singeth to the Praise of Mr. Nollekens, but condemneth him as the supposed Executioner of a certain Bishop's Sentence on the Bosom of a beautiful Greek Vestal.

WITH pleasure, Nollekens, I see
The muse of Sculpture wake in thee,
And Britain, who has been so long asleep—
Well!—since thy works such worth display,
Brisk, stir thy stumps, and work away,
And with the gems of Athens, Britain heap!

How could thy sacrilegious hand
Obey the bishop's dread command,
And slice the bosom of the Grecian maid?—
That Phidias' angry ghost would rise
With mealy face, and saucer eyes,
To break thy chisel—wert thou not afraid?—

Oh, where was Venus in that hour,
To snatch the vestal from thy pow'r?
An action so barbaric chills my blood!—
Now, do not, Nollekens, dissemble:
Did not thy hand with horror tremble,
And thy two eyes let fall a plenteous flood?

How did the bishop's wife behave
On this most sacrilegious shave—
Did not the lady smile upon the garble?—
She might—for ladies old and dry,
Inspir'd by Jealousy, can spy
A dreaded rival in a piece of marble!

TO DUBOST.

IN Mistress Hope, Monsieur Dubost,
 Thy genius yieldeth up the ghost;
 In truth, in portrait thou art not at home:—
 Why wander from thy proper sphere?
 Now, had thy Damocles* been here,
 Thy slave had tower'd the tyrant of the dome.

* A most masterly picture by this artist, and purchased by Mr. Hope.

TO DUBOIS.

TO HIS LORDSHIP, MASTER DUBOIS.

ODES TO THE HEADS.

TO HIS LORDSHIP, MASTER DUBOIS.

TO HIS LORDSHIP, MASTER DUBOIS.

TO HIS LORDSHIP, MASTER DUBOIS.

*The Bard addresseth, in plaintive Ditty, the Heads
of the Lord knows who—painted by the Lord
knows whom, and executed the Lord knows how.*

LADIES and gemmen, masters, misses,
I dare not compliment your phizzes;
Indeed fit subjects for the lash of Satire—
If Truth conduct the painter's brush,
What madness bade ye hither rush,
Such melancholy, sad burlesques on Nature?—

Thou poor sour face, who seem'st to sigh
Because thou art hung up so high,
So near the window—prithee, do not growl—
Thou need'st not feel a great alarm,
Jack Ketch had done no mighty harm
If out o' window he had hung thy jowl!

And who art thou, so round and fat?—
Why didst thou quit the brewer's vat?—
But tell me, vulgar gentleman, who art?
I am no Œdipus, indeed;
And yet thy occupation read—
That is, a running footman to a cart!

TO A FEMALE HEAD.

PERT, smirking Miss, you seem to sally
From *Dyot-Street*, or *Black-boy Alley*;
And no small consequence you seem to feel:—
Pray, Miss, go back—your trade pursue—
Put on your cover-slut of blue,
And stick to tripe, sheeps' trotters, and cow-heel.

TO A MAN'S HEAD.

SAY, who art thou, devoid of grace,
With round and dull unmeaning face,
Whose head-piece seems to want a further stuffing?
Speak!—can'st thou, by vain-glory won,
To prove that Nature, in her fun,
May on a pair of shoulders place a *muffin*?

TO THE

SOMBRE FACE OF PARSON CODMAN.

'ANGELS and ministers of grace defend us !'
 What, Copley, dost thou hither send us ?—
 Is it a 'goblin damn'd,' who in his dark-hole
 Has just been dining upon pitch and charcoal ?—
 Zounds ! 'tis a man—and yet a very odd man—
 Ladies and gentlemen, 'tis Parson Codman !

'Squire Copley, was it meant in fun,
 To fabricate this thing forlorn ?—
 What has th' unhappy parson done,
 That thou shouldst hang him up to scorn ?

Perchance 'twas *modesty*, t' impart
 Thy humble knowledge in the art—
 Yet, *certain proofs** the bard incline
 To think this virtue never thine.

* Let not Mr. Copley shrink at the introduction
 of the word *proofs*, which the voice of Scandal
 might construe into a squint at a suspected transac-
 tion of past times.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF HELEN.

SWEET Helen! with thee, in the vale,
With rapture my hours have been crown'd,
When the turtle was telling his tale,
And the lambkins were sporting around.

In the cottage I too have been blest,
When thy beauty the cottage adorn'd;
And when thy soft hand I have prest,
I have fancied my youth was return'd.

But why, my sweet girl, art thou here,
With mop-squeezers, venders of cheese,
With the calf, and the bull, and the bear?—
What horrid companions are these!

But where is *thy* form and *thy* grace—
Where those eyes that with lustre should shine?—
Dear Helen, I look on a face
That never, ah! never, was thine!

Painters seldom in beauty succeed—
Grace and canvass but seldom agree—
Thou hast honour'd the *painter*, indeed;
But the knave has done nothing for *thee*!

TO A HEAD.

YOU are a tailor, sir, I guess,
 Just *whipp'd* into his lordship's dress;
 Leap'd from your board, no *Mercury* so nimble!
 But from your board when pleas'd to skip,
 Why leave behind, good Master Snip,
 Your good friend Goose, the needle, thread, and
 thimble?

TO TWO HEADS.

AND who art thou, with face so full?
 I ween, thou keepest the Black Bull,
 Red Lion, White Horse Cellar, or Brown Bear—
 And madam, *you* there, by his side,
 I guess, are Boniface's bride;
 Methinks the *tap-room* is your proper sphere!

TO A
MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG
LADY, LATELY DECEASED.

THE nymph, by the Graces adorn'd,
Who led all the Loves in her train,
By the lyre of the muse shall be mourn'd,
While the lyre has a chord to complain.
Sweet image, that never wilt fade,
In *thee* lives her form, and her bloom!
When in *thee* I behold the dear maid,
I forget that she sleeps in the tomb!

TO A FEMALE HEAD.

YOU, madam, this fine dome *adorning*,
Rise early every Monday morning,
To join your linen, soap and lie, and tub—
Then take a glass of comfort for your spirits—
Your sisterhood with rapture hail—
Enjoy the jest and smutty tale—
Like *quality*—without the blush of shame!

TO ANOTHER.

WELCOME, sweet Miss, in ochre bloom,
Trick'd out to grace this glorious room;
Hopp'd from your humble *bulk*—behind a string—
Where an odd slipper and odd shoe,
Where laces, yellow, red, and blue,
And wig and comb, in graceful order swing!—

A watch of gingerbread—one patten—
A shoe-string, and a stripe of satin;
A handkerchief of check, that makes a blaze;
A various tribe of love-sick sonnet,
Fur tippet, muff, and rusty bonnet;
An infant's pudding, and a pair of stays.

TO ANOTHER FEMALE HEAD.

AND *bulky* ma'am, of the same school,
Like patience on a three-legg'd stool—
Accept my bow—behind the lines suspending
A flannel wig, and half a shirt,
Not much the whiter for the dirt—
Gowns without tails, that cry aloud for mending!

A child's cap, torn by time and rockings;
Two mittens, from two old black stockings;
A ragged parasol, a leathern cat,
David the king, in gingerbread—
King Solomon without his head,
Devour'd by some d—n'd jacobinic rat!

CONCLUSION.

NOW to be serious—O ye men!
(Few eagles, and too many a wren)—
How dare ye fill the room with such pollution?—
Will Justice say, while thus ye hang
So sad and villanous a gang,
Yourselves should not be led to execution?

How cruel to keep Genius out,
To favour fools, and rabble rout;—
Where is the just and independent spirit?—
Ah! dinners* and a glass of port
Can favour trash of ev'ry sort,
And thus exclude the works of real merit.

Great George, in all thy wrath arise—
Turn to thy royal dome thine eyes—
And smartly kick each academic tether:—
But should this deed disgrace thy glory,
As sounding not *sublime* in story,
Bid Sam the porter knock their heads together!

* It is a shameful and notorious fact, that dinners, patronage, and favouritism, have been uniformly the means of introducing performances beneath the dignity of criticism, to the exclusion of works deserving the public attention.

CONCLUSION.

Now to be written—O ye men!
 (How right, and too much a man)—
 How dare ye fill the room with such politeness?
 With flattery, while time ye bring
 So sad and villainous a song,
 Sensitives should not be led to execution?

How stout to stand against you,
 To favor fools, and rather not
 Where is the just and independent spirit?
 Ah! "dignity" and a glass of port
 Can favor trash of every sort,
 And thus exclude the works of real merit.

Great George, in all thy wrath arise—
 Turn to thy royal dame thine eyes—
 And surely rich each academic's father:
 But should this head disgrace thy glory,
 As sounding not within its story,
 Bid them the porter smelt their heads together!

* It is a shameful and notorious fact that dinner,
 patronage, and influence, have been un-
 means of introducing performances before the
 way of criticism, to the exclusion of works deserving
 the public attention.

ANTICIPATION:
OR,
THE PRIZE ADDRESS;
Which will be delivered
ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW
DRURY-LANE THEATRE,
BY ONE OF THE
MANAGERIAL PHALANX,
In the Character of
PETER PUNCHEON,
A LANDLORD.

*Now first published, for the sake of gratifying
a great and impatient Empire,*

BY PHILOMATH WIZARD,
ASTROLOGER.



——— sapiens dominabitur astris.

The stars I view through Galileo's eyes,
And find this *very* Poem claims the prize.



The sage who peeps into futurity,
May prophesy with much security;
And say what chickens Father Time
Will, hen-like, hatch in prose and rhyme:
But, Lord! how few, let me remark,
Can *pierce the blanket of the dark!*
Resembling the sweet bird of morn,
On airy wing sublimely borne,
That, ere the valley feels the ray,
Proclaims the birth of bright'ning day.

ANTICIPATION:

OR,

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Which will be delivered

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PETER PUNCHERON,

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Now first published, for the sake of gratifying
a great and impatient London,

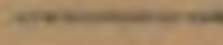
BY PHILOMATH WIZARD,

ASTROLOGER.



— sapient dominabitur stultis.

The stars I view through Galileo's eyes,
And had this very Poem claim the prize.



The sage who peeps into futurity,
May prophesy with much security;
And say what chickens Father Time
Will, hen-like, hatch in prose and rhyme:
But, Lord! how low, let me remark,
Can prove the blank of the hawk!
Resembling the sweet bird of morn,
On any wing suddenly borne,
That, ere the valley feels the ray,
Proclaims the birth of brightening day.

TO THE READER.



GENTLE READER,

PRESUMING thou canst read, and possibly be an hypercritical reader, thou wilt, in thy next Review, assert that the character of PUNCHEON is unnatural, inasmuch as he seems to exhibit sentiment and sublimity of language superior to that of the general race of Innkeepers. This objection may appear, at first sight, plausible; but it will vanish, when thou art informed that a *gentleman*, who was thoroughly bred at the University, that is to say, was the companion of Gentlemen Commoners and gold-tufts, at their dinners, lectures, and dissipations, is now the actual driver of an Oxford stage-coach. He speaks to his horses, at times, *exempli gratiâ*, in Greek, ‘*Podus oculus!*’—in Latin, ‘*Curre, curre—festinate!*’—in Italian, ‘*Presto, prestissimo, Signor!*’—in French, ‘*Depêchez vous—vite, Messieurs!*’—in lofty English, ‘*Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds!*’ &c. &c. Driving through a village that was on fire, he thus energetically broke forth to one of the leaders—a son of the famous Newmarket racer, JUPITER—‘*Heu, fuge nate deo, teque his eripe flammis!*’

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

PRESUMING thou canst read, and possibly be an
hypocritical reader, thou wilt, in thy next Re-
view, assert that the character of Foxenon is un-
natural, inasmuch as he seems to exhibit sentiment
and sublimity of language superior to that of the
general race of languages. This objection may
appear, at first sight, plausible; but it will vanish,
when thou art informed that a gentleman, who
was thoroughly bred at the University, that is to
say, was the companion of Gentleman Companions
and gold-larks, at their dinners, lectures, and dis-
quisitions, is now the actual driver of an Oxford
stage-coach. He speaks to his horses, at times, ex-
actly as follows, in Greek, 'Pegasus move!'—in Latin,
'Curte, curte—Festinate!'—in Italian, 'Presto,
prestinato, presto!'—in French, 'Dépêchez-vous
—vite, précipitez-vous!'—in lofty English, 'Gallop
upward, ye fiery-footed steeds!' &c. &c. Driving
through a village that was on fire, he thus exclaims—
cally brook forth to one of the leaders—a son of the
famous Westminster racer, Turpin—'Hear, hear
and also, *deus est corpus humanum!*'

ANTICIPATION.

LADIES, and Gentlemen, I'm PETER PUNCHEON!
Welcome to dinners, suppers, or a luncheon.
First, let me swear, if such be your desire,
I never got one farthing by the *fire*.
Oons! dev'lish happy had I been, to catch
The rogue that pil'd the stuff, and plac'd the match;
He soon had suffer'd for his burning game,
That knave's fine carcase-fat had felt the flame.
So much to vice insurances persuade,
The burning system, is a thriving trade.
The man to-night a beggar on his pillow,
To-morrow sports a curricule and villa;
For some folks can contrive estates to raise,
And find the road to fortune by the blaze.
(Applause.)

Well, Gentles, welcome to our new-old Inn;
Well, stock'd our cellars, full is ev'ry bin:
Old port, old hock, old cider, and old perry;
But none of that *neat article*, OLD SHERRY!
Which tho' well cork'd, and seal'd in quarts and
pottles,
Too frisky, bouncing, bankrupted the bottles.
No wines of France I suffer to appear;
Such my resolve—I'd sooner swill small-beer.

No faithless Frenchman shall my purse maintain;
 No burgundy for me, no pert champaign;
 And sooner would I rent a cobweb garret,
 Than see my patriot glasses blush with claret.

(*More applause.*)

'Sbud! how I wish to meet with EMPEROR NAP,
 And catch him at my bar, or at my tap!
 I'd give him such a dose to warm his brain,
 He should not, like *parole-rogues*, cross the main:
 These hands should pull his pride imperial down,
 And to a less than sixpence clip his crown:
 Egad I'd make him look as sour, and sullen
 As on his praams so knock'd about off Boulogne.
 Poor fool, the puppet of poor foolish France,
 The boastful hero of a French romance,
 Not long the empire of the rogue will last—
 A mere French puff—no more—a sudden blast—
 Soon the mock Monarch shall to fate be hurl'd;
 For we who hold the trident, rule the world.

(*A thunder of applause.*)

Now, Gents, for *quadrupeds*—below my care:
 I mount, no tutor to a horse, or mare;
 I keep no stables, beans, or oats, or hay;
 Such articles I leave to MARSHAL NEIGH.

Indeed I soar not from my humble station,
 T' exert my genius on horse-education;
 And yet I've often seen it come to pass,
 A sage turn'd trilling tutor to an *ass*;
 Nay too I've read, a rogue, to save his neck,
 Once undertook to teach a jackass Greek.

Then as for newspapers, not *one* shall enter;
 I'll kick it to the devil that dare venture;
 Scattering dark doubts and lies to get its meat;
 Laughs at success, and glories in defeat;
 Sports raven-paragraphs that croak distress,
 And load with *curses* what is born to *bless*;
 That tries each art to rouse to arms the million,
 And rears the daring standard of rebellion;

Pours out its jokes as fast as hail, or faster,
 And, demon-like, grows fat upon disaster;
 Like toads, that feed (a miserable doom)
 On the foul horrors of a dungeon's gloom.
 Such rebel paragraphs, to atoms strike 'em!—
 These are my politics—pray how d'ye like 'em?

(Many plaudits, and some hisses.)

Now, with your leave, a *toast* let me advance:
 Health to *Old England*—ruin to *New France*!

(Drinks.—Much applause, and a few hisses.)
 Well, now I'm giving healths, suppose I say,
 Here's WELLINGTON, the MARLBOROUGH of the day!

(Wonderful applause.)

Here's to his *arms*, whose hug each Frenchman feels,
 And trusts his safety to his friends his heels.

(Repeats his draught.—More applause.)

Here goes another toast—To General HILL!
 To every Frenchman a most bitter pill;
 Nephew of preaching ROWLAND, foe to evil—
 Religion's champion—CRIBB who *mills* the Devil;
 Scares BEELZEBUB upon his blazing throne,
 And rescues souls OLD NICK believ'd his own.

(Drinks again.—Applause.)

Here's GRAHAM too, and STUART of high note!
 Damn *him* who damns an Irishman or Scot!—

(Drinks.—Loud applause.)

But shall our navy be pass'd by? No, no,
 While ale or porter down this throat can flow.—
 ST. VINCENT, COCHRAN, SAUMAREZ, PELLEW,
 And dauntless bravery of our British crew,
 By whom such deeds of fortitude are done,
 As make old Neptune tremble for his throne.

(Universal plaudits.)

Such are the heroes dough-fac'd Gallia fears,
 Atoning for the C*****s and G*****s.

(Drinks.—Unlimited applause.)

Now let not our friend WHITEBREAD be forgotten:
 I'll drink his porter till my bones are rotten;

For mind me, Gentlefolks, (I no not frolick),
 I'll *tip* his *stout* altho' it gives the cholic :
 If I forget him, may my beer ne'er work,
 And this right hand forget to draw a cork :
 May heaven's blue lightning all my bins assail
 And thunder turn to vinegar my ale.
 Be every hogshead split to make me poor,
 And every foaming liquor float the floor;
 Nay, may I without a farthing in my fob,
 Scratch on a dirty dunghill just like Job.
 Whitebread—nice name—a name of fair renown ;
 May Whitebread never turn to black or brown !
 Superior to the Commons, on his legs,
 As tuns to hogsheads, quarter casks, to kegs.
 Porter and WHITEBREAD act two glorious parts :
 One charms our palates, and one charms our hearts :
 So *soft* his manner, such persuasive *notes* :
 Should envy doubt me, ask his Bedford votes.

By this blue apron, and this porter mug,
 Which to my breast with gratitude I hug,
 I swear his head upon my sign I'll put,
 A quartern loaf, a dray-man, and a butt ;
 On this the world, the gaping world, will stare,
 And wonder WHITEBREAD never was Lord May'r :
 Since fish and fowl the civic honours gain,
 Why not SAM's porter wear the golden chain ?
 Fish, fowl, and porter following each other
 At ev'ry feast, amidst the hound-like pother.
 WHITEBREAD this house for ever shall record
 And each bin bless him till it has no board.

(*Drinks.—Uncommon applause.*)

Tho' last, not least, the Regent Prince—proof spirit,
 The friend of liberty, and friend of merit :
 Not flimsy gauze, but superfine strong cloth ;
 No trifle, no whip-syllabub, no froth :

Since fish and fowl.] Alluding to the Fishmongers' and Poulterers' Company.

His orb in glory has its course begun;
May equal splendour crown his setting sun!

*(Drinks.—Huzzas and acclamations from
every part of the house.*

In borough-terms—I thank ye for this plumper,
Or, in the language of my bar, a bumper:
Ladies and Gentlemen, in every part,

(Bows to the whole house.

Long may ye live, and merry be each heart.
Tenfold may Heaven your kindnesses requite,
And may I meet such custom ev'ry night!

*(Tumultuous plaudits, fans clapping, and
white handkerchiefs waving.*

Yet yield attention, for I finish soon.
What's jovial company, without a tune?
What is a merry meeting, without song?
Rasp catgut-scrappers, rasp, and tap the tongue:
Roar, roar away—"Britannia, rule the waves,
"For freeborn Britons never will be slaves!"

[The music strikes up.

*[After the song, the Author will be honoured by
being called for, in imitation of the French,
to exhibit himself, be admired, and make his
obeisance to the public; when the freedom of
the house will be presented to him in a gold
snuff box, and his brows encircled by a laurel
crown.]*

A SOLEMN
SENTIMENTAL, AND REPROBATING
EPISTLE

TO

MRS. CLARKE.



Dux Fæmina facti.

HEAVENS! what is all this hurricane about?
'Tis Woman, Woman, raises all the rout.

A FOLIO
REVOLUTIONARY AND REFORMING
EPISTLE

TO

MRS. CLARKE.

By Thomas Paine.

THE WOMAN, IT SAYS, TELLS ALL THE TRUTH.
HER VOICE! WHAT IS ALL THIS NOISE ABOUT?

EPISTLE TO MRS. CLARKE.

THE Bard that oft to Love has pour'd his Lays,
And tun'd to Phyllidas the Harp of Praise;
(For lo, mere Touchwood, form'd of fond desire,
A sparkling eye could set his Heart on fire;)
With deep *reluctance* now assumes the rod,
To *punish* that fair Master-piece of God.

Few are the men that feel the soul's Queen-
passion,
Call'd Love, have scap'd from Lady-fascination.
How few the *Josephs* that adorn the times!
Let truth be told: ev'n *I*, the Man of Rhymes,
Have oft approach'd the vortex of Seduction,
Stalk'd the wild precipices of Destruction.
A simple, nibbling Mouse (and nearly taken);
Much have I *marvell'd*, how I sav'd my bacon.

Heav'ns, what a dire confusion Beauty makes!
The Horse Guards tremble, and Old Windsor
shakes.

Like Bees, the Mob around Saint Stephen's swarms;
And every street and alley feels alarms:

434 EPISTLE TO MRS. CLARKE.

Men, women, coaches, gigs, each other jostle;
 And *thou* the cause of all this horrid bustle!
 Hotels and tap-rooms sound with mingled din,
 And every coffee-house is on the grin.
 From morn to eve, from eve to midnight dark,
 Nought strikes the ear but 'Duke and Mistress
 Clarke!'

Nay, too, the Parrot, and the simple Starling,
 Cry from their cages nought but 'Duke and Dar-
 ling!'

In vain the heavy horse parade the town;
 Neigh bold defiance, while their riders frown:
 The Mob surveys them just like braying hacks,
 From door to door with dogs' meat on their backs.

Each day we hear a miserable tale:
 See, by the Commons, Clavering sent to jail;
 Dismiss'd the staff, in durance vile to dwell,
 And join the piteous sighs of Sanden's cell!—
 See poor O'Meara, with an alter'd face,
 Who preach'd to Majesty with Paul-like grace!
 He damns the ladder of that exaltation,
 And blushes now to meet a congregation.
 'Farewell,' he sighs, although so vastly clever,
 'Farewell the Mitre and Lawn-sleeves for ever!
 Yet not that loss alone calls forth my tears;
 The Hussy robs my life of twenty years.'—
 Behold the Tonyns, all with ire inflam'd;
 All, for the silly Major, all asham'd!
 And see, Miss Taylor, to thine arts a fool,
 Has *found* a Spunging-house, and *lost* her
 School.

The mighty Castlereagh himself *may* fall,
 The pompous pillar that supports us all:
 I hear the crack, and mourn it most sincerely;
 And Ireland too will mourn, who *loves him*
dearly:

Ireland, to Castlereagh that *so much* owes;
 Her Union,—present, and her past, repose;

And fine *fertility*, the eye that greets ;
For *docks* and *grass* adorn old Dublin's *streets*.

Rais'd by thy witcheries, to fright our eyes,
Ghosts of long-buried Depredations rise ;
But, thanks to our good Ministerial train,
Will soon be banish'd to their tombs *again*.
In Sparta thus confusion reign'd and strife,
When wanton Paris stole the Monarch's wife.

What Imp of Darkness whisper'd in thine ear,
To force from every loyal eye a tear,
'Rush on the world, and, with unblushing face,
Obscure the glories of the Brunswick race ?'
Deceiv'd by *thee*, has dauntless Wardle dar'd
To take the lordly Lion by the beard :
Soon on his head the Demagogue shall draw
(Or Justice sleeps) the thunder of his paw ;
And Folkstone, with his democratic pipe,
Shall rue his rage, and gasp beneath his gripe.
Sir Francis too will feel not *soft rebuke*,
Though guarded by the sevenfold shield of Tooke :
Patroclus' valiant self to hell was thrown,
Though in th' immortal arms of Peleus' son.
Nay, gifted with the swallow of a whale,
Ev'n *I*, the Bard of Bards, believ'd thy tale ;
But now the phalanx of the Court I join,
And see black forg'ry lurk in ev'ry line.

Hark ! Whitbread opens ; all the Patriots cheer
him :
The walls re-echo, 'Hear him, hear him, hear
him !'
Charm'd with each word, to Whitbread's pow'rs
they look,
And mark in Fancy's eye a *flying Duke*.
Thus, 'mid the wood when Snowball gives his
tongue
(Snowball, the truest of the tuneful throng),

The peal begins, the sounds of rapture flow :
 ' Hark, hark to Snowball ! go to Snowball, go.'
 Horns, hounds, and men, the hills with triumph
 stun ;
 Sly Reynard now is seen upon *the run*.

Now to the City let me turn mine eyes,
 Where foam the waves, and winds of discord rise.
 Fir'd by th' electric speech of Harvey Coombe,
 The Liv'ry-tribes with plaudits shake the room.
 Fir'd by the *fuse* of Waithman's elocution,
 With Babel tongues they thunder ' Resolution ;'
 With Babel tongues insult the poor Lord Mayor,
 And put great Gog and Magog* on the stare.
 In vain he tries to tell a *simple* tale
 (For Sprats may sing *Te Deum* o'er a Whale) :
 Regardless of gold chain, and pomp, and place,
 They howl him home, in sorrow and disgrace.
 Thus, when the Bird of Wisdom leaves his bow'r,
 O'er hills and valleys in broad day to tow'r ;
 The small pert Tenants of the Hedge rush out,
 To put the solemn Trav'ler to the rout ;
 Magpies, and Jays, and Ravens, Rooks and Crows,
 Spit in his face, and pull him by the nose :
 Unheard he hoots ; the chattering, croaking train,
 Tumultuous, drive him to his hole again.

Dear Delicacy, at thy shrine I bend ;
 Oh, haste thee, Goddess, and our manners mend :
 A Gothic race to some refinement raise ;
 For ev'n our Quality have *dirty* ways.
 Much like French Cooks ; who, though in omlets
 great,
 Spit in the frying-pan to prove its heat ;
 And, spreading rolls in winter (mode uncouth !),
 First *warm* the slice of butter in the *mouth*.

* The two wooden Giants in Guildhall.

Too prone are Mob to pull their Princes down,
 And smother with their greasy Hats a Crown.
 With hawk-like eye, they wait an evil hour
 To strike, and paralyze the arm of Pow'r:
 To hold a proud dominion o'er the Court;
 With sacred Freedom, like Napoleon, sport;
 Whose wanton rage has handcuff'd Europe's
 Kings,

And put her Princes all in leading-strings.—
 Sad knaves, no *gratitude* their bosom warms;
 Forgot the *glory* of the Hero's arms:
 Forgot the hosts that bled beneath his lance,
 Who Britain *sav'd*, and *curb'd* the *pride* of
 France;
 And *stripp'd*, in spite of cold and stormy weather,
 The crowing Gallic Cock of *every feather*.

Shall Tape-men, Snuff-men, and such *servile*
 fellows,
 Wild roaring, of Sedition blow the bellows?
 Shall Salt, and Fish, and Paper, *low-bred* crew,
 Instruct the Lord's Vicegerents what to do;
 Stop of an Orator the opening weazon,
 And banish Members without rhyme or reason?—
 How *dare* the rogues indulge the lawless riot?
 Ev'n let them gorge their turtle, and lie *quiet*.
 What is *their* province, but to *eat* and *drink*?
 How *dare* they have the *impudence* to *think*?
Presuming Imps, that fancy a dull Cit
 Possesses sense and breeding, taste and wit,
 Like those *bright* Bucks that grace a birth-night
 ball,
 And sauntering lounge through Bond Street and
 Pall Mall!
 As well might Dogs, their sprawling legs that
 sport,
 Presume to dance a minuet at Court.

The Man of Livery, matters rarely minces;
 Hear what the lev'ller says of *foreign* Princes:

‘ Cross, cross the breed, degenerating fast,
Or *ouran outangs* they must sink at last.’

Perchance, of Courts, too high we prize the
scenes ;

The *nods* of Monarchs, and the *dips* of Queens:
And fancy fools that claim the Royal eyes,
In science deep, superlatively wise.

Yet is a reverence due to *dips* and *nods*,
Though not the gracious presents of the Gods.

True; *little folks*, that Royalty behold,
Are apt to think it of *superior mould*.—

As through a lane a mighty Monarch past,
A Village Maid her eyes of *wonder* cast
Broad on the form that Courtiers all adore;
(For Madge had never seen a King before.)

The Girl, exclaiming, to her cottage ran :

‘ Look, Mother ! Mother, look ! the King’s a
man !’—

‘ When Nature forms a Prince, she culls with
care

The *best materials* for the Royal ware ;
But when a *subject*, careless, takes her broom,
And makes him from the *sweepings* of the room.’

Such of Court-adulation is the song ;
But Flattery often oils a Courtier’s tongue.

‘ Try’d in the crucible of Truth, behold,
The *slander’d* Youth shall come forth sterling
Gold ;

While *thou* shalt shock our sight, a motley mass,
A mixture vile of Brimstone and of Brass.’

Thus cry the Members of Administration,
Whose heads contain the talents of the Nation.

Hawkesb’ry and Castlereagh *transcend* all praise :

And Canning is the *wonder* of our days ;

For though *not French* our Secretary speak,

He thunders *Latin*, and *Bæotian Greek* ;

Frights with grand phrase the Plenipoes around ;
And, when he fails in *sense*, succeeds by *sound* :
Like Esop's long-ear'd Animal, whose *din*
Perform'd such wonders in the Lion's skin.—
Such are the Pilots Heav'n has deign'd to form,
To steer the old State Vessel through the Storm.

At this, thou bidd'st the Bard and Verse go
whistle :
Then read, and tremble at, my next Epistle.

EXISTING TO MISS CLARK

With great pleasure the President
of the United States, in a letter
of the 10th inst., has directed
that the old State House be
restored to its original use.

The President has also directed
that the old State House be
restored to its original use.

At this point, the President
has directed that the old State
House be restored to its original
use.

Then, the President has directed
that the old State House be
restored to its original use.

The President has also directed
that the old State House be
restored to its original use.

At this point, the President
has directed that the old State
House be restored to its original
use.

Then, the President has directed
that the old State House be
restored to its original use.

The President has also directed
that the old State House be
restored to its original use.

At this point, the President
has directed that the old State
House be restored to its original
use.

Then, the President has directed
that the old State House be
restored to its original use.

The President has also directed
that the old State House be
restored to its original use.

At this point, the President
has directed that the old State
House be restored to its original
use.

Then, the President has directed
that the old State House be
restored to its original use.

The President has also directed
that the old State House be
restored to its original use.

At this point, the President
has directed that the old State
House be restored to its original
use.

**A SECOND SOLEMN,
SENTIMENTAL, AND REPROBATING,
EPISTLE**

**TO
MRS. CLARKE.**

A SECOND EDITION
SENTIMENTAL AND REPROBATING

EPISTLE

TO

MRS. CLARKE.

A SECOND

EPISTLE TO MRS. CLARKE.

NO longer now the Duke excites our wonder,
'Midst 'gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and
thunder*;

Amidst his hosts, no more with rapture dwells
On Congreve's rockets, and on Shrapnell's shells;
But quits, with scornful mein, the field of Mars,
And to Sir David's *genius* leaves the wars.
Now in dull Windsor-rides the Youth is seen;
Now, in dull walks to Frogmore with the Queen;
At Oatlands now, where pigs and poultry charm,
Like Cincinnatus in his Sabine farm;
Now o'er a lonely dish in Stable Yard,
Without a Friend, and (strange!) without a *card*.
Now, as the humour is disposed to vary,
O'er melancholy tea with Mistress Cary;
For *invitation*-dinners soon grow slack,
When Fortune on a Favourite turns her back:
Now, at tame Whist, with Lady Charlotte Finch,
Who feels of sharp Economy the pinch;

* A line from Pope.

With other superannuated Souls,
Who mourn, through winter drear, the loss of
coals*.

How, few, of this our Money-scraping Isle,
Whom Fortune favours, have deserv'd her smile!
How few like Bosville, even of lofty *quality*,
Expand the noble doors of hospitality;
To sacred Friendship free libations pour,
And give an *age's* pleasure to an *hour*;
Yet, o'er the glass, can hear the Beggar's cry,
And steal the tear from Misery's melting eye;
Contemning gold, as splendid dross at best,
That sleeping loads the half-starv'd Miser's chest!
Give *some* all Mexico, they still are *poor*:
Pour down their throats her *Gulf*, they pant for
more.

Enchantress, listen to the tale I tell.
The men who venison to his Highness sell,
Nay, ev'n poor pepper, vinegar, and mustard,
Crumpets, and Yorkshire-cakes, and cream, and
custard,
To Heav'n their eyes of disappointment turning,
Make a long face, and put their doors in mourning.
The fierce Hussar, his soul inflam'd with ire,
In sorrow, flings his whiskers in the fire.
The turban'd Blacks no more their pomp display;
But cast their cymbals, in their wrath, away.
From all the ranks are heard the plaintive *hums*,
And melancholy damps the muffled drums.
The high Ambassador, with so much glee
Who parted from his boots and shoes for *thee*,

* Coals, that important article of domestic felicity and convenience, have been for some time withdrawn from the Palace of St. James's on account of the *scantiness* of the Royal Finance; and the poor Pensioners obliged to send their Beef and Mutton to a Bakehouse.

No more to Court-preferment turns his views,
But *turns* reluctant to his boots and shoes;
Hums o'r his lapstone tunes of doleful grace,
Less with Morocco* pleas'd than Gloucester Place.

Such is thy pow'r; yet let me not conceal,
But draw from dark futurity the veil.
The hour, the splendid hour, is on the wing,
When in proud triumph Wimbledon shall ring,
Blackheath again shall lift her drooping head,
And shouts of triumph fill the Park parade.
Yes; shall the Hero to his rank return,
While Hate shall foam in vain, and Envy burn;
And, spite of thy poor fabricated story,
Reblaze the Sun of Military Glory.
'Tis but a passing cloud obscures his ray;
At most, the darkness of a short-liv'd day.
The Bird of Jove, by an unlucky ball,
May lose some feathers of his wings, and fall;
Awhile may feed on snails, and hop the ground;
Till Time renews his plumes, and cures his wound:
Then, with new vigour imp'd, he mounts the wind,
And leaves the groveling grubs of earth behind;
Sublimely soars, scarce conscious of the blow,
And darts disdain upon the world below.

He comes, the Hero comes, in all his might;
And, cloth'd with terror, puts his foes to flight.
Thus, once I saw a Country Bull at ring,
Break, in his rage, the rope, with sudden spring:
Cobblers and Butchers, Taylors, fall or fly;
While hats, caps, wigs, and aprons mount the sky;
Sport of the winds, o'er trees and chimneys borne,
That prov'd the prowess of his head and horn.

* *Morocco ambassador*, was a punning appellation given by Mistress Clarke, perfectly *tranquille* before the *great* and *awful* Tribunal of the Nation, to Mister Tom Taylor, shoemaker in Bond-street, and a favourite *missionary* of both parties.

Enchantress, yes, (for oracles I tell;)
 The Youth shall rise, and mock thy every spell;
 Stamp with eternal infamy thy name,
 Mock thy dark wiles, and cover thee with shame.
 Then heed the ticklish humours of the times:
 Though Justice loiter, she may catch thy *crimes*.
 In spite of those two fascinating eyes,
 The Youth in awful Majesty may rise;
 Lift his bold arm, that ev'n the Thunder dreads,
 And tear perhaps thy tender Form to shreds.—
 Thus have I seen with moralizing look,
 Cabbage and turnip-tops obstruct a brook:
 By calm degrees, up swells the crystal flood,
 Superior rising, not to be withstood;
 It bursts the boundary, with furious sweep,
 And whelming drowns the *garbage* in the deep.

Perhaps thine heart creates a *reformation*!
 A tub for whales, in Wisdom's contemplation.
 What madness centres in that word 'reform!'
 Who would destroy a *garden* for a *worm*?
 Who, but a Bedlamite, would fire his house,
 To wreak his vengeance on a pilfering mouse?
 To use an humble simile, as pat;
 Beat in his scull, to crush a teasing gnat?

Why banish charming Bribery from the Nation,
 Which gives that blessing Gold a *circulation*;
 Bids the bells ring; with *spirits* fires the Votes;
 Buys for their Wives new caps, and gowns, and
 coats;
 Gives consequence to Butchers, Taylors, Tanners;
 Finds for their Daughters *Music* and Court-man-
 ners;
 Inspires their hearts, to scorn with noble pride
 The clumsy cleaver, goose, and *horrid* hide;
 To nought but *titled* Lovers yield an ear,
 As Joans and Nans have won full many a Peer?—
 What beauteous Insects from *corruption* spring;
 Leave humble dirt, and sport the gilded wing!

What Flowers of vivid hue, and rich perfume,
 To *stable-litter* owe their balm and bloom!
 If this my subject then I fairly handle;
 Be Counties, Boroughs, *sold* by inch of Candle.

Grant that a few Commissions *may* be sold:
 Lo, mighty Marlborough gave up fame for gold!
 Grant that the Hero may, *for once* be wrong;
 Why sound his error with a trumpet-tongue?
 Take from Sir Joseph's book a leaf or two*;
 Great Man, who makes his annual tour to Kew;
 With Christie's elocution puffs the Rams,
 With metaphoric splendour gilds the Dams:
 Hides rotten feet beneath the flowers of fame,
 And sends with credit off the *blind* and *lame*.

Be censure silent on the Soldier's Fund:
 What is it?—a mere *rill*, at most a *pond*;
 How trifling, to the Treasury's boundless *ocean*!—
Cheese-paring Windham, how d'ye like my no-
 tion?

Let Ridicule enjoy, with hearty laugh,
 Commission'd *boys*, and *striplings* on the Staff:
 Ere long, may *babes* our Army List adorn;
 And, what may more astonish, *babes unborn*.
 Napoleon dares not seize our goods and chattels;
We trust our safety to the God of Battles:
 Yet let me say, (nor will it be denied),
 Dame Fortune *rarely* joins the *weakest* side.

Fair Sinner, ere I close these solemn Rhymes,
 Receive a little comment on the times.
 Fanaticism, a tyrant, rules the hour:
 As Locusts thick, her Imps of frenzy pour;

* Sir Joseph Banks annually volunteers his services as grand *puffer*, or *barker*, at Ram-fair, held near the Pagoda, at Kew; from whence he sets off to Windsor, with the *profits* of the sale, for the *benefit* of his Royal Master.

O'er Nature's smile diffuse a spectred gloom ;
 And blast, with canker'd breath, her cheerful bloom :
Saints who the Lord on sacred *Sunday* seek,
 And hand and glove with Satan pass the *week* ;
 Who sigh for Heaven, yet God in *Mammon* see,
 And *pick a pocket* on the suppliant *knee* ;
 One eye to God, lamenting moral evil ;
 The other, winking down upon the Devil :
 One voice to Heaven, ' To good my heart incline ;'
 And one in whispers, ' Satan, I am *thine* :'
 Maim busts and statues that display the *nude*,
 Yet clasp, in secret dalliance, *flesh and blood* ;
 Load with anathemas the Comic Muse,
 And lead a wanton *Laïs* to the *stews* ;
 Preach Heav'n-born Charity towards the Poor,
 And Dog-like bark the Beggar from the door ;
 Preach sweet benevolence, and hang a Cat
 Whose famish'd stomach takes a simple sprat ;
 Preach patience, and, with phrase too bad to utter,
 Knock down the Cook because she oils the butter :
 Fools who pretend Heaven's wondrous scheme to
 scan,
 And impious make th' Almighty *less than man*.

Such is the modern *apostolic* race,
Reform'd, regenerated rogues of *grace**.

* New *apostles* are hourly multiplying. They are even rising from the Navy and Army, where one could not have expected an existence. At Camden Town, adjoining to the Metropolis, a set of New Apostles of a very humble sphere indeed have made their appearance: one Page, *minister* and *chimney-sweep*; one Francis, *minister* and *cobbler*; one Graham, *minister* and a *lame beggar*; and one Blackburn, better known by the name of *Tommy the Goose*, a *horse-whipper* of *carpets*, and clerk to the aforesaid *most respectable* Interpreters of the Gospel, and *maestro di Capello* (*alias* Proprietor) of a room called Camden Town

The rage of those *apostles* thou wilt rue:
 Those Gospel Bloodhounds will thy paths pursue;
 And hunt thee to the bed of lawless blisses,
 Perhaps to Wardle yielding balmy kisses.
 Perchance with *other* Dukes thou may'st be trip-
ping:

Dread then a *sheet*, a *Bridewell*, or a *whipping*;
 For limbs like thine (if true be Rumour's tale)
 Suit *bonds* of Venus better than a *jail*.
 Yes, those *apostles* will thy wanderings watch;
 And, should their art thy vagrant beauty catch,
 In vain Repentance pours her doleful yell;
 For Mercy knows not where the Impostors dwell.
 Like David, with whose *works* we're well ac-
 quainted,

Our *modern* Saints declare they have *repented*;
 And, since the *vigour* of their youth is *lost*,
 And *catch* and *glee* have yielded up the ghost,

Chapel, who lets out his ash chairs, joint stools,
 and crickets, to the *children* of the *holy seed*,
 drawing, like *Saint Hill*, *Saint Huntington*, *Saint*
Frey, *Saint Medley*, and other *celebrated* Saints, a
 most comfortable subsistence from the pockets of
 Ignorance and Credulity. *Saint Frey* has lately
 undertaken the arduous, yet lucrative, labour of
 converting Jews to Christianity. Strongly sus-
 pecting the *purity* of the motive for this Herculean
 labour, the Poet has expressed his sentiments in
 the subsequent lines:—

RELIGIONS form a thriving *trade*;
 Nice tools, by knaves for *Mammon* made.
Saint Frey, with Christian-like exertion,
 Well fills his fob by Jew-*conversion*:
 Place *more* emolument in view,
Saint Frey becomes a *sterling* Jew;
 Unblushing, feels the World's derision;
 Sells Christ, and suffers circumcision.

450 SECOND EPISTLE TO MRS. CLARKE.

'Be joyful in the Lord' is on their tongue,
'And come before his presence with a song.'
The man whose soul the blacker vices taint,
Now, for Heaven's *glory*, makes a damn'd good
Saint:

Thus Heads of Whitings, *graced* with modest light,
Stink first, and then illuminate the night.
Such are the *saints* that bless our ears and eyes:
Speak, Wilberforce, if I am forging lies.

Here ends my Satire.—Should my Sovereign
smile,

Admire my *loyalty*, applaud my style;
And, knowing well a Poet's empty dishes,
Say thus, 'Let Peter share our Loaves and Fishes;'
By Heavens, in honour of his high commands,
I'll *steal* a coat, or *borrow*, to *kiss hands*:
For, *unlike* Bishops*, 'tis my firm intention
To cry out, 'Yes, my Liege,' for Place or Pension.

* The '*No-lo episcopari*' of our Bishops is still
proverbial; and pronounced on every creation, with
all the evangelical solemnity of a Custom-house
oath.

CARLTON-HOUSE FETE;

OR,

THE DISAPPOINTED BARD;

IN A

SERIES OF ELEGIES:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

CURIOSITY IN RAGS;

AN ELEGY.

—*Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*

YET to provoke and mortify me more,

(Scarce crediting my two astonish'd ears

Yarmouth and Bloomfield sent of cards a score,

Inviting *dead folks*; dead, ah! dead for years.

ELEGY II.

THE DRAPPOINTED BAND;

THE DRAPPOINTED BAND;

THE DRAPPOINTED BAND;

THE DRAPPOINTED BAND;

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THE DRAPPOINTED BAND;

THE DRAPPOINTED BAND;

THE DRAPPOINTED BAND;

CARLTON-HOUSE FETE.

ELEGY I.

The Poet lamenteth, in the Strain of the Son of Jesse, his hard Fate, but not quite destitute of Hope.—In the Language of Music, follows a long String of sharps in a Key illustrating the Subject, and displaying the Fertility of the Poet's Imagination.—Great Expectation on Account of Honour conferred on Mr. Sheridan.—The Poet's Humility in wishing even to be seated with the degraded Commons of England, upon the Grass in the Garden, under Canvass.

IN grief, I sat upon the bank of Thame;
(But not, thank God, a captive, like the Jews *;)
And when the Jubilee† to memory came,
Tears burst in torrents from my Lady Muse.

* “By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down;
yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.”—Psalm
CXXXVII.

† During which the unfortunate Bard remained
entirely unnoticed.

Yet, lo, one beam, one solitary ray,
Pierc'd the dark cloud that wrapp'd my sandy
seat;

A *great, sublime, a wonderful* display
Of Eastern Grandeur at the Prince's Fête.

"Here," said I to myself, "I build some hope,
(Perchance a slight foundation, rather rotten :)
No longer doom'd in solitude to mope,
At Carlton Fête I may not be forgotten."

Sharp as a pining Maid expects the Post,
That brings epistle full of lovesick sighs;
Or as the Dog in seeming slumber lost,
Who slily winks, to snap the teasing flies :—

Sharp as, amid the fields of air, a Kite,
In hopes of feasting on a barn-door fowl;
Or as for mice, amid the dusky night,
O'er hill and dale the solitary Owl :—

Sharp as a Bailiff for a hiding debtor;
Or as the hard Churchwarden on the poor;
Or bilious Critic on a word, or letter,
To scalp his victim author o'er and o'er:

Sharp as an Epicure upon the haunch,
His two eyes jealous of the favourite fat;
Or on the turtle, to enlarge his paunch
With thrice the quantity would fill a hat:

Sharp as the Bank upon a doubtful note;
Or hungry Frenchmen for a limb of frog;
Or Borough-monger for a casting vote,
Intent to sell poor Freedom like a Hog:

Sharp as a trading justice for a bible,
To give the oath, no matter false or true;
Or dread Sir *Vinegar* to seize a libel,
And strike th' offending dog with vengeance
due :—

Sharp as Sir *Vinegar*, who look'd in vain
To shove his bottom into Mansfield's place ;
Or as Jack Ketch surveys the felon train,
In hope of necks to meet his rope's *embrace* :—

Sharp as Lord Puzzle for his office-fee,
To keep his poverty-struck house, so poor ;
Where none my Lord and Lady Puzzle see,
Save keen Economy, who bolts the door :—

Sharp as our Alexander, gallant York,
Look'd out for poor Sir David's resignation ;
Who now (for *merit* miracles can work)
O'er Slander triumphs, and *resumes* his station :—

Sharp as Marcellus for the rapturous hour
That yields the Dame whom every charm adorn ;
When *kind* Cornutus takes his *prudent* tour,
And calmly in his *pocket* puts his *horns* :

Exulting thus, in language rather coarse ;
“ What's *wife* to *honours* ?—stuff, beneath my
care :

Make me, ye Gods, but Master of the *Horse*,
The Devil may be the master of my *mare* ;”

So sharp I listen'd, yea, with full-stretch'd ear,
To every knock, no matter soft or hard ;
At once, in Fancy's eye, I saw appear
A Royal compliment to *me* the Bard.

Said I, “ If Sheridan a favourite be,
The *moral* Mentor of the Princely mind ;
Some compliment will come to *moral* me :
The Lyric *moralist* must favour find.”

Yes, to myself I whisper'd (not in joke),
“ At Carlton House I sure shall eat, and quaff ;
Although not cheek by jowl with Royal folk,
Yet under canvass with the *common raff* :”—

Raff that we Britons with our freedom trust,
 Yet now consider'd as mere reptile things;
Raff that can form a Monarch from the dust;
Raff that confers a Majesty on Kings.

ELEGY II.

A most pathetic Question.—The Poet's heavy Complaint.—Mr. Weltjie passeth high Panegyric on the Bard—knoweth his Poetry by heart—inviteth the Bard to Dinner—a broad hint to certain Princes.—Mr. Weltjie wisheth the Bard to be his Biographer, proudly insinuating that his Life would be a more interesting morceau to the Public than the exalted Life of Colonel Hanger—intimateth a Desire of the Prince to peruse the Poet's delectable Effusions.—Great Character given by Mr. Weltjie of his Royal Master.—The Poet again, in the sublime Strain of the Royal Psalmist, voweth Acts of Gratitude to the Memory of his old departed Friend Weltjie.

IN sackcloth still and ashes must I weep?
 Yes, in his solitude the Poet mourns,
 Gold fills the House of Carlton, what a heap!
 But not to *him* the Age of Gold returns.

No, not one grain of favour have I found;
 Nor seen indeed the *shadow* of a card:
 Thus are my sanguine hopes all wreck'd, and
 drown'd;
 Such for my *loyalty* the rare reward!

Yet to provoke and mortify me more,
 (Scarce crediting my two astonish'd ears,)
 Yarmouth and Bloomfield sent at least a score,
 Inviting *dead folks**; dead, ah! dead for years.

How often Weltjie to my flatter'd ear
 Hath said, and given my heart sweet palpi-
 tion:

“ Docter, I tell you vhat: by Gote, I swear
 You be de bestest Poet in de nation.

“ I likes your Louziad; oh, dam pretty ting;
 I laughs to zee you vling about your squibs:
 An den de Apple Dumplins an de King;
 Mine Gote, I laughs until I breaks my ribs.

“ Den Whitbread Brewhouse, an poor Passon Yong;
 Docter, I can remember dem by rote:
 And Docter, minds, I neffer tells you vrong;
 De Deffil take me, all be true by Gote.”

How often has he said, “ Come come, an dine
 (I knows you love good eating) pon a buck:
 An den I gif you dam goot glass of vine;
 I gif you too one roast anchovy† duck.

“ Den, Docter, you muss taste my pretty pork;
 Bester dan oder peeple pork by half:
 I knows dat you will play goot knive an vork;
 An mind, I *zuckles* de yong pigs *myself*.

* This was literally done by those two Ministers appointed to the *card department*; who seem on this occasion to have acted in diametrical opposition to the old adage, which says, “ A *living* Dog is better than a *dead* Lion.” One would imagine that the noble Lord, and the brave and experienced Colonel, were put sadly to their trumps for want of a *complete company*, by being forced to beat up for volunteers among the tombs.

† Muscovy.

“ Den after dinner you sal taste my vruit :
 I gif you for to eat zome nice *umbrellas* ;
 Dere’s in my gardin zome dat’s defflish goot :”—
 Kind Weltjie simply meaning, his *morellas*

Delighted with my Lyric Lucubration ;
 Fond of the Poet, and the Poet’s name ;
 Such was the generous German’s invitation.—
 Blush, Princes, that ye have not done the *same*.

How oft he ask’d me, “ Vil you vrite my Life,
 An vrite me zometing comikal in rhyme ?
 But dont zay not a vord about my Vife.
 Mine beat George Hanger Life ten touzand
 time.

“ But, Docter, zend de Prince your Vesses, pray ;
 He vish to have dem in de mornin early :
 He tink you too great Poet of de day ;
 He love your funning, now I tell shinshereley.

“ Now, Docter, zoon you zomething goot vil zee ;
 I knows de Prince do zometing goot intend :
 Den zend His Royal Highness rhyme by me ;
De Prince he neffer do forget old vriend.”

King of the Cooks, once of Pall Mall the glory ;
 No matter where thy birth, or who begat thee ;
 Pleas’d with thy broken English, and quaint story,
With thee I oft have laugh’d, and sometimes at
thee.

Peace to thy shade, O Weltjie ! Many an hour,
 In Pall Mall, Hammersmith, and Turnham
 Green,
 My soul has felt thy fascinating pow’r,
 That from the gloomiest heart could chase the
 spleen.

Yes, Weltjie, thou shalt gild the page of Fame :
 For thee, the Muse shall draw the teeth of Time ;

Th' insatiate Tyrant shall not eat thy name :
Such are the powers of Rhyme, immortal Rhyme.

O Weltjie, to all parties so well known ;
So great thy talents, what a burning shame
The Red Book, the Court Calendar alone,
Should give posterity a *simple name* !

Companion thou of Princes and of Peers,
Of Baronets and Knights the constant crony :
Thou by thy converse oft didst charm their ears ;
And, what delighted *more*, didst *lend them*
money.

If I forget thee, Weltjie *, and thy dinner ;
Thy tales of palaces, thy wit, thy punning ;
May Fame proclaim me an ungrateful sinner,
And this my fiddle-hand forget her cunning.

Yes, Weltjie: if thy Ghost unhappy roam,
Because I've not fulfill'd my just devoirs ;
Believe me, I will satisfy thy tomb,
And give the gossip Public thy Memoirs.

* " If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right
hand forget her cunning." Psalm cxxxviii.

ELEGY III.

The Lucubrations of the Poet are carried to Carlton-House, but produce no remuneration.—History of Bards of old Times.—The Poet boasteth of the high Powers of his Muse and Harp, had they been invited to the Fête.—A natural Suggestion relative to the Ghost of Kien Long.—The presumed Generosity of Mr. Perceval.—A pretty Comparison between Ministers in general, and a Birch Rod.—A further Boast of Powers of the Harp and Song.—The Cruelty of Oblivion.

ELATE, to Carlton-House my Rhymes I sent,
 Before the Poem met the public eye:
 Which gain'd *applause*, the Poet's great intent;
 But *nought besides*, I say it with a sigh.

Strange, that the Prince forgot *my Song and Lyre*,
 Whose taste in music is so very pretty;
 Whose touches on the Bass possess a fire,
 Surpass'd alone by Crossdill and Cervetti.

Yet, dare I say a Prince can be *surpast*;
 Excell'd by groveling *subjects*, herd unclean?
 Is it not *blasphemy*, to boast a *taste*
 To rival that of Prince, or King, and Queen?

In days of yore, Bards ate and drank with Kings;
 Courted, caress'd, invited to each rout :
 Are modern Bards such sad degenerate *things*,
 That I and my poor Harp were both kept out ?

As scenes *sublime* demand a strain *sublime*,
 How had I call'd upon the Muse of Fire!
 How had I summon'd all the powers of Rhyme,
 And wak'd the loudest thunder of the Lyre !

Sounds that had travell'd ocean, reach'd Peking :
 The present Emperor's ear had caught the Song;
 The Verse had ravish'd every Mandarin,
 And sooth'd the shade of Brother-Bard Kien Long.

Who knows but that the good old Monarch's Ghost
 Assumed behind the Regent's chair a station;
 Pleased with the lustre of the scene, and cost!—
 The *cost*? Poh, poh! a *fleabite* to the Nation.

This Perceval will pay, and with a *grace*.
 Old England weak! her Treasury's a Giant :
 Besides, if Ministers *will* keep their place,
 Like Rods *they merit*, they must all be *pliant*.

Are there deficiencies of Civil List,
 Works of high wisdom that expence demand ;
 With much humility the Throne is kiss'd,
 The Budget gapes, and Taxes load the land.

Yes : raptured had I struck the harp of Fame,
 And sung the splendid beauties of the Fête ;
 Described each dress, immortaliz'd each name,
 And given Posterity th' illustrious treat :—

Sung boiling Gudgeons *, given for Fish of Gold ;
 In streams that through the table *should have*
 play'd :

* These *humble representatives* of fishes of gold,
 were, by the heat of the lamps, chandeliers, and the

Superior to th' Arabian Nights of old;
Surpassing all that has been *sung* or *said*.

How had these mounted on the wings of Ode,
As much of fame the Lyric Muse bestows!
Now, like a Worm along the humble Sod,
They crawl through Newspapers in languid prose.

Ode is a Sun that undecaying shines;
A Giant, placing mortals 'midst the Gods:
The brain that owns it, boasts the gem-clad mines;
Ev'n Kings have gain'd celebrity from Odes.

Raptur'd I too had sung Britannia's boast,
The polish'd converse of the Heir Apparent.—
Good Heav'n, what *valuable things* are lost,
As Horace mourneth, *quia Vate carent*!

Oblivion, that sly mute, that creeping jade,
(As pleas'd to drown a wise man as a fool,)
Is ever busy at her secret trade,
To sink a name or virtue in a pool.

good company, completely boiled, and fit for dishing
up; and, instead of exhibiting their intended sportive
recreations, were seen floating in a melancholy and
lifeless posture, between the tin banks, on the wa-
tery element.

ELEGY IV.

The Poet lamenteth the Omission of certain interesting Exhibitions that might have afforded Pleasure in Pastry to the Multitude.

WHAT *pity* that no *wash-tub* did appear,
To show Trafalgar's Battle, and the Nile's;
With pretty little *paper* ships of war,
To launch the thunder of the Queen of Isles!

What *pity* there was not a *baker's* tray,
With troops of *gingerbread* upon the plain;
Horse, Foot, engag'd, and spreading dire *dismay*,
And cutting, thick as Hops, the French in twain!
Sure, *gingerbread* might well portray a scene,
A Duke's *full levee* after *scenes of woe*;
A Duke in converse with his gallant men,
And smiling upon Greenwood, Cox, and Co.

What *pity*, *gingerbread* did not display
Our British *hero* from his chariot flung;
Hurl'd from the regions of celestial day,
A second Phaeton, to mud and dung:—

Now nobly scrambling on his legs again,
'Midst gazing armies, and a mighty shout;
The reins resuming with a just *disdain*,
And *scornful* kicking dull Sir David out!

How *far superior* to a China view;
 Where neither genius, taste, nor fancy, dwells:
 Monkeys and mandarins, a motley crew,
 Bridges, pagodas, swings, and tinkling bells!

Yet let us not of such a scene *despair*:
 Some *pastry-cook* the *miracle* may bake;
 The Royal Duke, Sir David, and the Car,
 All *nicely* mounted on a nice *twelfth* cake.

ELEGY V.

*A most solemn and pathetic Address to the Muse
—The Poet recounteth the Princely Honours
paid to him in past Times, with a most deplorable
Contrast of the present Day.*

MUSE, sing the *reason* why I was omitted :
Was it that Dame Fitzherbert prov'd my theme;
In favour once, who, flatter'd and bedittied,
Of Crowns and Sceptres dar'd indulge the dream ?

Was it because I touch'd the string of praise
To *Her* whose heart ev'n Envy must revere ?
Was it because I wish'd her *happier* days ;
And from the lid of grief to steal the tear ?—

There *was* a time, a *nod* would bless mine eyes :
There *was* a time, I gain'd a *gracious* smile.
My nose was, like my garret, in the skies :
' My room,' I cried, ' will flow with wine and oil.'

So sweet a Prince's smile, *sublime* his nod,
We scarce can fancy *vulgar* earth could mould
him.

Gull'd man who gains them ! he becomes a God :
Saint Paul's is scarcely large enough to hold him.

Too soon my buds of hope resign'd their bloom ;
Too soon the gloom of disappointment mine
Oil, not a spoonful, flow'd into my room ;
No, nor a piteous nipperkin of wine.

Ah! no; I found *no meaning* in the *nod* :

Ah! no; *no meaning* in the *gracious smile* :
In vain, with consequence the ground I trod;
Like Homer's Neptune, striding many a mile.

For Fortune therefore I must longer wait ;

Hang on the willows my mute Harp* ; and fear
That, if I hung *myself*, my hapless fate
Would scarcely force from Carlton-House a *tear*.

* ' We hanged our harps upon the willows,' &c.
Psalm cxxxvii.

CURIOSITY IN RAGS.

Curiosity depicted—Lamentable Confusion at Carlton-House during the Exhibition after the Grand Fête—A sublime naval Comparison—Fortitude of the Ladies—A Compliment to the undaunted courage of Lord Yarmouth and Colonel Bloomfield—An Address to the Muse—A circumstantial Account of the Ladies' Progress in their vulgar and penitential Robes, from Carlton-House to their respective Habitations—A short and decent prayer for his Royal Highness.

WHAT evils Curiosity produceth !

Yet nothing can the madding rage restrain :
Whate'er the danger, not a Nymph refuseth ;
Though Death frown'd near, to cut her form in
twain.

Vain were the efforts of a Milton's pen,
That paints a *diabolic* rout so well,
To give with truth the horrors of the scene ;
Such squeezing, swearing, tearing, squeak, and
yell.

Ah me, what petticoats were lost, and torn ;
Pathetic subject for the mournful Muse,
Gowns and pelisses felt a state forlorn ;
Baskets of bonnets, and *whole tubs* of shoes.

The golden chain forsook the bosom's charms,
With many a necklace form'd of pearls and
Bracelets deserted from their taper arms, [beads:
And wigs in tatters left their lovely heads.

Thus at the glorious struggle of the Nile,
On which our British hist'ry justly brags;
Yard-arm and yard-arm meeting, (dread turmoil!)
The sails and rigging were reduc'd to rags.

Regardless of their Backs, amidst the squeeze;
As Velvet soft, and fair as Alpine Snow;
The *kallipugé** charms, the legs, and knees;
They urge their dang'rous way to see the *show*.

Their limbs so delicate, and skin so white,
And then their swelling bosoms all so bare,
Fix'd (for what youth could *wink* on such a sight?)
Fix'd ev'ry orb of vision on the stare.

Yes : ev'n with common decency to war,
Did novelty their gentle bosoms harden;
For soon indeed were numbers of the Fair,
Like Mother Eve when *ent'ring* Eden's garden.

Yet if the *mother* of the World could err,
(For in his trap old Satan surely caught her,)
We should not therefore make a mighty stir;
But yield to mercy and forgive the *daughter*.

Yet let me sing in thunder of applause,
How Yarmouth, Bloomfield, not a *fear* betray'd;
But through the windows, stripp'd of all their
gauze
And muslins, lugg'd full many a fainting Maid.

Now, if you please, my Lady Muse, relate
What *did* the Nymphs who all their vestments
lost;

As many a Nymph, the lean as well as fat,
Saw not the *sight*, by cruel Fortune crost.

* Character given by the polite Athenians to one
of their *plump* Venuses.

Forc'd to their homes unwilling to depart,
 They stalk'd forlorn along the grinning streets,
 Deep-blushing, loaded with a heavy heart,
 Huddled in aprons, table-cloths, and sheets.

Yea, verily, the Nymphs were forc'd to roam;
 Yea, left by sad misfortune in the lurch;
 In sorrow, all bare-headed, to their home,
 As though they had *done penance* in a church.—

Such was the scene, with which no scene compares;
 And long indeed will Dame and Damsel rue it:
 Such was the piteous posture of affairs;
 Pray God, the *modest* Regent did not view it!

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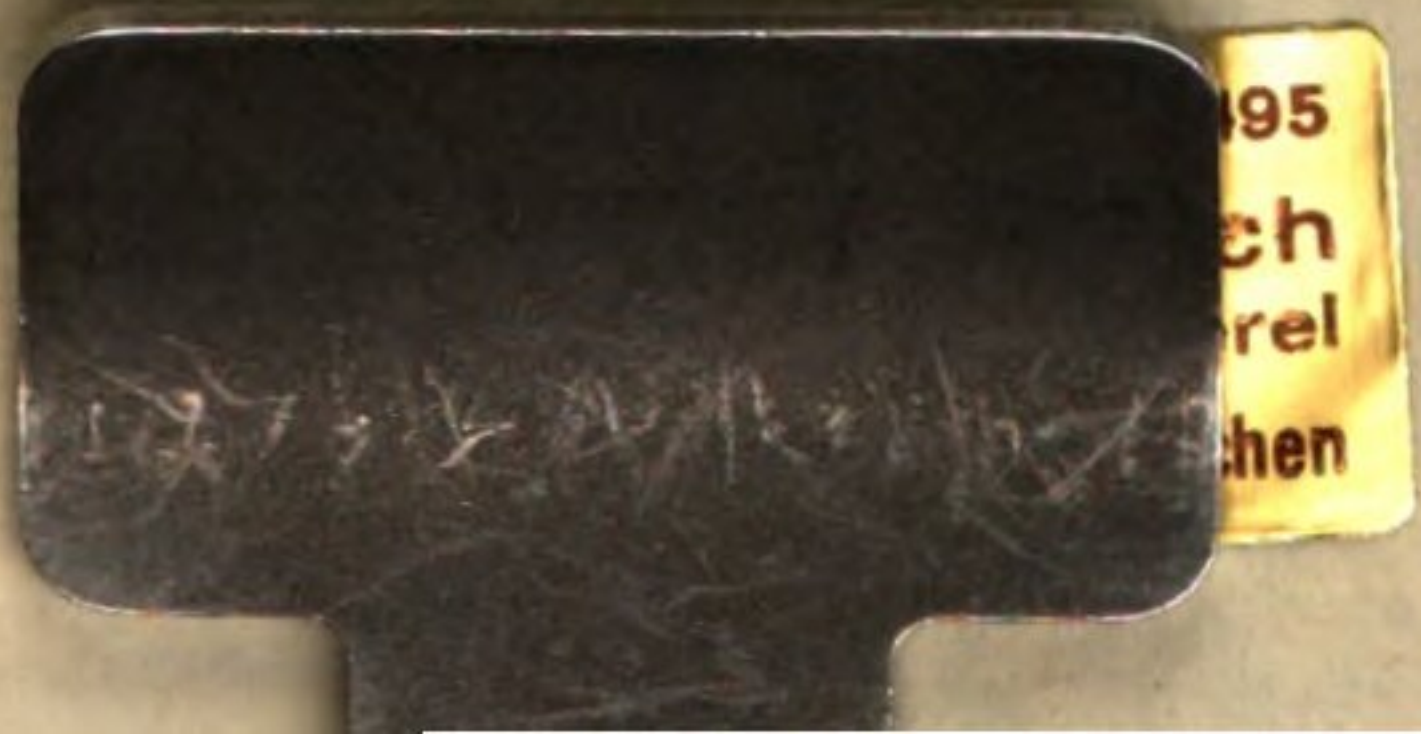
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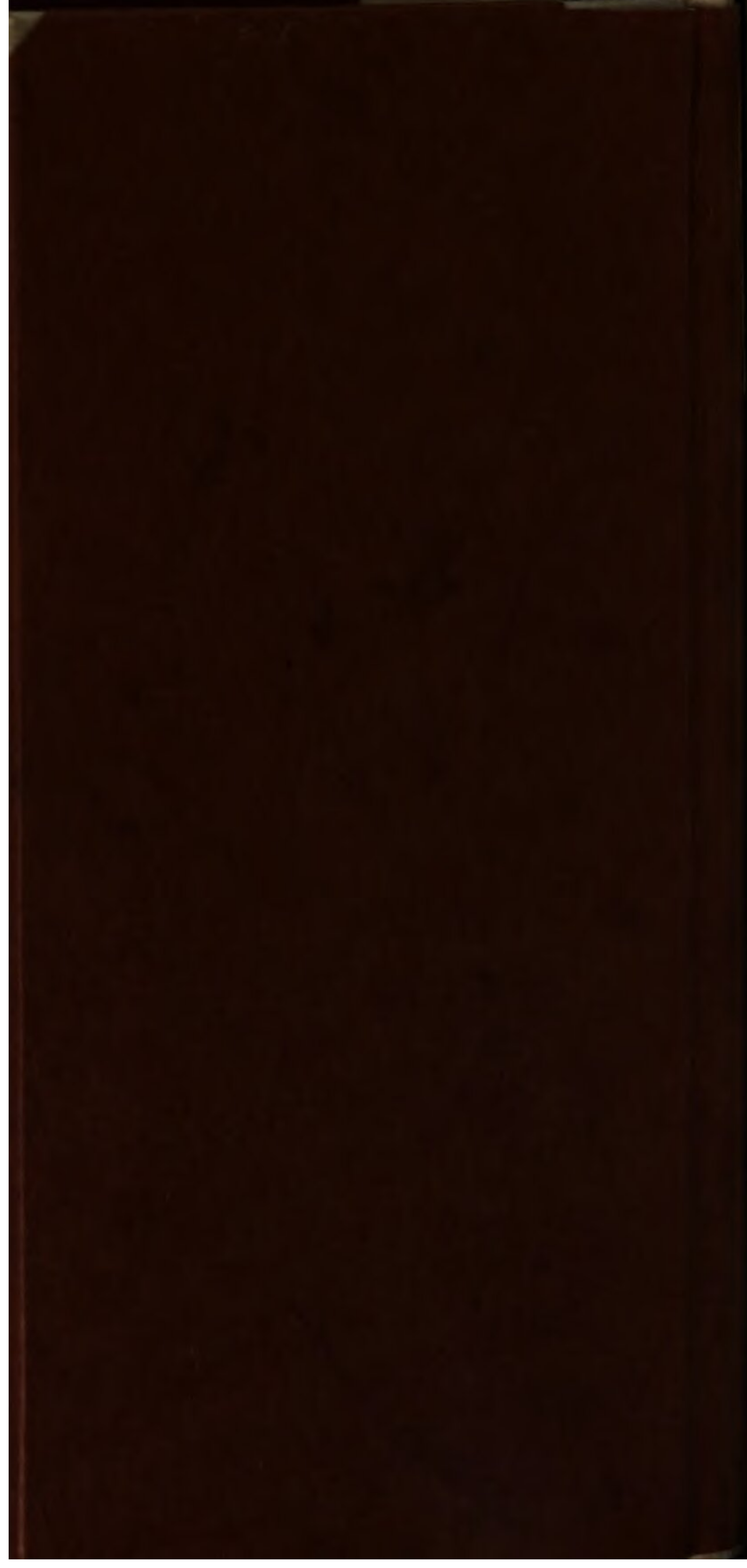
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